

Center for Pacific Island Studies

Time is the Space i-we Keep: Samoana Time Consciousness through the Samoan Language

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Prologue

This time project is meant to be counter-hegemonic. i deliberately mean to de-center from both the non-Sammie and Sammie hegemonies. Thus, i have curbed the “according to expert so & so” rhetoric and overpacked it with my sense of being in time & times within the Sammie universe. This project represents a voice out of Tutuila, “an interpretation”—not “The Interpretation”—of Samoana time through language. Rather than waxing lethargic on what precisely *is* Samoana time consciousness, i create that time-world and invite the reader to join me in the adventure.

This time work may be seen as two parts: the first section will entail “Memoirs”; the second will formulate an “extra special” language arts workout...extra special in that they are sounds silenced in time. This time-language project serves as a precautionary against Orientalism. If we really want to know and understand Samoana, listen to a variety of voices, not just the blasters. As the experts and traditionalists are more than capable of sounding off, standing confident in their credibility, i free myself from the “unction!” to parrot them.

i employ the use of the small “i” or “my/mine” and such because these are only my interpretations or reconstructions. The tone is intentionally intimate, personal, playful & entertaining at times...but, most of all, i hope it is somehow meaningful for the reader. i hope the reader develops some sense of connection to and an affection for Samoana. Sammie for Samoa, Samoan, Samoana is a term of endearment. i play with the Samoan language and notions of time; at times it may seem as if i’m re-creating what has yet to be created! In later papers, i will return to the principles of the hegemony, but for this paper, i choose to give voice to these socially subversive elements.

This paper does not focus on right, wrong, true, false, but more on having a voice, a say in matters that are mine and ours. i speak of Samoana times as one traditionally silenced on cultural matters. i utilize methodologies that differ from and do not always subordinate to the standards. Yet, in another sense it is a Tutuila tradition to be (highly)

creative, inventive, to consider matters from a “Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath” approach—Samoana language & times are utilized to suit my purposes...i assume liberties in defining Samoana on my own terms, the way other Sammies, particularly the Tutuila-breed, do not hesitate to carve their own niches, creating their own past, present, and future realities. i did so without it ever occurring to me that i needed to ask permission to have my realities validated...until i was informed and took offense.

This work was created for anyone interested in Samoana. However, i am primarily appealing to the Sammies who might be deemed by the non-Sammie/Sammie hegemonies as “not Sammie enough, not important enough a Sammie, Sammie improper!” i am referring to Tutuila-ns, Sammie hybrids, Sammies raised outside of Samoa and all “non-traditional” Sammies. Perhaps, we are not traditional Sammies, but there are varieties of Sammies.

On a worldwide scale, there are so very few of us; still we are very real. i am wanting any and all Sammies old enough to read and write to voice their experiences, their Time and times. i insist on this because i am wanting Samoans to be viewed as thinking, feeling human beings. We should author and maintain author-ity over our living histories. Samoana is rich in oral traditions and ceremonial speechmaking that is high artistry in time. In addition to this, i would like for Sammies to adopt a reading culture wherein libraries overbrimming with books are a common household feature. i would like to read all genres of literature written by Sammies. In my wanting, i needed to give. Thus, i gave of myself in this work. It is an imperfect, incomplete work, but i mean for other Sammies to add their own versions of Samoana.

More than rocks out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, more than simplistic, (ig)noble savages who fight about everything, we are a people who love life, live to love. Let us not silence one another and consign the living to tombs.

When i started with Center of Pacific Islands Studies two years ago, i was more than delighted to hear a profoundly wise and marvelous professor advise that our “big project” should be about something that we love, something that we have a passion for, something significant and meaningful to us/our area, something that is really ours and, more importantly, this is the opportune time to be wicked and deviate! i was completely bought and sold. my two loves (of study) are Samoana and Time. i am grateful for the privilege to do both my way in this “extra special” project. May this experiment inspire Sammies and other Pacific Islands peoples to do likewise...

A Time for Everything

*There is a time for everything,
And a season for every activity under heaven.
A time to be born and a time to die,
A time to plant and a time to uproot,
A time to kill and a time to heal,
A time to weep and a time to laugh,
A time to mourn and a time to dance,
A time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
A time to embrace and a time to refrain,
A time to search and a time to give up,
A time to keep and a time to throw away,
A time to tear and a time to mend,
A time to be silent and a time to speak,
A time to love and a time to hate,
A time for war and a time for peace.*

—Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

There is a time for everything and time is everything...

Samoana...ala mai

Ua paia ma ua mamalu le aso
aua e paia mamana Le Atua Sa

Ua sa le vao

Ua sa le sami

Ua sa oe

Ua sa ia

Ua sa a'u

Tatou ave le mua i Le Atua

Tulou ia i ou sa

ma ou faiga

Tulou i ou ao

ma ou papa

Fa'atulou atu

le paia o Tumua ma Pule

Ituau ma Alataua

Aiga i le tai

ma le va'a o Fonoti

e paia Samoana,

paia le Faleagafulu

ma le Manu'atele

Tulouna le paia o le a'ano a ali'i

le mamalu o fetaia'i ma uso

o Avaali'i ma Sa'aali'i

Fa'atulou atu

ia te outou ua afifio mai
le paia, le mamalu,
ma le sa
o Samoana
le paia, le mamalu,
ma le sa
o oe, o ia, ma a'u
Ia viia le Atua Sa
Ia fa'apaia ona tamali'i
ae maise ona failauga
latou te fa'avae, fa'avasega,
le fa'amanatuga
le paia, le mamalu
le lalelei, le aulelei
e pei o Sanalala
Ua taoto le ata'ata o Taulelei
ma ua so'ona lelei
le nu'u Sa, ele'ele Sa
Sa-moana, Sa-lagi
Sa-moa, Sa-mauli
ia e manatua
o oe o le tagata Sa
sa alofa fua ai le Atua
ia mamalu lou olaga
Fa'atulou atu i le paia o taeao o Samoana
le paia o le malo o le Atua Sa
Taeao na i Saua,

Samana, ma le aso i Namō
Le paia o le Tala Lelei
le Tala ua toe tu Iesu
ina ia le fano se tasi
e fa'atua ia te Ia
ae ia maua uma e tatou
le ola e fa'avavau, fa'avavau lava
Amuia e o sa'ilia muamua le malo o Le Atua
e ave mo i latou le sa'ilimalo
Ia, o le mamalu o Samoana
na amata mai le vavau
ma...
e o'o lava i le fa'avavau
Ia matafi le lagi
e na'o Iesu i lo tatou va
Ia tatou fa'amavae
i le mavaega tusitusi
tusi le ata
tusi le to'o
tusi le manava
tusi i lou fatu
tusi i ou mafafau
tusi lou mauili
toaga e tusitusi
ma tusi pea ma tusi pea
Ia e sa'oloto Samoana
i le tusiga o ou tala

tusiga ma le fetalaiga a ou lauga

e mamalu...

tusi le ta-alofa

si o'u alofa

O le lagi e mama ma le soifua maua...

Larger than life, larger than death...time...

*Information galore. Illimitable knowledge surrounds,
permeates, indoctrinates the masses.*

*The few thinkers of society design mental constructs to dazzle,
appease, soothe, comfort,
and whatever*

to intoxicate the many followers of (un)real society.

*From corner to corner and underneath and over,
inside out and flip-flop,*

*there is so much to talk about,
hear, read, learn, and most importantly,
to believe in.*

*Yet some are not so fortunate, or rather
some are most unfortunate.*

These are they that believe nothing. Absolutely nothing.

*They reach out to emptiness. Emptiness,
pure and complete.*

*An emptiness the size of the universe. It looms so large,
what can begin to fill it?*

*An emptiness that aches and aches. It aches for something
larger than life, larger than death...
time...*

*And so I collect the dead, all my living,
and even my people to be.*

And I gather them in the storehouse of memories.

*And I search their souls,
hoping to find in them something
to believe in.*

-charri

Sam-i-am, Sa-i-am

sam-i-am

sa-i-am

i is we

i is me

i is mauli,

mauli,

the real

i-am

mauli,

that is moa,

as in Sa-moa,

sacred centre,

the soul of

i-am

sam-i-am,

sa-i-am...

Mua ia inaaaaaa mua

Mua oooooooooooooo!

i is we

i is me

i is mauli

real-me

mauli that is moa

as in Sa-moa

sacred centre,

deep in the depths

deep in the heart
of real-ness
Samoa-na
presuppose the holiness
o ou paia na
the dignity
o ou mamalu na
& the sacredness
o ou sa na
of human-ness
talofae
le-fia-ola-ee
auee
misialofa

ta-alofa,
i is we-love
si o'u alofa,
i is my-love
Samoa-na,
Samoa-ness
the essence of
real-ness
the soul of
i-am
sam-i-am
sa-i-am...

Mua ia, inaaaaa mua
Mua oooooooooo!
i is we
known by the living me
and all the taeaos of our times past
of our times present
and of our times to be
taeao manino
taeao mamalu
taeao na pepese ai fetu o le lagi
Taeao-sa
Taeao lau taeao,
ae o le taeao e silisili atu
o le taeao lenei
sa-taeao--our past times
binding us together
sa-taeao--our shared
living history
our, my
being
sa-taeao--our hopes and dreams,
married, fulfilled,
forever
i am
mauli...
Mua ia, inaaaaa mua
Mua oooooooooo!

Introduction

What is Time? Only a fool would attempt to answer what only Time will tell. What is the importance of Time? Time is the means of ordering our reality, clarifying our experiences, determining what and why certain things are important, and identifying the fundamental values of a culture and understanding why they are so central. The resultant hierarchy gives insight into the operations of the society as a whole. Tell me of your times, and in the quantification/qualification of those times, i will discover who you are. Time reveals.

This paper seeks to capture the experience of experience. Every portion, every segment, every section is directed to this goal. Whether they be memoirs heavily borrowed from my own experience (though nevertheless my construction of consciousness) or dissections of Samoana linguistic nuances, my ultimate goal is to discover time—time in the lens of experience. Only by understanding the experience of a people can we truly understand their histories. Only by understanding experience can we understand (even if we cannot answer) the fundamental questions of time. What does it mean to live? What does it mean to have time and times? How do we construct our realities and order our experiences? How are we time conscious, and what impact does this have on our histories?

What is time consciousness? How does it relate to history? What role does language play in the definition of our histories? Time consciousness is the experience of defining experience. History is the device we use to keep those experiences alive...to extend our times beyond the grave. Language is the medium through which we communicate and define our experiences. This paper is about Samoana time consciousness through the Samoan language. Throughout this project, i employ various methods of tuning into time consciousness through the language. To wit, i am surveying Samoana through the lens of time, constructed by Samoana through the Samoan language.

Samoan reality hides in the language. Yet, in the naming and claiming of her realities, her experiences, the Samoana universe is established in the morphemic structures, literal translations, proverbial expressions, oral traditions, ceremonial speeches and other facets of the Samoan language. As the Samoan worldview expanded, base structures were coined together to describe, portray, and note features of significance. Samoans encoded and kept their histories in their words and expressions...over time, words and truth-meanings may change, to suit the times.

In keeping with the Samoan tradition, i started off with a Scripture and a *lauga* (ceremonial speech), with a particular focus to time and times. From here, i presented my Samoan time and identity poems (*Larger than life, larger than death...time and Sam-i-am, Sa-i am*) and proceeded to introduce the topic at hand: time consciousness. From here, we will explore various ways we can unveil time themes. We will look at living history, memoirs, proverbial expressions, linguistic constructions, Samoa's A and O possessive categories and an oral tradition. Then we will examine space-time relations in Samoana, the biblical sabbath, Polynesian time and Samoa's taeao. Then, we conclude by summarizing points of significance that pertain to time consciousness and language. Notwithstanding, we end properly with another *lauga*, and a song to sweeten everything.

The living history looks at the Samoan consciousness and how we are creators and interpreters of our worlds, our realities. The memoirs are written in a primarily stream-of-consciousness style, as i try to tune into the Samoan understanding (with interludes of poetry...some of these poems have been used by family members, "Friends...with benefits", "Come my Sweet Darsha"...under their names, but are my own and chronicle my experiences...i did not, would not, choose them for literary quality, but more because they represent a time consciousness to me). The stories bear a striking resemblance to parts my own life experiences....be forewarned that some of those parts might have been stretched, twisted, or invented! my hope is that the reader connects, grows, "is-being" in time with this created consciousness. The created consciousness is

in a chronological format, representing a twentieth-century, post-independence Samoan identity...an identity which intermingles Samoan and “Western” influences, a Samoan and Western consciousness. Some of the experiences might be uncomfortable in its raw reality. But i employ it for spontaneity and sincerity. This is a chronicle of time and experience; beginning with an infant toddler learning to walk, we grow in time with a girl who loves making mud pies...a girl attached to the Samoan earth. She is daughter, sister and friend...she becomes wife, mother, fighter...and, in polite circles, a despicably public frog...and most definitely, not a princess! We progress only to return to our genesis...and then our frog finds happiness, presumably, with another frog. At times, she is referred to as the pink panther, because the theme of being silenced, not given a voice, is prominent. This chronicle sheds light on how language becomes a medium for expression of thoughts, feelings, and most importantly, time consciousness.

Following the memoirs, we commence with linguistic studies by examining and dissecting with explanations and time analyses, Samoana proverbial expressions. Dr Schultz did a fantastic job of explaining his work as i found him difficult to paraphrase and easiest to quote. Next, a sampling of “creative” dictionary analysis will linguistically deconstruct the words into their morphemes (or literal translations where suitable) to lend insight on the underlying themes. We move onwards to the A & O possessive categories. For the reason that this section is a major component of the Samoan language, i seek to explain these nuances through a time conscious perspective, the permanent properties of O category versus the temporary characteristics of A category. Next is the oral tradition of ‘Avaali‘i and Sa‘aali‘i—the most popular tradition on one of Samoa’s most important ceremonies. i offer the Samoan version (by the illustrious orator and outstanding teacher Aumua Mata‘itusi) and my humble efforts at translation. i also demonstrate a correlation between the ‘ava ceremony and a common Christian practice—i do not hesitate to permeate this discussion with themes of Christianity, because Samoa is thoroughly Christian. From here, we will examine space-time relationships and understandings in

Samoana, examining some space-time conscious words. Then, we will examine the concept of “spiral” time and apply it to the biblical sabbath (i am indebted to Pastor Skip Johnson and my son, his former student...Daniel helped to refresh my memory on many of these issues). We will then briefly treat upon the broad Polynesian perspective of past and future. Next, we will move onto the *taeao*, Samoa’s timing indicator, another example of spiral time. i felt i should acknowledge other time thoughts and thus included a brief summary of noted time sayings...by no means comprehensive. While these thoughts are very important to note, i wanted Samoana times to voice its own, rather than being defined by another paradigm. i include Oceanian Time views, not only in this part, but also throughout this Time discussion. Again, we nearly conclude with an overall recap of the significance of Samoana time through language. i end with a funeral *lauga*, paying tribute to Sa’ilimalo (whose name ironically means “victory over death”). This is a language project, as well as a time one; in this respect, i am most appreciative of, and heavily in gratitude to, the dictionary works of Pratt and Milner, *e pala le ma’a, ae le pala le upu*, “stones decay, but not words.” Samoana lives on in part to both of them...they live on, in part to Samoana. Kia ora!

Living History

Samoana history, and perhaps Oceanian history in general, is personal and living. The dead and to be live in the here and now through their living. In other words, the past and the future are encapsulated in and part of the present experience. This paper focuses on living or conscious history of Samoana. It is an approach to history that capitalises on the human experience. The goal of living history is to capture awareness—a mental sphere that exists in all phases of time and any dimension of consciousness. Living history seeks to evade the omnipotent, omnipresent Death: a finality to which we must all someday submit...or escape. Living history captures that which was once the domain of the grave, and gives a different eternity to the living and to be—the eternal experience of our people. Living history uses our time and times to defeat Time itself. Like the Ocean, this history is fluid, dynamic, active, and alive. It cannot be confined to coffins of a forgotten past or shadows of an unknown future. It is our memorable times, the experience of our people (past, present and future), the life which is our history...Samoana never dies.

As an Oceanian, i am often plagued with an overwhelming sense of dissatisfaction when i read or hear about our histories, as told by others. Sometimes i do not even recognise their descriptions of my own people. Most definitely, i seldom agree with whatever tales are told. The few i have come across that capture the Oceanian consciousness are too few. i am not opposed to the other, and this paper should not be mistaken for an opportunity to engage in culture bashing. In my own set of personal beliefs, it is a crime against one's soul to hate other people. It is spiritual pollution to brew in anger for too long. i avoid envy and jealousy as victim or agency, simply because it is a waste of time. i fight my argumentative nature to disengage from unnecessary strife. After dwelling for too long in the sea of loneliness, and the land of unwantedness, i resolved to collect friends, to enjoy human company, and the wonder of their living

histories. my outlook is heavily influenced by mamalu, which presupposes the dignity, sacredness, and prestige of all human beings.

However, i do not deny that there is clear tension, idealism, cynicism, bias, ambivalence, ambiguity, and most dreadfully, a religion on my part. i believe it is foremost for Oceanians to construct and possess our identities, our own histories. The histories of a people ought to be told as those very people understand their own history. After all, it would be ridiculous to recite British history with a Samoan outlook, unless one is specifically addressing an exclusively Samoan community. This British history would have an artificial flavour. The principle still applies when the situation is reversed. And thus i am true and untrue to my invented church. And thus further, i confess a dislike for religious histories that are orderly, rigid, compliant, conformed, stoic—histories which detach humanity from people. And thus further-further, another confession to my perversity and penchant in the thrill of manipulating and creating (highly imaginative) information, rather than sticking to the facts—well, because i do not believe in anything, but my invented church. And so sorry, again, but not really. And thus further-furthest, stands this living history—bumbling, inventive, and involved.

Here is the history that never dies, exists before it is actually living, yet is very much alive, intermingled in a united constitution. This history is dynamic, active, involved, responsive, and purposeful. It is living, breathing, and consciously aware. It feels. It is very personal. It has a lot of baggage, because it collects the dead, living, and to be. It is broad, all encompassing, and complicated. It is fluid and winding, regular and unpredictable. Ironically, it is wicked, full of nonsense, full of lies...yet profound, wise, and genuine. It is selfish and generous. It is manipulative and controlling. It is beaten and downtrodden. It is warm, cold, hot, frozen. It showers with hugs, kisses, bites, kicks, and punches. It apologises, flatters, criticises, scolds, yells, shouts, blames, forgives, won't forget, and apologises again. It is funny, easily bored, easily entertained, hard to please. It is not an it, but a living, breathing, thinking, feeling human being. Living

history is the human experience at any given time and includes all phases of time. In other words, living history is not limited to past experiences. Instead, living history capitalises on the moment of consciousness, blending the past and future into the present. Living history blurs the conventionally invented line between imagination, dreams, evidence and reality. All awareness is reality. And reality is an invention. It's a construction, creation that reflects our beliefs—our invented churches.

One history is found on gravestones, in the archives, or in books that have collected dust and mildew. This history focuses on the dead and disconnects them from the present, leaving the future to the fortune-tellers and fortune-hunters. This history boxes people and places in neat time packages. Today and tomorrow are not the concern of historians; coffins and cobwebs fit into their bundles. They are like worms that feed on the dead. This history never confuses the dead and living.

The other history does not know any such difference. This history is about the business of life. This history is not black, white, and clear cut. Rather, she is grey, vague, indefinite, blurred, bloody, very messy, and uncontrollable. She is an elusive, enigmatic maiden who is never captured or deciphered, only experienced. He is a little boy full of action-packed adventure, wonder, and mischief. He is the philosopher man searching for meaning and something to believe in. They transcend all of life, including the dead and the unborn, confusing them all in the great spiral of our times.

In Epeli Hau'ofa's "Pasts to Remember", he claims that "all realities are social constructions, and that if we fail to construct our realities, other people will do it for us." (Hau'ofa 2000,1). These constructions are critical to a people, because they affect identity and self-perceptions. In other words, they revolutionize and define how we perceive ourselves and how others perceive us. This in turn, influences how we and ours are treated (esteemed, belittled...devalued...), as well as how we treat others and beat ourselves. These social constructions are based on the past histories of a people. Hau'ofa

insists that the re-writing of a people's histories serves to promote another's agenda. (Hau'ofa 2000, 1, 4).

And thus, it is most important is for Oceanians to command our own histories, identities, realities, and social constructions. It is happening throughout Oceania. It has been happening all along. It just needs to be accepted as it is understood by the creators and the believers of their own histories, their own invented churches.

Throughout the 1950s, and early 1960s, an Amerikana study mission was sent out to eastern Samoa to investigate/evaluate the situation as western Samoa was moving towards independence (June 1962). Amerikana wondered what to do with us. They were concerned about their reputation as paradoxically, freedom-seekers and imperialists. Thus, the pressing issue was, should eastern Samoa join with the west? Or should we remain a colonial outpost? (US Government Study Mission in Samoana 1961, 165).

In a letter dated October 3, 1960, from the Senior US Circuit Judge, Albert B. Maris addressed to the Honourable Fred A. Seaton, then Secretary of the Interior in Washington, DC, the Honourable Maris states that "the people of Samoa, as their constitution indicates, cling with remarkable tenacity to their ancient customs, communal family land holdings, way of life, matai system,"...to our history. Judge Maris further states that for the past 60 years Amerika has endorsed Samoan customs, although they are incongruous with capitalism and property rights. Moreover, and in so many words, full-Americanisation would doom Samoa i sasa'e (US Government Study Mission in Samoana 1961, 165). Nevertheless, to date, the nation Samoa remains independent, whereas at the turn of the century, eastern Samoa has been an unorganised, unincorporated territory of Amerikana for over 100 years.

In this blurry vagueness, Samoa i sasa'e juggles both roles by clinging to both cultures. This ominous grey cloud of "unorganised, unincorporated,"—uninvited, unwelcome, is perhaps what best describes the tie between Atlantic Landians and Pacific Oceanians. In this (un)blessed union, there is the forced marriage of untrue love. We are

bound by papers—the cessions and treaties— of our paper marriages, paper monies, to perpetuate our paper lives and paper lies. We are shadowy ghosts lurking about, haunting the other, fractured and fragmented images to each other, an evil to be tolerated for the sake of your goddess, Modernity, and her seed, Post-Modernity. We have been together for too long a time, yet remain strangers. Strangers, because you insist on constructing our identities, through the damnation and dismissal of our histories, as fables, fairy tales, myths, legends, and so on in our mythoconsciousness. Strangers, because you are trying to pass off the invented god Objectivity as an all-mighty, universal criterion for historiography. Strangers, because we do not idolise your created gods and goddesses in your invented churches. Strangers, because we have our own perceptions, our own comprehensions, and our own Oceanian outlook on histories.

Memoirs

The sense of growing, developing, and being in sequential time ordinarily necessitates a narrative, to make sense of the experience. Our awareness of “being” is in our experiences of time that customarily are articulated through language in our attempts to communicate and connect with other realities. To wit, i am referring to the consciousness as the storehouse of our thoughts, feelings, collective histories, collective identities—i is we, i is me and i is *mauli*—where our awareness, our sense of being, our experiences, memories-memoirs are encapsulated in time. We know our own experiences through the consciousness, but we acquire a sense of the other’s experience (in time) through language. In the memoirs, i am attempting to create a “hybrid” mind-set to facilitate linking and binding the reader to a time interval within the Samoana universe. The consciousness is a hybrid variation affording more variables for the reader to correlate his (or her) experiences with Samoana reality. Indeed, i am aspiring towards bonding the reader with Samoana reality...her times and language.

Beneath the clothes, beneath the skin, we are in the realm of the consciousness, albeit created. It is recklessly intimate. This created consciousness is natured and nurtured (in time) by various influences, but the dominant one is Samoana. The focus is on themes of pain in death, infidelity, rejection, dishonesty, denial, loss, loneliness and silence. Patterns that are established early on reappear throughout the narrative. While i did weave some of my own life experiences into the narrative, i am not as innocent as the narrator. i have many happy memories of Samoana; Tutuila is a place that permeates with sounds of joy and laughter.

However, i have chosen to highlight some painfully sensitive issues as a means of advocating that a life-force is sacred. In addition, in time we reflect and remember our times. Thus, the proper treatment of people, especially those with an acute sense of memory, is a tender, abundant, and forgiving love for a life-time. i cherish the hope that *ta-alofa* (we love) is Samoana idealism that every now and then is actually practiced.

Reasonably, i am not the voice of Samoa. *E talalasi Samoa*—Samoa has numerous stories, reportings, tellings, etc.; there are many voices and versions of Samoana times and realities. i am a voice of Samoana. Moreover, regardless of the existing political boundaries as well as the thick rivalries, i think of Tutuila as very much a part of Samoa.

The oral tradition below was collected by Dr. Eric Schultz. This tale is the root of the proverbial expression: *Aitelea i Niupai*, *'upu le liliu* (Great misfortune in Niuapai because the word was not changed):

“Titilimulimu, daughter of Tuia‘ana To‘opelu and wife of Chief Fiame of Samatu, was pregnant. It happened that when her time was come she was bathing in the sea, where she gave birth to two lizards. She was so frightened that she ran home and told her husband. Fiame ordered his servants (*soga*) Veve and Si‘ipa to see if the lizards were still there. They found them sitting in the hollow of a rock and looking towards their father’s house. The servants came back and said: *La e lava le fepulafi mai* meaning “they are there, staring.” Fiame was angry at his servants’ using the common word *fepulafi* (to stare) instead of the more polite *sisila* and corrected them: *Se, sisila*. When the servants still repeated *fepulafi*, the chief was so incensed that he killed them. The lizards died of sorrow at having been treated so discourteously and were buried between the middle posts of their father’s house. That is why, so the Samoan people claim, it is forbidden all over Samoa to pass between the middle posts of a Samoan *fale*.”

Samoana is a nation of aristocrats; they devote their lives to family ties which are bound together by chiefly titles. The acquirement and procurement of material goods is esteemed in Samoan culture, but dignity and prestige are inherent in family, clan, village, county, and national history. This is the history of memorable occasions; perhaps the fantastic memory of a colicky child consoled by the sights of dancing skulls (*Taeao nai Samana*). Or something seemingly inconsequential like the rainy morning when

honorable So-and-So was born—but of great importance when mentioned by those who pay their respects at the latter’s funeral; the family holds the correct address of ceremonial speech in higher esteem than the lavish gifts which one brings (Aumua Mata’itusi 2002: personal communication).

Time and language are essentially Samoan reality. The cardinal rule in Samoan culture is the presupposition of the dignity and sacredness of people, especially those further along in time (ie, elders). In reference to the story above, the vocabulary of respect, or honorifics, when you address others is also especially important when addressing chiefs or chiefs-to-be—their sanctity is inherent in their history; the title is the linguistic manifestation, as Samoana is a highly oral culture, of the prestige derived from their sacrosanct history.

O le fa’atolotologatama

O le masani a tina anamua e alapo i le taeao e ave a latou pepe e fa’afetolofi i luga o papa po o le oneone fo’i ina ia vave ai ona savavali malolosi. O le nu’u la o Tufu i Gatavai i Savai’i, e i ai le papa lea e sio ai le vai-sa a le Tupu. O iina e masani ona ave i ai tamaiti a tamali’i.

E to’atolu la fafine sa fai la latou fa’atolotologatama i le isi aso. O le mea na tupu i le taeao, ua tagi le fafine o Maupenei ina ua ula ma talie le au tama’ita’i o Fa’atupuinati ma Tuaetali i lana tama aua e ulu lapo’a. Ua silafia e Lauulu le mea ua tupu ona faiatu lea o le ali’i, “Siaula, o le a le mea ua lua talie so’o ai? Ao le a le mea ua tagi ai le tina lea?” Na tali mai Maupenei i le ali’i, “Ua ou tagi i le tausuai o le au tama’ita’i la i le ulu lapo’a o si a’u tama.” Fa’apea atu loa Lauulu, “Ia ,o oe Tuaetali, o le a sasa’a ese sua o lau tama ia Lufilufi ma Leulumoega. O oe Fa’atupuinati, o le a sasa’a ese fo’i sua o lau tama i vae o le Nofoafia. A o le tama a le fafine lea e te lua toe i ai, e sasa’a tonu lava ona sua ia Salemuliaga.”

O lona uiga o ia fa'aupuga, a maua manuia o tama a le au tama'ita'i ia e talie, e tali e tulafale ese e pei o Lufilufi ma Leulumoega ma vae o le Nofoafia ae le inu i ai lo latou nu'u ma lo latou itumalo. A o manuia e maua e le tama a Maupenei, e ave tonu lava ma Salemuliaga.” (Aumua Mata'itusi 2001, personal communication).

Translation:

It was the practice of mothers long ago to awaken early in the morning and take their crawling infants to rocky or sandy areas so that they might become early walkers. In the village of Tufu in Gatavai, Savai'i, there was a stony area with the forbidden bathing pool of Tupu. It was here that the children of aristocratic lineages were often taken for the early-walker process.

One day, three women went out for the *fa'atologatama*, baby crawlers event. It happened that morning that Maupenei cried as Fa'atupuinati and Tuaetali laughed and teased her about her baby having a big head. Lulu, a high chief, was aware of the situation. He was the husband of the three women and therefore (likely) the father of their children. Lulu said to them, “Hey jokers, what’s so funny and why is mother here crying? Maupenei replied to him, “I am crying because I am deeply offended that these two intolerable jesters poke fun at my baby, saying he has a big head.” Then Lulu said, “Unto you, Tuaetali, the *sua* (ceremonial presentation of food and drink for an honored guest) of your offspring (line) will be poured away from him and re-directed to Lufilufi and Leulumoega. Unto you, Fa'atupuinati, the *sua* of your offspring (line) will be poured away from him and re-directed to the divisions of Nofoafia. However, the offspring of the one you two are mocking, his *sua* will be poured directly to Salemuliaga.”

When the children of the jesters receive tributes, those benefits will be re-directed to the orators of Lufilufi and Leulumoega and the divisions of Nofoafia. In others words, the villages and districts of the Fa'atupuinati and Tuaetali lines (descendants) do not

partake or receive the benefits given in their honor. On the other hand, the tributes due unto Maupenei, will be recieved directly by Salemuliaga.

i remember...

i remember crawling around. i remember being alone. i was in my parent's mansion of a bedroom. i loved their room. i remember that my knees were hurting from crawling around. And i remember remembering that it wasn't like before. Before i could fly-crawl, zooming everywhere, but now i was feeling pain in my knees. i was at the foot of the king-sized bed. And i leaned on it for support, while trying to stand. i didn't like standing before—too much work, too much falling. i wasn't going anywhere with it. But it wasn't as shaky as before. i tried walking, hanging onto the bed. i remember the cool feeling of the grey blue tile as i placed each foot upon the floor. i remember the wobbly feeling in my legs. i remember falling. i remember trying to crawl again, but it hurt too much. so i kept trying to stand and walk. Finally, i let go of the bed. And when i finally got it, there was the joy of free-ness. my mother told me that i started walking when i was about six months old. i was alone when i took my first steps. For the important moments in my life, i am very much alone in thoughts and feelings.

Can a mother forget?

my dad and i are watching my mother nurse my newborn sister Miriama. i am a toddler. When my mother is done with the feeding, i ask her if i may also feed. Immediately, my dad says absolutely not. my mother laughs and says it's OK. She allows me. my dad has a tantrum and says that i'm not a baby anymore. "i am her baby, too," i reply, "so i should also get milk." He is upset. i continue telling him that i remember feeding from my mom. He gives up and leaves in a huff. i nurse on my mom, wondering about the things my dad said. It was comforting at first, but I remember

feeling funny. i never nursed on her again. my mother told me she never nursed any of us past three months. My mom doesn't remember, but i do...who could forget?

Ugly duckling

my dad did not like my light skin. He said i looked pale and sickly. From infancy and throughout grade school, i was regularly drenched in sunlight with the hopes that i would tan. i am part of the light skinned, but the brown skin was always the more beautiful other. i could stare open-mouthed, for days, at the more beautiful Indian, Arab or Negro face—but it's rude to do so.

Morning walks

my favorite time of the day in Samoa is the early morning. my dad used to wake me up around five o'clock on Saturday mornings. We would go for our morning walk. Sometimes Miriama would come along. my mother and other sisters continued to sleep. We would cover the Fagatele end of Fagasa (Forbidden Bay). As if the dogs knew the difference between Fagatele and Fagale'a people, they would guard the boundary between the two sides. The Fagatele dogs did not bark when we passed through, but the Fagale'a dogs would bark as soon as we arrived at the divide. Unlike the rest of the dogs in Samoa, the dogs on the Fagale'a end were not afraid when i would try to stone them. my dad would ignore the dogs and always said, "If you don't bother animals, they won't bother you." And they never rushed at him, the way they did at me. Fortunately, i was never bitten. From there, we would turn around and head back. We would arrive home when it was nearly daylight.

It was cool at that time of the day and critters would sing in the grasses. my dad would tell me about his growing-up years in Hawai'i. He never mentioned his growing-up years in Samoa, New Zealand, or his time in the States with his mother and

stepfather. i learned about that from other people. To my dad, he grew up in Hawai‘i. He would tell me the same stories over and over; i knew them so well, i could almost always predict the next word—though i never dared breathe a hint of this. Today, i wish i could remember the sound of his voice and everything he said, word-for word. i wish i could have him again in my life. i never fully recovered from his death. i still feel the emptiness of his loss. i will always miss him...

Sleepless in Samoa

my dad only had three sins: women, wine, and wealth. He stayed out late nights, piously practicing his three loves: womanizing, boozing, and hustling business deals. He usually came home around three or four in the morning. i worried about him. i could not go to sleep until he arrived home safely. i was worried because he was diabetic and his vision was not good. The road to Forbidden Bay was somewhat steep, windy, and narrow. To compound all this, my dad drove home drunk in the pitch dark. So i would stay up all night and into the morning, praying and negotiating souls with God. i would pray that a sober angel would drive for him. Somehow, i presumed that i was automatically going to Heaven. But i also presumed that my dad would never make the cut. So i would talk to God for hours, to allow my dad to take my place in Heaven. And i asked God to keep him alive until he was at least forty. i thought it would be too greedy to ask for more; forty was already stretching it. i had this idea that if my dad died, i would die with him, because i loved him more than anything or anybody—i couldn’t imagine life without him. i never discussed these worries with my dad, until i was an adult, because we very seldom spoke about anything personal in the present tense.

Daddy and Mama

i didn’t mind as much that my dad was a womanizer. However, i minded my mother’s affairs very much because they were all about getting even with him. i would

rebel when she did this, going against everything she said. i was always the child around, awake, when they would see their others, having their ongoing fights about these others...seriously, growing up in Am-Sam, i didn't know of any married people who didn't have affairs. The only "happily together" stories i ever heard of were the *palagi* fairy tales i read. i liked Russian fables best because they came volume size and there was plenty to read until the next ice age when the Fagasa school library would open for the fastest hour in the evening.

my mother resented, hated, that my dad loved us, his children, very much—she saw us more as rivals and not as her babies. i hated her bad logic...much as i loved my dad, even i knew then that if a situation isn't working out with a man, lose him like a bad habit and get a replacement!

Once, he left us to live with another woman; i tried to persuade my mother that we were actually better off without him. She was incredulous that i could be so cold-hearted against my own father. This was the one time i was against my dad. i softened towards my mother when this happened because i saw how much she was struggling to raise us. i even forgave her affairs. He returned, sob-sob-sob; my mother and sisters forgave it like a sneeze. i was angry and gave him the silent treatment/Artic cold shoulder...it took me a couple of years.

She insisted on being his only woman. i couldn't see why. What was the point of trying to change and control another soul? From her, i developed a fondness for the sure-footed man; he knows what he likes and who he wants. If he doesn't know what he wants, i know this—i don't want him. i treasure this lesson from my mother.

my dad took the time to be a father. Although he stayed out late nights, he always set aside time during the day to be with us girls. We lived right in front of Forbidden Bay, and oftentimes, he would take us swimming. One of my favorite things was when he would let us stand on his shoulders and dive into the water. i have this notion that the value of a man is in shouldering responsibilities.

Tepora

my father always wanted sons, but he had five daughters instead. i am his firstborn. Then there are my sisters, Miriama, Pua, Naomi, and Tepora, respectively. Our youngest sister died when she was only two days old. She was born premature, six months into the pregnancy. Our father said that Tepora did not make it because the nurse had taken her out of the incubator, mistakenly...end of discussion. It was taboo in our household to talk about Tepora. Once at the dinner table, when i was a teenager, i brought up the subject of our dead sister. Our dad started with the stupid nurse story again, and then our mother blurted out to our dad, "It was because of you Tepora died!"...end of discussion.

i was seven years old when Tepora was born and died. While my mother was still carrying Tepora, i remember her repeatedly saying to my dad, in a threatening tone, "This baby will die because of you." i was deeply disturbed by her words. i told them that the baby would be fine.

Then one day, several months later, i received the telephone call that my mother gave birth and that the baby girl was alive. i was ecstatic, jumping for joy, telling my dad, "See, i told you she was going to be alive and okay." my dad said that she was not going to make it. i told him that my sister was going to make it...she would live. i named her Tepora. She would be my buddy. i had plans for us. The other three usually ganged together. Tepora & i would be partners. But Tepora died. i was shattered upon hearing the dreaded news...i didn't want to believe any of it...

After school, my sisters, cousins, and i received word that we would have Tepora's burial. We all loaded up in cars and headed for the hospital to pick up her body. She was taken to my aunt's (my mother's eldest sister) home, where my auntie bathed and prepared Tepora for the burial, while we gathered about her and watched. my sister was brownish and so tiny—a mere pound and a half. Her feet were the size of almonds.

When my aunt opened her diaper to change, there was a smear of poop on it. In my child's mind, i took that to be a sign of life and blurted out, "She's still alive." i was immediately corrected. i wanted so much for her to live, that even with her dead body lying before me, i dared to hope for life. No Lazarus today. No Tepora, ever...

It was mostly us kids who gathered about Tepora's grave. Her coffin was wrapped with a fine mat. She was dressed in a white, over-sized infant wedding gown. i think she even had a veil. Tepora's middle name is "Leilani"...my dad gave her that name, saying that it was as if she was born to go to heaven.

A priest from New Zealand performed the funeral service. Tepora is buried next to my mother's father in Pago Pago. Around Memorial Day, his grave is always spectacularly decorated. But nothing much for Tepora. This was twenty-eight years ago, but it still haunts me. i still long for her...

Sometime after Tepora's death, i developed a large bald patch, around 2 inches in diametre, smack in the middle of my head (in monastic formation). Since then, whenever i am troubled or undergo traumatic events, alopecia areata is the order of the day. Oddly, people would never guess it because of my Amazon jungle hairstyle. However, my condition allowed me to put forth an argument in favour of my being sent to New York, in order to see a specialist. my paternal grandmother had been favouring Miriama for the expedition. Still, i'd rather have a full head of hair...and Tepora.

i remembered my mother's words and i have always suspected that she did something to my sister to get back at my father. After my father passed away, i brought up the subject of Tepora again. This time i was in my mid-20s. My mother said that she was working at the hospital (she was an emergency room nurse) when news arrived again of my father's womanising affairs. She relates that she was six months pregnant with Tepora at the time and she collapsed and went into labour...thus, Tepora was born a premie.

i never dared to ask her if she did something to abort Tepora, although i remember (another who-could-forget!) her repeated warnings to my father on previous occasions, “This baby will die...because of you!” How did she know beforehand she would lose the baby?...the four previous pregnancies were difficult, but not high risk...unless she killed my sister...as my mother herself made expressly clear, she never wanted to be a mother...she only wanted to be a wife...she only wanted the companionship, attentions, and affections of a handsome, wealthy man. Strange how as a child i was so in tune with all of this, yet as an adult, i’m clueless about life...and such a flake.

Moon prayers...

When we were very young, my maternal grandmother insisted that all of us first cousins be together often. Regularly, my sisters and i headed for Pago Pago, and regularly, we played *lape, pagi*, Samoan checkers (there’s nothing like Samoan checkers), Samoan bingo (nothing like Samoan bingo either), Samoan hopscotch (the complicated version—nothing like it), *palagi* hopscotch, Samoan-style tetherball (Tutuila version: nothing like it again), and name-calling and heated disputes throughout the day (e.g., “Cheater!”)...Usually, it was the girls against my cousin Junior (poor thing, he was the only boy). i hardly ever disputed anything with him, however, because we were born in the same year and i was partial to him. Besides, he was only the person with whom i could do spar, kickboxing, make-believe kung fu, karate, and wrestling...he was a good sport about it...no “How dare you be so vicious with me.” Once i was in a really bad mood and made him cry...everyone scolded me...i felt like the scum of the earth, not for what they said, but for seeing that i had hurt him. i still regard him with much fondness, like a favorite brother. i usually was the tag-along with whatever activities the girls were cooking and didn’t dispute much...unlike Miriama who fought over every point like a miser drooling over a penny. After a day’s play, however, there was one thing on which i was insistent. When the moon came out, and if it was still daylight, i would gather my

sisters, cousins, and neighborhood friends and lead them to a cluster of rocks that happened to be arranged in a circle. Here we would pray about whatever was on our minds until it was dark. This was my game. It's odd, however, because i never liked getting up and going to church. i still don't. i would often look up at the sky, hoping that the moon would come out before dark. It didn't count if it were dark—at that time, our grandmother would call us for the family prayer. While the others would tag along, i was the only one who cherished that place and time of moon prayers. Today, my dad's grave has become that sacred spot for me and all the important issues and concerns of my life are laid there in prayer.

At family prayers, it was always the same one-of-two songs and one-of-three Scriptures (Psalm 1, Psalm 23, or John 3:16). Certain names were called upon to say prayers; each person would try to outdo the former by reciting more family members to bless (even uncles, aunts and cousins no one had ever met). However, when it was my turn (because i wasn't paying attention and couldn't recall names), i went with general categories (e.g., all the prisoners, the sick, the oppressed, the hungry, the poor—us here, etc.). my Hawai'i dad was the worst; he was such an iconoclast. With the whole extended family there, he would only mention his four daughters, by name, a little on his wife, and maybe a sliver on himself—that was it. my mother's family forgave him, with the classic “this-is-what-must-be-tolerated-when-you-marry-an-outsider” demeanor. The “we-told-you-so” looks would be furtively cast towards my mother (one of many occasions), to her knowing embarrassment.

Pesi

When i was nine years old, i returned from living with my grandparents in upstate New York. my mother had travelled from Samoa to New York, spent about two weeks with my grandparents, and then accompanied me home. There are pictures of my mother and i hugging...in that whole time away, i'd never missed her once. i didn't miss my dad

either. i missed my sisters. my dad met us at the airport in Tafuna. Gosh, it felt so good to be in Samoa again.

i was surprised at how rundown and beat-up our red stationwagon had gotten. There were even dirt stains inside the car. As soon as my dad saw my mom, he kissed her forever. When we finally got to the car, they kissed forever again. All the way from Tafuna to Fagasa, they paused at every lightpost and kissed forever. i was surprised, and somewhat uncomfortable, to be witness to such an over-display of public affection. i'd never seen them be like this before. She was only gone for a little more than a fortnight. i'd been gone for a year and received the usual "kiss on the cheek + light pat on shoulder." Ours was a formal family—no touchy-feely, huggy-kissie business. Except for my parents on the way home that evening, etc. When we finally arrived home, it was dark, but i knew there was another forever kiss. Yuck, disgusting! In the meantime, i held my arm and counted the infinite stars. There are so many stars at night in Samoa. i had missed these stars, i had missed the Samoan sky. We're all on the same planet looking at the same bloody sky...but from Samoa, it looks like a particularly Samoan sky. And when the door finally opened, they disappeared. my sisters were there to hug me forever. It was great to be back in our neat, clean, tidy, warm home. In New York, it was antiseptically clean. my grandma kept a super-clean home; but it lacked the fun, humour, warmth, and never-ending problems that only children can endow.

In New York, i had experienced what it was like to be an only child. i was showered with things; i enjoyed receiving so many things, but i wished i could share all these goodies with my sisters. Food tastes better when shared with people you love. It gives meaning to an event when you share it with special people. New Yorkers were constantly asking me which i liked better: New York or Samoa. What was i supposed to say? i learned to reply that i liked both in different ways.

We had a new nanny. Her name was Peisepua'a, which means, "just like a pig." It happened that Pesi (as we called her) was born while her parents were in a marital

dispute. According the maternal side of the family, Pesi the baby resembled Dad, and therefore, to them, she was just like a pig! Pesi was lovely; strict, sensible, wise and very tender. She was a good person.

In the beginning, i was a brat to Pesi. i couldn't believe that this person had the authority to tell us what to do. i refused to listen to anything she said, and was always telling her off in English. i threw shoes at her; she slapped me across the face. i locked myself in the room and waited until my parents returned—then i gave the report. Pesi was outside weeding the grass, while my mother talked to her. my mother lectured me on respecting one's elders...end of discussion. my dad was so pleased with the English-speaking skills i had acquired. He said English was the language of success and that henceforth, Samoan was forbidden. my parents, being the brilliant people they were, left me in the care of Pesi—who spoke no English. In time, i grew very fond of her and followed her about. i sat in silence and listened to her, as she explained life to me in Samoan. Although i could not speak the language, i heard hardcore Samoan regularly...more so, because my lips were sealed by the English-only stamp. She was a horrible cook with a limited menu of American-style cooking (she should have just prepared Sammie meals). For breakfast, we had awful rubber pancakes with sickeningly sweet, cavity-causing cocoa. Lunch consisted of peanut-butter and jelly on burnt toast with sickeningly sweet, cavity-causing *warm* (puke!) lemonade. And dinner...watery rubber beef stew with soggy carrots and potatoes. i might have remained skinny if Pesi cooked for me the rest of my life. i love her...she is my mum.

SSSShhhhhhhh....nothing happened...

Hurricanes are frequent in Samoa, and Forbidden Bay, on the northern shores of Tutuila, was usually one of the places hardest hit. Our house was situated poorly. The government lined this vulnerable spot—on the Fagatele end from the bridge to the schoolhouse—with white cement sandbags as a barrier against storms. i think that this

was a result of a complaint launched by my dad; i don't know why the government felt bound to honor it (family connections perhaps?). Nevertheless, my dad also assumed responsibility by lining our whole front yard with dull, ugly mustard-coloured tin gallons, filled with pebbles. They were such an eyesore and made our multi-coloured home (it was rather large and we had different colours for different sections) look like a prison compound. i wasn't too sorry when the next hurricane smashed half of those tinny gallons. Most of the sandbags remained intact; i liked the sandbags. In any event, i would often spend time looking at the water and all about Forbidden Bay, while perched on the sandbags. i liked watching the Vatia people ferry into Fagasa—i could tell a Vatia “fresh-off-the-ferry” on sight. In those days, Vatia people were interesting to watch—they wore more colours than the rainbow and tourists combined. my nanny would call out, scolding me to stop that habit—because only weirdos “cracked in the head” sat around and stared at the water. But i did it out of habit, and not to be defiant.

There was one day when i was looking up towards the *mafa*, the summit dividing Fagasa from Pago Pago. i was watching the construction workers as they cleared a road path connecting Fagasa and Vatia (a project suddenly started, and just as suddenly dropped, by the Army). i remember thinking that the Caterpillar operator was driving dangerously near the unprotected edge. i sensed that he (i assumed it was a man) was way too close to that edge. And i sensed some kind of impending doom. i called out for him to stop, trying to warn him that he was going too far, too fast, coming too close to the edge...but i'm at bay level and the driver is nearly eleven hundred feet above me. my hand is reaching out, as i cry, “Stop! Stop!” And then i see it....in an instant...it was zooming, rumbling, crashing down. It happened so quickly and was so loud, like a volley of cannonfire. i heard shouts as the villagers dashed out to see the commotion. i was in hysterics, jumping up and down...i saw my dad coming. i told him through tears, gasping for air in agitation, that i saw a man killed, that he was driving the big machine too fast, that it flipped and just went over the edge. my dad consoled me and said shhh, no,

nothing happened...end of discussion. i stopped crying, wiped my tears, brushed my feelings aside and moved on with life as if nothing happened. i only learned the details from a newspaper. i started to mention the *mafa* incident to my dad, but quickly withdrew as i remembered his gag order.

Saving Butts

Our seventh-grade class decided to have a party at Utulei Beach. This was back in the day when St. Francis was an all-girls school. So it was a big deal when some of the girls decided to invite our brother school (an all-boys school) to the celebration.

It happened that i was walking across the beach, when i noticed two sisters (the elder was in my class) wading into the water. Something about the way they entered the water gave me the hunch that neither were swimmers. But these sisters fought like men and one couldn't possibly tell them anything (especially something like, "Get out of the water if you don't know how to swim!"). i tried to give them a little cautionary advice, but they waved it away like a whisper. The others said nothing.

The inevitable happened...they took one step too far. Instantly, they both began bobbing up and down, gasping for air. We were all in shock. These two fierce land creatures were actually drowning! People tried grabbing for them, but they were kicking and flailing so frantically, the rescuers were being pushed underwater by the two. i was no match for one of them, let alone the pair. Instead, i dove beneath the water and pushed them by their behinds to shore...literally saving their butts. i swam off afterwards, hoping they would not get back in the water. Nothing was said.

Later in school, one of the sisters (my classmate) said:

"You saved our lives."

"Did i?" i asked (i didn't know what to say).

"You did," she replied.

We left it at that.

Years later, when we were twice as old, she was telling me a story. And in that story, she addressed very tactfully a sensitive personal issue. my family had outright condemned me; i naturally rebelled with 100% stupidity. But through that story, she gave me jewels of wisdom with the finesse that only veterans of the all-girl school possessed. And in that way, she major saved my butt.

Charlie and His Dream Mother

When i was twelve years old, living in Hawai'i, nearly every Sunday night i cried myself to sleep & continued crying in my dreams. Oddly, i was born on a Sunday evening. A lot of times i would cry for hours. i don't remember why i cried so much. However, i do remember a recurring dream that soothed the ache. It was about a little boy named Charlie. i was his mother. We were very close and happy together. i also had a shadow husband and eight or nine other children, but they were background. Whenever that husband emerged to close range, i was almost always suddenly on an altar and bleeding to death. Somehow, draining the life out of me enlivened him...like a parasite. In any case, Charlie and i were inseparable and foreground. Somehow the dreams about Charlie & his mother comforted me.

i think Charlie was me, the child, because my father always wanted a son. My dad was so sure i'd be a boy, and Charles would be my name. When i turned out to be a girl, Charles was feminised to Chari. My dad raised Miriama and i, the older two of five girls as if we were boys. my father despised & discouraged anything girly, which i naturally was...but i also had tomboyish streaks before the teen years. i didn't realise it as much until a girl whose nose i had cracked & broken three times in childhood, remarked years later at how much i had changed in high school. i told her i was the same-old, same-old, but she insisted that i had become a lady whereas before i was more like a boy!

i wonder if this is why i cross dress today as if it were a normal thing to do. Some folks have negatively commented on it, & to me it's their problem. i tone it down by

wearing skirts or dresses along with men's shirts & shoes. i don't think of them as men's attire because they belong to me and only i wear them. And besides, i have become my own man & woman, since my counterpart never came along.

And Charlie's mother was me, too. She is me the mother who protects me the child. i am my own mommy dear that i always wanted or needed, but didn't have. i am also Charlie, who loved, cherished, & trusted my dream mother in a way that i did not for my real-life mother.

Also when i was twelve years old, my father was diagnosed with chronic kidney failure and daily he struggled to survive. i hated seeing him deteriorate, seeing him suffer, seeing him die slowly. i missed our times together...swimming in Forbidden Bay nearly every day after school, our early Saturday morning walks, accompanying him on his business trips all over Tutuila, our many talks together, and just being near him. i was, i am, his favourite daughter. Because he was the dominant, caring parent in my life, i didn't miss or really notice my mother, who didn't like being a mother and therefore pretty much un-involved herself from us girls.

i hated it on the rare occasions when she was around because all she ever did was squawk about everything and push us away, never wanting us near her. She loved our father, but not his daughters. i really don't care to know her reasons. If she died today, i shall never miss her...

Wherever i go, i take Samoana with me

i liked to play for hours and hours with toy trucks, loading and un-loading sand. But even more, i loved to touch dirt. i loved the feel of it. It feels clean. i would spend hours making mud pies, lining the whole front fence with mud pies. i could never get enough of making all sorts of mud pies.

During my teen years in Hawai‘i, away from Samoa, i longed to touch Samoan earth. i would dream about it, standing on the earth, sitting on the earth, touching the earth, being part of Samoa again.

i hated living in an apartment. i couldn’t stand the over-closeness. i learned things about my parents, my sisters, and myself that i never wanted to know. i experienced being poor and discriminated against, and i remember feeling ashamed. i’ve always hated Hawai‘i, because it was where i first learned that i’m on the losing end of colonization. i hate that i hate being poor. But i don’t love money enough, i don’t love wealth enough, to marry it.

i learned to live without; i learned to be resourceful and even to make my own sanitary napkins. It was a skill of necessity as i lived in a household with five women, whose cycles synchronized, but not with mine. In my family, we do not discuss; we either mention and quickly drop issues or accidentally explode. We don’t discuss private matters. Having a menstrual cycle was too personal to talk about—i could not ask anybody for pads. When i first got my period, i was twelve years old and did not know what was happening. my mother refused to speak to me; my dad could only say my name, gasp, and wave his arms. i learned about this mystery by reading about it in medical books. Somehow, i got the notion that i had an awful woman’s sickness that was too shameful for discussion. Years later, i learned that the awful part was that i was iron-deficient and therefore prone to bouts of anemia and all the accompanying complications. i suffered needlessly for years, out of ignorance and silence.

The Unwanted Child

One afternoon in Samoa, when i was about fifteen, i had spent the day looking through books detailing names of flowers and their characteristics. i had finished my chores, and so i was able to indulge in this leisure. The names and flowers were so pretty, that i thought to look for a name for one of my future daughters. Somehow, i always

knew i'd have at least one daughter. My mother squawked and scolded me, i don't remember why, because i had learned to tune out the same, old, hateful, angry, nothing-was-ever-right dialogue. But i couldn't turn down the volume...she droned on and on for hours until, finally, i developed a headache. i fell asleep, and awoke when it was evening, and she was still at it. It all finally became unbearable--my head was pounding, so i just got up and left. i told myself that i was just going to walk until i fell off the end of the island. i just didn't care...i didn't care anymore; i just wanted to get away from her and her awful noise, her blazing hell!

i didn't get far when i ran into my friend Park, who lived around Virginia's store (because it had no official name, we simply named after the proprietor, Virginia), by the Grand *Kaiki* Church (LMS Church, which came to Samoa via Tahiti, which is why it is casually referred to as *Kaiki* or *Taiti* Church). Park was driving around in a blue pickup truck, running an errand for his parents. He was on his way to one of my father's best friend's home.

Park, Joon-bum (the j- and b-sounds—as in “joy” and “boy”—are tricky for the Samoan tongue, so we just called him Park) was from Seoul, South Korea, and we took precalculus together at Samoana High School. i was a junior and he a senior. Park had lived in Spain, where he had the unique experience of completely flunking his entire freshmen year, because he spoke no Spanish, and, of course, everything was in Spanish. Nonetheless, he managed to have a great time.

We often sat together in class, where i think he was nearly flunking too, because he was too preoccupied comparing us from head to toe, instead of paying attention to the lecture. i would be so embarrassed when he came to the feet, because, of course, my sammie bigfooters were gigantic next to his petite kimchee feet. We would often walk home together from school (a distance of a few miles). He'd carry my books. Sometimes, he would see me while riding the bus, and get off and walk the rest of the

way home with me. i had money to ride home, but i enjoyed walking, even though the afternoon sun made me dizzy with headaches by the time i got home.

On this particular evening, Park saw me, called out, and asked where i was going. i said i didn't know, and so he asked me to ride along with him. i agreed. When we arrived, i waited outside in the truck, while he went inside to drop off the delivery. i was praying to God that Johnny and Malia (those are my father's friends) didn't or wouldn't see me, because then i would be in serious trouble. Of course they would tell. In fact, they'd even deliver me right back to my headache of a home; my ride would end right there. Park returned and we drove off. Whew! No one saw.

A little ways, he suddenly stopped the car. He thought something was wrong with the tires and went to check. i got out and decided to check the tires, too. The tires were firm and fine. Soon, i guessed Park just needed to fart, but he didn't want me to die in the car. My headache dissipated from the funny of it all. We drove a ways and stopped by a Korean store. He bought me a bean candy bar and Pepsi. i was grateful that i had such a sweet friend. We rode all the way to Onenoa, which is the furthest end of Tutuila's eastern district. We talked and laughed the night away, as the warm breeze blew past us. Somewhere during the course of the ride, Park told me that he liked me. i told him that i liked him too. But then it became evident that he liked me as more than a friend... something about us going together. i told him that i thought he meant "like as in friends," which of course we were, and that i had no idea that he felt that way about me. And then he declared to me, "What do you mean you don't know I like you that way! I bought you bean candy!" i sat there stunned and silent, for we have no such "bean candy/courtship" custom in Samoa. Since then, every time i eat bean candy, i remember that event, the innocence and sweetness.

He dropped me off at Spencer's Store, and i walked the rest of the way home. i knew i was in trouble, and i didn't want to implicate Park. We only went for a ride. And other than the bean candy revelation, that was pretty much it...

Somewhere in the dark, i met up with my mother. She screamed and screamed at me, and slapped & kicked & pounded & punched me while i froze & remained mute. my body swayed with the fierce & violent blows. She broke lumber pieces on my body, fiercely, violently, till it had become completely un-splittable. Meanwhile, i just stood there and took it. i didn't fight back or protest. i knew it was not just that night that had ignited her wrath, but all the years of suppressed anger, hatred, and pure fury was now being lashed out on my body. My storming off lent the opportunity for her to explode. i was wrong to take off, but she drove me away with her incessant verbal abuse.

After the battery, from the shoulders down, i was completely covered with ripe bruises...and i ached all over. i don't remember my face; i probably couldn't look at myself in the mirror. i didn't go to school for three days. No one came to my rescue.

i don't know where my father was at the time. However, the next morning he was lying in bed in a diabetic coma. If he had been around, if he had been aware, i would not have been battered to the extent that i was. my father would not allow it.

No one realised it until at the end of the day, my dad still would not wake up and he's normally an early riser who doesn't sleep past six am. Finally, in the early evening the ambulance arrived and our dad was hospitalised. We went to visit him later that same evening. He was awake, alert, and commented that he was tired and hungry. We told him that we would pick him up some food and return soon.

On the way from the hospital, our mother stopped by a boyfriend's (one of several) family's place in Utulei and visited with them. As the minutes ticked away, my sisters and i were getting angrier because we told our father that we'd return with his food...and he was waiting for us...and she could always visit with these people later, but our father was hungry now. So my sisters and i planned that we would get a hold of the keys & drive off with the car. We pretended that we had locked ourselves outside and needed the keys to get back inside the car. The stratagem worked, we got the car keys, Miriama the gutsy rebel revved the engine, and sped away. The zoom-zoom was

thrilling! None of us knew how to drive. Luckily, it was an automatic and there was no traffic.

They soon assembled a hot pursuit, and before long, the lovers had caught up. They cornered and stopped us right by Burns Philip Store; we were still in Utulei. We sat breathlessly, awaiting the impending doom. Now Miriama was frozen in terror, waiting for injustice to be handed down. As they approached the car, i shouted, “Go, go, go!” Miriama remained petrified in shock. i ordered her to move out of the way. i vaulted into the driver’s seat, floored the accelerator and zoomed away, shattering the sheer glory of the moment by confusing the accelerator and brake (Miriama was the better driver). Despite my dangerous driving, no casualties were reported other than an errant frog.

This time we were headed towards our base in Pago Pago because under the circumstances, there was no time for grocery shopping. Since i was the eldest, i instructed my younger sisters that when we arrived home, two would jump out of the car and go and pack food quickly, while me and whoever would continue to decoy the adulterers. The “preppers” would wait for me to pick them up and then we’d head straight for the hospital. As the food preppers hopped out and dashed home, i sped away, heading uphill for the *Lotu Tonga* aka Methodist Church (which came to Samoa via Tonga)...just like our school bus driver did everyday on the morning route through Pago Pago. i reversed and positioned the car towards the road...knocked off the lights. We were situated such that, we could see them pass by, but they couldn’t see us in the dark. They passed a ways and we returned to pick up the food preppers awaiting us. We travelled onwards to LBJ medical centre in Faga’alu. i knew that our mother & company would catch up soon and so we planned that the younger two would run to our dad with the food while us older two dealt with our mother. We just wanted our father to have his food, and would be willing to risk the blind rage of our furious mother. She was always angry anyways.

i was first. This volcano of wrath approached the car once more and swung the door open. My mother lifted my 120-lbs, threw me out of the car & onto the ground...another violent volley of kicks & pounding & punches & screaming, just like the previous night. Miriama yelled at our mother and then ran for the dialysis unit as our mother's whiphand itched for another victim. She pursued Miriama as i lay on the ground and was beyond crying. But, then i heard things being smashed about and the screeching screams from my sister. i looked up & our mother was flailing her about the empty room and knocking her around. Instinctively, i ran inside & situated myself between them to shield my sister, telling our mother that she could hit me all she wanted, but don't touch my sister. And so our mother lashed it out on me, telling me that she never gave birth to me and that she picked me up from the rubbish bin and that i was a worthless lowlife and intermittently she spat on me while hurling insults...more of the usual talk, only a bit magnified. i don't remember the rest of the night...there were probably more beatings, but by this time i was numb from the overkill...

my Best Friend

She has blue eyes and blonde hair...she is pure Danish. In some ways, she is more Sammie than i am...she's lived in Tutuila forever. She is a very free-spirited, fun-loving and extremely generous person. She's very open, very honest, super-opinionated, one-of-a-kind. She is highly intellectual, poetic, and philosophical. She's a writer and a free-thinker. She's very caring and loving. She said that in polite company, she would be considered eccentric. She's a lovable crazy. Marlena wanted to be a psychiatrist. i would tease her, saying that she needs a psychiatrist. She's agnostic and believes God is a giant blob. i wasn't sure if she frightened Christianity out of or into me.

We regularly went to Rainmaker Hotel for chocolate-covered papaya sundaes. We shared it. On poor days, we went to Icewich in Fagatogo and shared fries. She often treated and i would pitch in when i made the amount to cover for the expense from the

money i saved walking home instead of catching the bus. We often walked home together. On these days, Park didn't join us, but just waved from the other side of the street. Actually, i walked; Marlana twirled about, skipped, hopped, and danced. Sometimes i would be embarrassed and cross the street ahead of her. i told her that i didn't want to be seen with her, dancing like a nut. She would run ahead and run about, teasing me.

i was regularly scolded, slapped around, and beaten for coming home late. Because i loved being with Marlana that nut, i just accepted the daily punishment in exchange for the pleasure of her zany company—her hilarity made me laugh.

She would go on and on about some guy Scott in Hawai'i. She did intensive research on the *palolo* so she could enter a Hawai'i science program and therefore see Scott. i wanted to join that science program as well because it appealed to me and i wanted to be with Marlana. my dad insisted that i take karate instead. He disliked the brainy, opinionated “troublemaker” woman, preferring i'd become the quiet beauty ready for combat. “*Vaivai o le fe'e*,”—the weakness of an octopus—he wanted the meek and mild look that masked a dangerous killer...wow, brilliant! Needless to mention (then don't!), skip beauty, skip quiet, and he had me training everyday, just so i could become strong like a bodyguard. i had no such desire. i informed him that, as a girl, i was not interested. He thought women made better bodyguards—because no one expected them to be strong. i am sorry to disappoint him...skip beauty, skip quiet...and as for the bodyguard, skip off to my Lou too! i wanted to spend time with my best friend.

Bittersweet Sixteen

We are back in Hawai'i. i am depressed and homesick for Samoa. my dad's health had deteriorated to the extent where LBJ Medical Center couldn't provide the medical attention he needed.

Just as in Samoa, i read the Bible often....maybe even more. One day, i walked into a room, and my friend Queenie said my face was positively glowing. i told her that a fabulous idea had just hit me. i started explaining to her that sin, or the concept of evil, introduced human time. Now man had not only a beginning (with birth/creation), but an end (death) as well. This necessitated a means of ordering life events. The entire Bible is a story of overcoming time—perhaps every religion somehow sought to fight time, to extend it beyond the grave. That was the whole point of a Savior, an agent to get one past the grave. Queenie was hardly amused; she gave me the typical “you-should-worry-about-things-that matter” look—homework, filling out college applications, financial aid statements, etc., were more important.

For a humanities class, my big project was on the book of Daniel. i practically memorized that book. Somehow, i was just intrigued with Daniel and his timelines. i helped a pastor out on a chapter-by-chapter seminar analysis of Revelations. i didn’t find John as interesting...too psychedelic and 144,000 lacked aesthetics. Still, those two books appealed most to me.

Queenie

We were fast friends and inseparable. i admired that she was so sensible, practical and organized. i think she’s the only person with whom i ever experienced envy. Academically, i was in her shadow...mostly because she did all her homework, whereas i stuck to topics of my interest.

Queenie went away to a school on the Continent for a semester and then returned for the Christmas break. She was on full scholarship plus additional monies, so she had travelling funds and plenty to spare. She was bright and exceptionally organized, though not necessarily brilliant. i moved out and lived with Queenie for a while.

Then i met this guy who wanted to be my boyfriend, though i was more interested in being buddies. He liked my family; my family liked him very much. He even got

along with my dad. But i was just young and stupid. Queenie tried to explain the facts of life to me, but i returned the “you-should-worry-about-things-that-matter” look.

Every free minute i had, he wanted. We just went here and there, and i felt bad about leaving Queenie behind, so i would insist that she come along. She was adamant about cooking for him. i was surprised—this is who had TV dinners for every meal. She only bought two types: fish sticks and something i wouldn’t dare sample. But she stayed up the whole night preparing a banquet for this guy. She told me that this was the first time she had ever cooked for anyone...she didn’t know what had gotten into her.

Queenie was in love with him. She encouraged my interest to go off for some summer school program in Angwin, California. She filled out all my forms (i only had to sign) and even paid for my fare. She wanted him that much! But he was a little bit in love with me still. He wrote regularly, sent me a charcoal grey sweater (i love this color, even if i don’t wear it well) and argued with me all the time on the phone. His sister wrote to me, in so many words asking me to be kind to her brother. But at seventeen going on eighteen, i wasn’t ready for marriage and all this commitment. His mother advised that Queenie was the better choice—Queenie made it a point to press that point. i told him that Queenie loved him, that she was better for him. When they got together, he did not want Queenie and i to be friends anymore. i could not believe that when he demanded this of her, she honoured it just to be with him. Since when is a man worth more than a good friend? i was even good enough to say, “If you want him, you can have him...there are plenty of fishes in the sea!” He’s not even a decent person to dish out that kind of ultimatum.

Ua ta’oto le ataata o Taulelei. (The reflection of Taulelei lies on the waters)

“*Taulelei* is an honorific designation for the expected bridegroom and means: *Ua taunu’u lelei le gafa i le Tuitoga*—The *Tuitoga* will have handsome descendants.

“Samoa-na-galo ripening from an infant into a youth on the trip to Tonga, is meant to illustrate the great distance between the two island groups” (Schultz 1980, 105).

“In the days when Samoa suffered under the yoke of the Tongans, there lived at Sili a married couple, Taomatamu and Mualepuso. When a son was born to them, they travelled with the child to Samauga to visit the father’s relatives. On their return they met a Tongan ship in Amoa. The crew were giving night dances (*poula*) and the parents looked on. Having spent the rest of the night under the sail of the Tongan vessel, they set out again at daybreak. The child was left behind, for each parent thought he was with the other. When the Tongans prepared to sail on, they discovered the boy under the sail and took him along. He was given the name of Samoa-na-galo, the Forgotten Samoan. The Tongans made a call at Mulifanua. As it was raining, the child sought shelter under a coral rock (*puga*). The spot is called to this day Falepuga, the house of coral. After a while the Tongans set sail for Samatau and the boy was forgotten again. He ran after the ship and between the promontories of Tulatula and Tulivae near Samatau, he manged to attract the crew’s attention. This place is called Le-one-sa’a (the sand where the boy danced about). The ship now sailed to Tonga. After many days the travellers reached the first island of the group (Vavau) where they were guests of High Chief Lesa. When they left for Toga-mamao (Tongatabu), where *Tuitonga* ruled, the boy was forgotten for the third time. Because of his stay with Lesa, he was later called Sanalala (he who spent the evenings, *alala*, with Lesa). The reigning *Tuitoga* was married to a lady from Safata, Upolu, who had born him two daughters, Paitoitogamau and Tunaifitimaupologa. The latter heard of the Samoan youth who lived with Lesa and wished to marry him. One evening, as the sun was setting, she said to her father: *Se ‘i e va ‘ai, Tuitoga, i le ataata ua ta’oto mai nei, o le ataata o le tagata manaia, o la ‘u tane lava lena* meaning, “See, O King of Tonga, the evening glow sparkling on the waters; it is the reflection of a handsome youth who shall be my husband.” The king consented. He sent for the boy and

married him to his daughter. A son was born of this marriage, also called Sanalala, who later played an important role in the history of the Samoan kings” (Schultz 1980, 104-105).

Once upon a miracle

i was twenty going on twenty-one when Daniel was born. When i first saw him, first held him in my arms, he was the most beautiful life force. i couldn't believe that he was mine. After Daniel, i only wanted to take care of him; nothing else in the world mattered....except for my Dad, who was still calling to check every weekend. He thought i'd performed a miracle just by having a son. my mother-in-law accused me of worshipping my son. When Daniel was an infant, we would often sit in a rocking chair; i sang to him as the sun would set. *Ua ta'oto le ataata o Taulelei*. The beauty of the evening glow of the setting sun sparkling on the waters reminds me of my Daniel. He's the love of my life.

Unto the fourth generation

my dad passed away when Daniel was nearly seven months old. i've never regretted having Daniel at a young age, although i was extremely naive and immature. i would not have survived losing my dad without the miracle of my son.

It was a Monday morning. my dad had suffered a series of strokes and Miriama was insisting that i come home. He was also most anxious to see Daniel. When i had a son, my dad was beyond happy with the incredible miracle i'd performed or was performed through me. i had what he always wanted. Even more than that, Daniel, at birth, resembled his deceased brother (who had died at three years old). Daniel's hair curled a bit and had a touch of gold. His eyes were blue-green, which in time became hazel. my dad's brother had had soft golden hair and hazel eyes. One night Daniel slept

with my father. In the morning, he ventured over, looking for milk, and began nibbling. my father said, “Men don’t kiss; they shake hands.”

In our conversations since Daniel’s birth, my dad at first urged “eldest child goes to the grandparents” policy. However, he didn’t push too much...he still remembered being in my position. When i was young, he and my mother had taken a short honeymoon trip to Hawai‘i. my father had left me in my paternal grandfather’s care (he was living with my parents at the time). my grandfather was attached to me; at birth, he had named me after his mother, who had died when he was a baby. Upon returning, my father had to beg his father to return me.

The dance of life in death

In any event, i was scared to hear the news of my father’s strokes. i learned that his legs had been amputated. The week i arrived, my dad’s condition had deteriorated so rapidly that he was already under hospital care. When he was in the hospital, they administered him with an endless series of shots and medications. It seemed so barbaric to add and extend this intense suffering. At one point, he even had an oxygen tank, though this didn’t stop him from harassing everybody for cigarettes. i would remind him of the *flammable* tank...he would order to just do what he said. It made visiting him difficult—he refused to get past the tobacco issue.

He had pulled through many times before and hope was still there. That is, until one morning, while we were out in the lounge area waiting to see him. i was pacing the floor and i happened to look down the hallway. i saw the Angel of Death. Out of nowhere, he appeared, and into nowhere, he disappeared. The Angel of Death came in the form of a tall, slim man with blackened eyes, like glasses of ash. He had that fixed gaze that cannot be looked into or broken. Without knowing that man, i knew that that morning, my dad’s time was up. i knew this time he was going to die.

my mother, Pua, and i were by my father's bedside. Miriama had stormed off (we had gotten into an argument earlier). Naomi was at the University, undergoing finals—we didn't tell her. i showed him Daniel's baby picture to keep by his bedside, as i couldn't take Daniel into the hospital for visits. i rattled on with all the little events and adventures of Daniel. And then, my dad died while i was talking to him. i paused for a moment.

"No...not now...even if i knew...not now."

i screamed as if where he was going, those screams could be heard. i completely collapsed into uncontrollable sobs. my mother and Pua were embarrassed, shocked, and disdainful. When the resuscitation team jumped in, she said, "No, he's suffered enough," and waved them away.

my mother criticizes the lack of restraint at some Samoan funerals. She can't stand the wailing; no matter how painful the loss, one should keep composure. She didn't say anything, but her disgusted glance said it all. The sobs kept growing. And someone held me...i don't know who. Not family. Nothing was said.

At home, endless streams of people were coming to pay their respects to my father's memory. We had to provide food for all of them. my uncle Ieremia, who was younger than me and living with my parents at the time, was fighting with me over a single spare rib. i accused him of being of a greedy pig who took the biggest part, leaving me with two small bones. He denied the truth as an affront to my excessive pettiness over meat and bones. i wasn't hungry...just totally pissed and long beyond lost.

Pua was helping out in the kitchen. She was embarrassed; the guests could hear our spare rib argument. To her greater shame, when she took the food to the visitors, they ordered her to send it back to "the two fighting in the kitchen." i was too mad to care. Miriama refused to help out; she was philosophically opposed to the *fa'a Samoa*—along with her self-righteousness, she flew away in a fit of anger. Still, i was grateful to

Miriama's church; they just came, dropped off delicious home-cooked meals, said a few words of comfort, and left.

i wanted time to stop. i didn't want to see anybody or do anything. i was grateful these people had come to pay their respects to my dad. But because i had lost someone very significant in my life, it was too big a blow for me to be in any shape to entertain strangers. i left, while Pua shouldered the burdens of hospitality. i felt guilty, leaving her with all the work, but i just couldn't handle the multitudes without approaching another explosion. One aunt (my mother's youngest sister) commented that she preferred the Hawaiian custom (to the Samoan), because they brought food to the grieving family. She said she would join Miriama's church, because they understood the proper treatment of the bereaved. "You'd join a church over food?" was my other aunt's sharp retort. my uncle and i weren't the only ones in food fights.

i left the kitchen fight with my uncle, only to have a bedroom fight with my husband. i tore up Hell and lashed it at him, knowing he wouldn't dare raise a fist...at least not while surrounded by my relatives (or Samoa). Every wrong, all his sins—i had a perfect memory of them and executed the caustic philippic with furiously perfect delivery. i hated him for never being there when i needed him most of all. i gave all when it came to his things...he didn't give a damn when it came to mine.

For the church service, our mother insisted we wear black outfits; for the mortuary service, she wanted white. This color co-ordination, she said, was absolutely necessary. However, the black dresses chosen for the church event were tight, form-fitting minis, with a bright red vertical band that ran down the middle, complete with vermicelli straps. The neckline went low, the legview, nearing the summit. At this point, our aunt intervened and said, "John (characteristically overprotective of his girls) is going to turn over in his grave and rise from the dead, knowing his daughters showed up at his funeral looking like "tu dolla ho-hos." She put it nicely, though. i saw the state my mother was in and didn't bother arguing, but i went to the store and purchased a plain black

dress—with sleeves past the elbow and a skirt that fell well below the knees. By the time i returned home, my mother had calmed down and amended her earlier commandment...though she stood firm on the white dresses. What's-his-face said to wear a white hat to match the dress. i was very angry with him for acting like a stranger...all he could contribute to this tragic moment was a remark on fashion...son of a low-life bastard! Otherwise, he would simply disappear for hours. This was why i had ended up yelling at him and hating him so much...of all the times.

Miriama delivered the eulogy in the church; everybody loved her “pretty speech.” The next day, on our way to the mortuary, i argued with whomever i sat next to...probably What's-his-face. i had been appointed by mother-dear to speak at the mortuary. my aunt said, “Give ‘em goddamn hell.” The same one who disapproved of joining the church for something as trivial as food. Everybody was out of sorts.

Without meaning to, my eulogy came across as a sock in the eye...so the family said. Miriama's pastor said i was an incredibly talented speaker, a natural. Miriama burned with jealousy as the compliments her pastor paid me dripped from his lips. Never mind that the entire family adored her very “touching” and “proper” memorial to our dad. Never mind that they were offended by my straightforwardness. Never mind that this was not a competition. Never mind that our Dad had just died...that i was pained and spoke about him the only way i could...honestly.

i talked about how incredibly painful it was to lose someone so dearly loved. It had been eight days since he had died, but the pain escalated instead of subsiding. i mentioned the incredible pain i felt in labor, how every part of my body was totally pained. But i had my baby Daniel...it was a productive pain. my dad's death was only pain and more pain...growing and growing inside of me like a great black hole of emptiness. Nothing came of it...and it doesn't go away...and i can't do anything to forget, numb, or kill it.

At the airport, my mother asked me to stay. She despised him and said that his eyes were full of lust. i told her that Dad told me not to run away from my problems. “He’s my husband, the father of my baby, and my place is by his side,” i said, knowing neither of us believed a word of it and both of us felt sick to the stomach just hearing it. “Do yourself a favor and put rat poison in his food,” she responded. “If i’m going to bother to kill,” i told her, “i’ll bother to make it so clean.... only God will catch me.” Dad had taught me to be an assassin, after all.

Baby Number Two

Tepora is back as a baby. My second child was born, some twenty months after Daniel, on the twentieth day of the second month, at two twenty-two in the afternoon. On the second night home from the hospital, i was pacing the floor, holding her, hour after hour, through the night and into the morning. She screams her head off when i sit down—it has to be walking and holding. She doesn’t cry when i hold her, but the instant i put her down, hoping she’s asleep or settled—she starts up again. After a couple of hours, i want to throw her out the window...but i don’t. She always wants to be held. i always seem to need a break. i can’t stand it (i can totally relate to how some parents just really lose it), but i tell myself those magical twos have to be some sort of special omen.

my first ex-husband was a mean son of a bitch. i never regretted leaving him.

Rice on the floor

O wedded bliss
gone with the kiss
the rice they threw us at the door
now
alone

i sweep up off the floor
i once thought you were so fine
i once thought you were nearly divine
festival of fools
facade
unmask the swine
who raped youth and innocence
with lies and more lies
be-gone all fear
by-gone my tears
total-none ex-dear
just a flashback
that tempts voodoo
JERK!
but Christ commands
F-O-R-GIVE,
i need do
o wedded bliss no more
just scattered rice on the floor

my two in diapers are raiding the cereal boxes. It was one of those days when both of them decided to be rambunctious and mischievous pranksters. As a joke, they begin scattering cereal all around the kitchen floor, giggling with delight. i enter and i immediately say, "No!" i confiscate the cereal boxes and lecture them on the starving people in Africa. While cleaning the mess, another series of chuckles drifts in from the living room. i put away the broom, walk into the living room wondering what they're laughing about. They've captured another cereal box and have dumped the contents all

over the living room floor. Now, i'm mad. This time, i grab the cereal box and i'm yelling about the starving people in Africa...and how we'll be starving right along with them. NO MORE! i place the cereal boxes out of reach. i clean up the living room mess. i hear them giggling again, so i stop cleaning and rush into the kitchen...in time to stop two laughing climbers. i placed them both where i could see them...but while i'm caught up in the cleaning, they drift back into the kitchen. Now they've successfully retrieved a box and proceed to make a trail in the hallway and into one of the bedrooms. i am frustrated beyond measure. i swallow, because i'm way too angry, and forget about lectures...a beating/flogging seems tempting. i understand how constant baby care can cause a parent to lose it. i'm done cleaning the hallway-bedroom and i hear more laughter from the kitchen. i arrive to see the two, throwing dry rice grains at each other. i'm crying because i don't know what to do...i'm laughing because it's all so stupid...but mostly, i'm angry because, while i know we're better off without him, there's still no other to share the privilege and the burden of raising children together...

His Eyes Were Blue

We met at a nightclub. He asked me if i wanted to dance. We danced the night away. He was 24 to my 23. He couldn't believe that i had just had my second baby earlier in the year. It was late June. He was from the East Coast, travelling with friends on a summer break, before going on to graduate school. He was Jewish and his name was Daniel. Immediately, i liked him...because Daniel is my favorite name; similar to the fagogo "*O le Ulua 'i Afi i Samoa*", when Maui uttered "*Papa, papa, matala se 'i alu atu Maui- ti 'eti 'eatalaga e galue i le fa 'atoaga*"—Open Sesame for my heart!

Dan was a surefooted man with a plan. i really admired that about him. i was a flake. It was so easy between us, like puppies in a basket. He was both tender and tough; even as an Ivy League graduate, he never lost that Bronx toughness—the street survival instincts, the ability to read people, the tough shell i imagine is necessary to live in that

zoo of borough. He never hesitated to be painfully straightforward; thankfully, he was also tactful, kind, and very caring. Once, during the night, Tepora (my daughter named after my sister) had awakened and was hungry. i didn't hear her, but he did, and he brought her to me, latched her, burped her, and calmed her back to sleep. i was exhausted and groggy throughout the whole thing. Although our time together was very short, it was the real thing...we both knew it. He is the only man i was ever able to sleep by his side soundly throughout the night...and be happy to wake up to.

i suggested that we not hope for a future. He asked why—especially since he had spent so much money on me, not to mention listening so patiently (at times, even painfully) to all my commentaries. i told him i was a mother. He said, “I have a mother too...don't always like her, but she's part of life.” i thought he was so funny. i had expected him to be a scaredy-cat—the way most guys are when it comes to responsibility.

He was very jealous of my affairs, but never mind his liberality. He didn't even bother to mask his jealousy. He wanted openness and honesty, and of course, i gave him too much. In “A Misfortune,” Chekhov remarks, “[O]nly savage women and animals are sincere. Once civilization has introduced a demand for such comforts as, for instance, feminine virtue, sincerity is out of place...” i loved him for wanting honesty. It was the one thing i knew i could give. But i had two children and he had graduate school. i was a fool to not see love through, but the thought of loving a man, as a man, scared me to death or maybe more than death. He gave me pearl earrings...his eyes were blue.

The Good Mother...the Dead Woman

Dan did not give up so easily and asked me to come live with him. At first it was “yes” and then it was “no.” Then, my neurosis of indecision set in and i wasn't sure, i didn't know; until finally, it stayed at “i guess no.” Dan forgave the constant changes...he said i would do the right thing. He thought i would come. i did not. Instead, i earned a scholarship to train as a hotel auditor. With the snap of fingers, i got a job.

i worked the graveyard shift and stayed up all day taking care of the babies. i was always tired. It was too much to ask my mother to stay home at night, just to be there as they slept. Once i dropped dead from sheer exhaustion...a neighbor knocked on the door to inform me that my two were playing in the parking lot. i ran with the wind, and sure enough....i gathered my two, hugged them tightly, grateful they were alive and unharmed. Time out, charri...think...be strong...get your priorities straight—your children come first...wipe your tears and move on with life...

The Machine

i have become a machine
cold, callous, and calculating
i have no feelings,
my world is purpose-function
i have no father, i have no mother
i only have responsibility, duty...
sometimes,
i wonder when this machine will reach its limit
...and breakdown.

i decided to take another job offer in Samoa....

Neva-Neva Land

i fought with my mom for my daughter. She insisted i leave my daughter with them and go off with my son. i needed to get away. At my former job, i was able to give out discounts, which i did for my uncle. He and my mother were having an affair; i so didn't do the math and failed to figure that it would add up to them sharing the discounted room. When she would stop by for him, i pretended to not know who she was. i talked

the security guard into ignoring her...i was so embarrassed, but said nothing to my mother.

A Samoan friend of mine offered for me to come and stay with her. She was rich and her foreign husband was dying. i took her up on her offer. i arrived in Samoa with Daniel and figured i would get Tepora later. i was sick of fighting with my mother...plain sick of her. She had this disgusting need to blame me for everything, knowing i would swallow it for the sake of my kids. She was only a lesser hell, compared to the ex.

my aunt was at the airport and insisted i stay with family. It would be an affront to family, she said, to stay with friends....was something wrong with family? i told her i just didn't want to be a burden. But my words fell on deaf, determined ears. Eventually, i relented....

In comparison to Hawai'i, Tutuila is dirty. i was a little uncomfortable at first. But after a while, i developed that same fondness for the place i'd always had, especially as i began travelling around Samoa. i missed Tepora a lot. Daniel was covered with sores. It made me cry to see him. His eyes were so sad. i thought in time he would grow to love Samoa as i did. But with time, his eyes grew sadder.

At work, i was bored out of my wits. The boss complained that i received too many personal calls...he also grumbled that i was sassy because of family connections to high places (in Samoa). i told him my bad attitude would bother to give you the time of day, no matter who you are or what your position. "i don't rate people by their rank and file in society," i said. "i esteem them according to the content and quality of their character." i admitted to and apologized for the personal calls, however. i sat in my cubicle, thinking about Tepora and crying. i took out pen, paper...and scribbled...

Come, my sweet Darsha

Come, my sweet Darsha,

let's go and runaway

To *neva-neva* land,
free of charge, no pay
Come daughter, come friend,
join your brother & me
the three of us a happy family be
O come my baby,
mommy is calling
i miss my light of day
i miss my moon of night
apart from you, apart i'm falling
Come my sweet, let's be sealed together-forever
Soon! Quickly! before the day is never!
Come, sweet Darsh
let's go & runaway
to *neva-neva* land,
free of charge, no pay...

my mother began visiting Samoa, continuing her affair. my aunt would ask, but i would continue to cover up. i would do stupid things to mis-direct the attention and re-direct the censure towards me; i felt a stupid loyalty towards my mother—her sister did as well (another relative who had stayed with us earlier had told her everything) and wanted to deny the betrayal. We both knew the other knew, but we wouldn't admit it to each other.

One day, my mother spewed the story out to me. She told me what was happening while i was gone. Daniel was being daily abused: pushed, shoved, kicked, berated...i asked my mother what she did when she saw that. Of course, nothing. It made me hate her and hate them; when i found out, it drove me to drink till i was blind. my mind couldn't handle it, so i avoided home and drowned myself in drink—trying to forget

the awfulness. my aunt was abusing Daniel to get back at my mother. But my mother didn't care...it didn't worry her in the least. i hated that the choices i made hurt the ones i loved the most. i met a lawyer and we both developed mutual crushes. i told him what was happening. He sat me down, held my hands, then told me, "You know right from wrong; do what is right." Golly-gosh, i wanted to give him my heart and marry his loveliness. But, big-but, my claustrophobic nerves immediately sensed-knew his intensive *fa'alavelave* (tangled, Samoan sort) lifestyle would suffocate-choke the life out of me, much as i adored the opportunity to be "properly" Samoan...to be regarded as a *faletua* (honorable wife). i held him in my heart for six years and then one day, i just let go. He knew we were not "meant-to-be" and just moved on for his precious *tofi* (appointed, right one).

Friends...with benefits

You asked i versed you & me
Tis quite a task to write of you & me
for we never speak of you & me
you speak of you, i speak of me
and that the extent of our togetherness be
You ask me how i feel
i ask myself, "Is this for real?"
Nevertheless, i'll give it a try--what to lose of me & my?
Listen, i speak in no & not, my nature to defy
But, take heart and brace--at least the version truth i do not deny
It's not an intense fascination, nor a romantic inclination
It's not mighty-fire screaming passion-love
Soaring straight to the stars and unfolding the heavens above
No, it's not take to the sky on the ultimate natural high
No explosion! No implosion! No unceasingly roaring ocean

in an increasingly constant motion.

No, you & me another dimension and aspect be
Still higher regard and greater respect i see you & me
Pray i you too shall see and understanding united be
Amidst strife and confusion--comrade-friend will tact fact,
not illusion. Genuine and everready to accept, slow to expect.
In you i seek trust, and find peace, security, sanity-survival-must.
But, who are you really? What do you mean to this one silly?
Are you just for wine and dine? Are you an admirer-fine,
or a year-long Valentine?

Still the sigh! Punctuate and declare nigh! No longer
suppress, repress, good grief spare depress
Press on! Press on! Express! Express!

You are the sunshine that illuminates and warms me
you are as a clear sky, not a cloud hangs over me
you are a soft summer breeze, rosy sweet inspiration be
you are a gentle sea, great paradox mystery
set inhibition free, while engulfing me
short of love, still, you maintain, sustain me.
Mayhap no Romeo, furthermore Juliet,
but whatever we share, deeper, richer, still yet.

What's In a Box?

He asked me to marry him. i might have...except that i was already legally married to someone else. His older sister was like a mother to me. His clan was very good to me. i wanted to marry into his loving family...but he drank too much. He said he would stop after we got married. i pretended to believe him. But, of course, i did not.

i told him about what was happening with Daniel; he ignored it and gave me more drink. He said, “I like it when you drink because it makes you more aggressive and loose.” The more drink he gave me, the more i grew to hate him. i was crying out for help...and he only thought about himself.

my other uncle (not the affair one) teased me that i worked at the playboy station and that i should get a real job and come work with him for more money. i thought about it, but it happened that i came into the crossfire of one of their many marital fights...as much as i dearly loved these people, i couldn’t stand the bickering. Besides, my children had already missed out on a father...i shouldn’t deprive them of a mom as well. i quit my fun job as an administrative assistant at the Department of Public Safety (obtained through family connections—i had zippo secretarial skills) and returned to Hawai‘i.

In the rush, i left behind one box...but my sort of fiancé would be visiting in a month, so i asked him to bring the box. He said he would. The month passed, i met him...and he said he forgot about the box (although in correspondance, i reminded him every other day). But the box was a little thing that was so important to me because there were pictures that someone had lent me, along with hand carved wooden blocks especially made for my two. The box itself was made for the children. i loved that wooden box. i knew that to him the box was a hassle and a bother. He had the bad habit of dismissing little lies. i had the even worse habit of not forgiving little lies. He married another, and so did i. i would never marry someone who did not love my children.

Reading and became inspired by: (Oh!) Henry David Thoreau (“Conscience”); Song of Solomon 7:6, 7; seeing stars from a Vatia angle; and waiting, waiting for love that will never come and was never meant to be.

Sweet Destiny

Fine the line
between love and hate
Jealousy, so oft the fate
Love so blind
possess the mind
Daily sorrow
dream of morrow
Undying desire
unquenchable fire
rage within
Distant waters
shark's fin
neither drown
nor part
the faithful, loyal, believing heart
Mercy heaven
soon the date
no longer pass the
days in wait
Be today i forever hold
sweet destiny for ages untold...

Joke of the day: Go to a poetry recital and ask why the poems don't rhyme...

Davida

Mom, you are the one I love
You have brown hair
That smells like scented roses

You have eyes that sparkle like the Sunset
Your beauty shows in the sunshine
You help me with my Homework if I don't get it
You comfort me when I'm hurt or down
You always let me know that I am not alone
You're like sweet, scented roses
Happy Mothers Day!

love,

davida

i carry this card and read it for

when i'm bored

when i'm tired

when i'm irritated

when i'm annoyed

when i hate her dad...she's the best thing that came out of that awful un-marriage.

She's the sweetest person i know....she has the gift of loving and endearing herself to others. Tepora's the family artist, but Davida's art decorates our home with her perennial Valentine's theme. She makes me believe there is still goodness and joy. She's my savior from myself. She's my hope.

my second ex-husband was an apathetic psycho. i regretted marrying him.

Psycho-Savior!

"Who am I?"

"I'm Nobody

Who are You?

Are you Nobody, Too?

Then, there's a pair of Us
Don't Tell
They'd Advertise, You Know
How Dreary to be Somebody!
How Public Like a Frog!
To Tell One's Name
The livelong June
To an admiring Bog!

—Emily Dickenson

On the surface, i sensed he's a seducer-woman hater. i felt repulsed at his over-display...what a clumsy come-on...his hands ran over his hairless chest, exposed from the low button and they ran under his shirt, over by the liver & spleen parts, obsession organs, going down down...oh my god...please, no, not a bit further! What is his problem? What is wrong with this guy? Has he forgotten that he's suppose to be delivering a lecture? Is this a cry for help or his idea of funny? Still, he is awfully handsome and wears flash shoes.

Later i talked about Mr. Nice Shoes to my hangout buddy. i joked that seeing him be like that inspired me to want to tell him to reach out & grab, hold, & rub me instead of himself whenever he is itchin' to touch...ha ha ha... However inappropriate, people can relate to the pleasure of touching another. But, self-stimulation in public is an absolute no-no! He didn't exactly venture into the taboo zone, but he made a strong suggestion. And i wouldn't sue for sexual harrassment, because every now & then i have compassion for the needy. Mean machine! Still, i did wonder why?...What went wrong with him?

Another class day, another lecture...and he was at it again. Sheez! Am i uptight or are there other witnesses? And then, i started to see more...as i looked at him i began seeing a little boy...a very wounded and hurting little boy. But, i don't know why he's hurting so much. And i kept seeing that pained, little boy whenever i looked at Mr. Nice

Shoes. i mean, i actually saw a little boy. i looked around to see if everyone else saw what i was seeing. Everyone kept a regular lecture face--kinda there, but mostly elsewhere, and so apparently it was only me. i wondered if it was a camera trick. i scanned the room for black boxes or something gadgety...nada...ai-yah, am i going bonkers here? Am i bored—the victim of an overactive, understimulated imagination? i wondered if he was a ghooost playing tricks on me...setting some kind of a trap...Why? Who even cares? Dear God, please protect my soul & keep my path from evil...am i being punished for that stupid abortion?...i stand guilty...i was wrong & too weak to fight...my (ex) husband unloved me & unwanted our baby...please God forgive me, don't punish me, please, please...and i wondered and wondered some more—what the hell was going on! i don't do drugs and i never drink before going to class. i'm often tired, but, still, alert, aware, & sober...okay, i do get goofy lots...and i kept seeing that little boy for a couple of weeks.

Somehow, i recognised that little boy from somewhere...Ding! dejavu... spooky! No, this cannot be, he was just like Charlie from long, long ago-- Oh God, please, this is scary... but Charlie was happy in my dreams... and Charlie was a **DREAM**...this was **REAL** life...getting blurred & shoot! i know this guy from nowhere, but i'm getting a creepy, spooky feeling that i see right through him...right into him...why? What is the meaning?...

i tried not to look at him, but heck, there's a lecture going on...OK, charri, concentrate...you are in school to learn this discipline, not to be getting dreamy. Then, Mr Slick Shoes started turning into a woman. While he was lecturing my eyes literally would see him turn into a scolding, finger-pointing woman. And i wondered, does he shave his legs and dress up like a woman? Never mind, charri...stay focused on the course subject matter... and the weeks rolled and he kept transforming into a woman ... i kept trying to keep a straight face as if nothing happened...sitting there in major denial,

wondering which was reality & which was imaginary...i never dared to reach out & touch to see what was real...goodness sakes, there's a lecture in progress...charri, stay focused...

Then he moved nearby where i was sitting...and i saw him in phases of time. In front of me was that hurting little boy again to the teen years to all the way to the man he was now....there he was, a progression of images in time, all of it in full view right before my eyes. i thought i was going to collapse... this all was getting too creepy, spooky, strange ...i struggled to keep a straight face, struggled to take notes and stay focused on the lecture. The phases of time went on for a bit and then i stopped looking at him because i was afraid of the things i saw & what was i suppose to do about it?...Go up & tell him, "uh uh-mm uh-mm...i see you, i mean i really see you"...i can see just his blank stare reaction...i can just hear a voice in his head ring, "nutter"...i kept quiet...i mentioned my visions in tid-bit littles to friends & family because it disturbed me, but i couldn't talk about it without feeling totally-absolutely very stupid & so—silence...mostly, my way of dealing was to just brush it aside...and move along...end of discussion.

i was taking my usual route about campus. Then, i noticed that whenever i passed by this green field of grass, he would pop into my head. But, now he was an old man with every hair on his head grey. His face was smooth and it had a serene glow...like he had weathered life with grace...i don't make the visions come, they just happen...they really would just pop into my head...as i pass the field the visions pass.

Then, i started to feel him...like i sensed when he was nearby...lo & behold, there he was...and i sensed when he was in trouble or something was major wrong...i would just be in the middle of something, like housecleaning...he is the furthestest from my mind, often pre-occupied by other concerns, like what's for dinner...this child, that child...run here, run there...and then i just get this feeling and i sense it's trouble because it's so heavy within me that i physically feel the weight and my movements/activities are hampered or encumbered somehow...and i think i should go and check to see if he is okay...mostly, i brush it aside and move along to tend to the day's duty...yet, every now &

then i did go to see him...sometimes he seemed okay & i felt like i was mistaken & what a waste of my time...other times he looked pretty bad, but i didn't know how to reach out...nevertheless, after awhile i stopped checking to see what...i figured that in time he'll eventually grow up & heal on his own...

Then, hard times descended upon my pathetic life...i was terribly confused about values and what really matters...my family was against me pursuing the school thang...inasmuch as the phenomena continued, part of me felt that Mr Nice Shoes must be a kindred spirit...why else would i see him, feel him on a deeply intuitive level that crossed the empirical sphere?...in difficult times, he was my lighthouse...i only had to catch a glimpse of him...know that he was okay, and i'm okay...but, i think it came off as an Ying-ying obsession...and nah, i don't want to obsess over anything...i ain't interested in wasting precious time and energy on a guy--been there, done that...and i told myself that it's all imaginary stuff overactivated in my head, so much that now it's reality...Good Lord, do i need professional help here?...

Well, he's mighty irritated with me...i had to go and whip him with words because i think he is a stupid, doublespeaking sea cucumber...we annoy each other...and he repulses & intrigues me at the same time...i look forward to seeing him and yet when he's around i have this incredible dynamic urge to zooma-zoom away...& whenever he sees me he seems to want to take off like a rocket going the absolute farthestest way away from me...Who the hell cares anyway?!...and i move on with life...

Somewhere in my moving, i'm just going right along...eh, forget him...hmmph, forgotten! And life goes on and then all of a sudden, i have a flash vision & i'll hear his silent screams. i see him as he is in the present...his screams are so loud and yet they are silent...it's like putting on perfectly working earphones and blasting the volume to a deafening maximum...but the screams are silent...i hear them inside of me, not outside...and i feel my steps as i move along, being impeded, like an invisible force is pushing me against the direction i'm going...oh, like i'm going to go & check up on him,

ask if he's okay...yeah, i can just hear it...simply put, he was okay until i showed up & he'll be okay as soon as i zooma-zoom away...

And i had other classes with him...why did i do that?...i don't know...i tried not to look at him...just focus & listen carefully to the lesson, because i really was interested in the subject. Then, he had a habit of saying things to provoke my ire, but i was pretty good at turning things around, also vexing him just as much, rubbing it in...and we both were smashed... and i'd forget that i shouldn't look at him...and i would look into his eyes, and in this series...i saw nothing, absolutely nothing. i saw the emptiness that was pure & complete. i saw my haunting nightmare...

The next round of my "That's Incredible! Show, starring Mr. Nice Shoes" was the most alarming to me. This time he turned into my dad. He would just be talking and i would just be listening and looking at him & his face would transform into my dad's face. Now, i was thoroughly spooked! Somebody give me a shot or something...this is becoming "too hot to handle, too cold to hold!" Before it was just him, but seeing MY beloved dad, the very one who along with my children, i absolutely & completely love, and now MY dad is his new masque?...charri, take a deep breath, easy, relax...i realise that i haven't been to church in years, but i always thought i had God's protection & guidance. i started feeling like this is getting really super-duper looney and i avoided him. God, please release me from this psycho state...i only like it in movies...not in real life, especially my life...

Once, i tried to tell him about it all...to confess my sins & be free... i was genuinely sorry for all the jokes i made at his expense...but, i was just goofing around, no big deal...nobody even cares...and like, does he want/need something from me or what?...i got as far as telling him about the hurting little boy and i felt completely lolo-lulu hearing myself say these things out loud. Stop sign. charri, do not proceed further...When he asked if there was more, i just replied, "no more"...yeah right...

It has been years now and the psycho adventure continues...sometimes, i see him losing badly to the demon of self defeat...other times, i see another, different boy. i am clueless about this new guy. i have even looked at him and seen my own eyes look back at me. It's one thing to see me in the mirror; yet, quite another and most frightening to see a stranger wearing my eyes. Likewise, to hear that very strange-stranger drip flatteries in my ears, but i really hear him saying, angrily howling "woof it wolf!" His *mauli* is hiding and silent. my *mauli* is silent, watching, and "waiting for Godot." i is me is bloody annoyed. Why, that bloody guh-funnn-it!...God, please forgive me & keep me sane...strangle his neck, not mine...

Motion away. Silence...*mauli* hears him...and i am sorry pushover, again. When i sense any anxiety from him, i feel & hear very high pitch xylophone sounds...and i know it's how he's feeling...i know it's him...i just do, but i don't look at him and i do nothing about it...every now & then he pops into my dreams, no invitation, no connection to the story in progress, just walk in & out...and the multiple me's have learned to just let it go... for he is me too...

He is me, the hurting, wounded child...little boy, Charlie. He is me, the man-woman, vice-versa. He is dad, i am mom. We are emptiness, nothingness, completeness, nirvana...zed-zed...eyes that see the *i*, eyes that see forever. Silent screams louder than violent peals of thunder...deep down, in the depths of his soul, i see *mauli*. i can hear *mauli* screaming, longing to be heard, longing to be loved...i hear them because they are my *mauli* xylophone nerves, *mauli* screams thundering furiously...he is wanting to be cherished, to feel safe, to trust...and so do i...He's something of a woman-hater, i've grown into something of a man-hater with so many failed relationships & we're both needy people who fight our neediness, by creating compensations, maybe addictions, too...we're both clumsy seducers—the green, green grass—the grass is always greener, never satisfied, even with the sun, moon and stars sealed with a kiss from God...we hate each other & ourselves, but one has to attain peace before the death wind blows,

disconnecting leaves from the tree of life...leaves, green & supple, brown, wrinkled, crinkled, sickly-yellow...leaves destined for the inevitable end, the time when one leaves for the grave...forever.

Strange—yes, the experience is incredibly strange to me; i've been so thoroughly colonized that the paranormal is the subject of a few chuckles when watching "The X-Files"....strange as it was, though, the meaning for me is nothing really profound. Who doesn't need to be loved? Who doesn't want to be cherished, feel safe, have people to trust? That's why people surround their lives with family and friends...i already know that; did i have to have psycho with him to understand it? Yeah, maybe...because sometimes, i'm not honest with myself. Sometimes, i need a mirror-*mauli* to remind me of the things that matter...like the blue-eyed boy who loved me long ago and the blue-eyed girl, my bestest friend. What became of them, in time? Time is always on the run and i have been running right along with time, stopping for no-thing, no-one...until now. i see, i hear, i feel, i breathe, i taste and dream and know his *mauli* & realise my own mortality. i know i have an end...knowing i die, how shall i live? The grey hairs and grace—hope. i found one today....of course, i plucked it; i'm too vain.

my third husband was a...nah...forget it already!

Sweetie...

In the cool of the evening, i sat down and faced a tree. i asked the tree to talk to me. It said, "Pink panther, you are such a woman!" Later, two old bums, one a man, the other a woman, crossed my path, going in opposite directions. When i was fifteen years old, i actually thought it would fun and funny to be a bum. As the mother of a fifteen year old, seeing bums alarm me more than having tree conversations. i decided i don't want to grow old alone—without him, i'm like a bum who wanders aimlessly through life...is he a lost bum without me? Achoo-Achoo! Oh my, as i consider the Sammie

superstition that when one sneezes, one's sweetheart is missing, longing, yearning for his (or her) beloved..."Yeah sneezin-dreamin sweetie, maybe he misses you a teeny-weeny itty-bitty," said the tree to me...

MASAMI (truth & beauty)

Turtle: you kissed me and i felt life...abundant life and goodness...

Shark: and in that kiss the life flowed between our bodies and began to sing the universe...flesh on flesh from creation to the infinite...

Turtle: our bodies are one, our souls are one, we are one and complete...

Shark: and it will flow on through the darkest night and the brightest day, from the heights to the depths...

Turtle: in the commonplace and ordinary moments, in the innermost and hidden chambers, your kiss of abundant life is with me, ever cherished in the sanctuary of my soul...

Shark: a kiss that burns on, that revels in the moment and remembers the past, bringing the future and spinning, soaring through the cosmos...

Turtle: a kiss soaring through the celestial oceans, swimming in the seas of earth, promised in a seed, nourished in a bud, sealed in a flower bloom...

Shark: the roots below and the growth above...luxuriant in the early morning dew, the drops reflecting the sun as it climbs above the clouds...the mountains embracing the valley of a green sea...the mountains reaching towards the clouds with blooms of '*ulu*...

Turtle: *ulu* that is the crowning head in the birth of truth and beauty...the abundant life between us...ever the seal of our love...a love sung in the stars...felt in the passion of a July summer breeze...love tasted in the sweet, dripping nectar of a ripe mango...love heard and known in the poetry between hearts...touching, merging, soul to soul...

Shark: written, sung, and chanted in the genes and in the 'aina...under the moon and in the coolness of the ocean...the salt of sweat and the salt of the sea...

Turtle: sweat of the brow, salt of the earth...how shall we live, knowing we will die?...
we live in undying faith and sacred hope...we live in joy, in peace, in the fullness of
love...we live one for the other...we live forever in dreams...

Shark: dreams and reality woven into *le ie faitoga*...so many different strands, past and
present...and from across the pacific, memories becoming concrete, past, present, and
future past...

Turtle: and in all, faith and hope binding the edges...sealing our sacred unity for all time
and eternity.

- by the **Shark** and the**Turtle** (Kawika M Liu and myself).

There is a time for everything; a time to believe, a time to make-believe...

Pretentions

When it rains, i pretend my lover misses me...i pretend i have a lover.

Tepora

We're the same height and some fifty pounds apart (the mass gravitating to my
side). She's vegetarian and an animal lover, devoted to her rabbit farm. i wish she would
clean her room and help out more...but i don't push it too much; i don't want her to
become a professional domestic like me.

No one can infuriate me like she can...perhaps because i see myself the most in
her. i am the hardest on her—maybe too hard. Of the three, she is the most independent,
organized, disciplined, and mature. Sometimes, i'm glad she's a teenager now...as we're
more like friends. We know each other so well. When i get really mad at her, i always
remember the sister i lost...the friend i had always wanted. Maybe i take her for granted
sometimes. She is so special...the second time Tepora has come to me...my sister-baby,
my baby sister...Tepora brought to life all the plants that withered away under my care.

Fa'amauga

Fa'amauga means to be like a mountain. There is a Samoan saying, *E leai se tagata e tu fa'amauga*: No one stands like a mountain; we are all mortal (Milner 1993, 141). Yet, there is something about looking at mountains that inspires thoughts and feelings of fortitude. Perhaps it is the way mountains are around for ages. It is ironic that a rock is considered dead matter and yet a mountain rock, by far, outlives man.

It was field trip day. my classmates and i were working our way through the somewhat steep and winding path of the Kolekole Pass. As we moved along, the professor commented on the vegetation, which was abundant and varied. Then, we stopped to look at the sacrificial rock. Professor Riley informed us that the ancient Hawaiians may have used this very rock for the brutal practice of beheading victims. The victims were usually defeated warriors. The class was shocked. No commentaries. No jokes. Just blank, empty stares towards the rock.

We continued on the path. my friends and i stopped to smell the unique fragrance of the eucalyptus. It helped to soothe nerves agitated by the rock incident. Our professor waited patiently as we tried to catch up. Soon, i was standing atop a mountain rock overlooking the Waianae Caldera. The view was breathtakingly beautiful. The cool, fresh breeze on an otherwise warm sunny day added to the magic and majesty of this incredibly inspirational moment. i looked about and the surrounding mountains seemed to possess a supernatural aura. i was exhilarated and yet at peace. It was the feeling of being completely renewed. my memory can recall so clearly that moment that my words utterly fail to begin to describe it.

i reflect back to find my mission today. Then, i realise and decide today and now. my plan is to be like a mountain. my focus is to endure whatever i've made of life as well as what life has made of me. i will strive to be like a mountain—strong, unafraid, unashamed, incredibly real, and a constant source of inspiration. Like the mountain, i want to be able to laugh at and with the times—to dare to witness life as it is, be a part of

history, and yet be here today. Like the mountain, the elements will beat and carve me, but i will weather and not soon wither.

Nevertheless, i have one major enemy that i must defy to realise my goal. It is the demon of self-defeat. Everyday the demon within me says that i am not good enough and that i will never amount to anything. i am inspired to look back at Time & times and receive my hope for today. i will conquer that old enemy. Then, i will place that demon on the sacrificial rock and slaughter it. It is my constant battle, but i must persevere if i aspire to be like a mountain.

i want to be like a mountain and inspire in others strength, courage, and endurance. i hope my life is worth the space and time it occupied...

Naomi

Naomi had a nervous breakdown and flipped right into a straitjacket. We were all shocked in utter disbelief and great dismay. Apparently, she had been losing it for a while. i am in major guilt and denial. Of the three, Naomi and i are closest to each other—including our personalities as well. Part of me always worries about flipping out. i think i avoid the major breakdown by regularly having “mini” breakdowns. i am being interrogated by family for the “why?”—because she talks to me. Naomi has been a single mother forever. i’m bloody mad because i warned her repeatedly about moving in with our mother. But she basically said, “Well, Mom may have treated you like a scuzz bag, but not me.” And i told her to lose that jerk who keeps telling her that he’s going to take care of her and her son. She’s like, “You’re just a bowl of bitterness with all your fucked relations.” i barked in Naomi’s closed ears—talking to her hand—that he’s the kind of guy who parasitically expects women to take care of him. He does not care for anybody past his 40+ year-old nose. Get a clue. As Dr Phil says, “Repetitive past patterns are a great predictor of repetitive future patterns.” Naomi hums back, “You’re a bowl, you’re a bowl, you’re a bowl, filled to the brim with bitterness, etc.”

my mother says that it's my dad's fault. He was overprotective of his daughters, but especially Naomi because she was sickly. When she came home from the hospital, an extra queen-sized bed was moved into our parent's room for Naomi—she needed special care and the doctor made house calls. After she became stronger, the bed was moved out along with Naomi.

When Naomi was very young, she swallowed her tongue while waving to our dad as he drove off to work. Immediately, our dad returned and socked a fist into the nanny's face (this was not Pesi). i don't know how this helped Naomi, or how it was even the nanny's fault. i guess he flipped. Somehow, Naomi survived that experience. But, boy, was she spoiled by dad! i am his favorite, but she was spoiled. Sometimes, Naomi would just hit me or make aggravating statements. Initially, i would ignore her, but after a while she wore out my nerves and i would sock her one. There would be this outburst of tears and it was *always* my fault without any accounting or explanation. Naomi was the untouchable brat in our family.

i grew tired of running to her emergency rescue missions. i was annoyed with the whining and her refusal to accept responsibility for her life. i was particularly disgusted by the continual emotional blackmail. i mean, forever and ever, i owe, i owe, i owe her...but i don't go through life expecting anything from her. Still, i am guilty as hell for her breakdown. i could have been a better friend and sister. But she's right...in some ways, i'm a bowl of bitterness.

Mom

my mother thanked me for accepting her as she is....her life of affairs. She received tongue-lashings from Miriama, Pua, and Naomi who outright condemned her latest affair. Miriama, a staunch church elder, introduced the Bible as evidence; it was adultery because he was married and sex must only be within the context of the matrimonial institution. Pua snapped that her first duty and obligation was to her children, not a man. Naomi contended that affairs are okay with the unattached; in other

words, get a single guy. i was thankful to see my mother somewhat cheerful, for a refreshing change.

my mother says an affair is wrong, if a baby is produced. i tell her i think babies are innocent. i draw the line with family (including in-laws), children, and animals. Plants are questionable. my whole life, i've witnessed people rip their lives apart over affairs. i've seen my mother devastated in the history of her affairs. Naomi is broken again over another rotten apple. Miriama is commander general of her household. i feel so sorry for her husband. They're still in the good and jolly stage, but poor Richard in the years to come! i've seen Pua completely dominated by a pig (her husband Pua'a); Pua'a has even tried to harem my sisters and i. i will not tolerate it! my mother says i should be forgiving like Jesus. i reply that if it's such a big deal, Jesus would talk to me Himself. But i refuse to be ruled by a man. i'm not stupid enough, desperate enough, to volunteer as his damned slave girl!

my mother more than anyone taught me to put my needs first. i have that "take care of everybody else" disease. my mother demands to be loved, to be number one in a man's life. She has always put some man first in her life. i cannot imagine putting a man before my children. my mother tells me, "Your children will grow up and move along and you'll be left alone." She admires and despises that, to her, i am this great, wonderful mommy. i admire and resent that she's this great, wonderful lover....something, someone i am not. Many years, and even more pounds ago, i asked a lover for the sun, the moon, and the stars. He gave me that "you are so stupid" smirk, but refrained from even whispering it. More than all the stars and planets in the universe, i am hoping for his love. *Talofae, o le lage se meaola atamai, e fiafia eva i le vai, e malie o siana tagi pea o'o i le afiafi...* Old pond, old froggie jump in...return home.

Husband-dearest, my best friend...

i think of you always...was overjoyed to hear your voice over the phone line—am thrilled with your latest e-mail...i miss you too. Our grown children are enjoying the sights of Virginia. And so, our baby-babies are driving their abba-dada bonkers!...wish i could be there to share and savor the insanity. Well, at least they have not burned the house down—yet. Ohhhh my sweets, those spoiled monster-brats are abusing you! And the latest news, our pre-potty trained grandpa-toddlers have crashed the computer...Oh God help us!...years of creative research flushed away to the cesspool...Sweetie, trust me...they do grow up--the chaos is not forever...well, they will move on and establish chaos elsewhere. In one sense, we will be relieved, but more than that, we will really really miss them—our time together will fly...in spite of the pure madness, love them completely, unconditionally...and more importantly, most forgivingly...we pour the best of our love & affection, energies & monies only to have those little people wear us out, run us broke, talk back to us, trample all-over our most beloved & sacred beliefs, grow up and leave us, only to remember us when mom is on a trip to Virginia...since the dinosaur era, i put off traveling until these three were grown, just so i don't have to worry & i can relax and enjoy the free life...yeah, the older three are really enjoying Virginia, courtesy of mom whose conferencing day-long...golly-gosh, we should've planned to have the older three mind the younger two while we enjoy Virginia...or something...counting my blessings, so grand being married to a pediatrician—i do what i love, knowing that the ones i love are in the finest care of my fave doctor, the one i love completely...for always...

we visited Monticello this afternoon. It was peaceful, up there in the mountains, looking out for miles on what seemed to be an endless sea of trees...the cities looked like dots against the expanse of forest. The house itself was fascinating...beautiful portraits, dinosaur skeletons, and a host of eccentric devices. But of course, what fascinated me

most was Jefferson's clock, deadly accurate after all these years, marking the seconds, minutes, and even the days faithfully for the past two centuries.

During today's break, i came across a most interesting article in a health book. i furiously desired you after reading *The Perfect Fit*, by Edward W Eichel, a psychotherapist in private practice in New York City. He is the "originator" of the coital alignment technique (CAT)...CAT coitus involves penile-clitoral in "bang-on" alignment maintained by pressure/counterpressure force...i can hardly wait to try this with you!...i only want you, for always...

Today, i looked at pictures of you and fell in love with you again and again...more than handsome, you are perfectly beautiful, inside and out—you are the apple of my eye & five weeks is way way waaaaaayyyyyy too-too loooonnnnggg...i am counting the days and can hardly wait to return home to you. i have been religiously faithful with the kegel exercises as i proceed from one seminar to the next in this Pacific Islands research conference. Be prepared for an ambush-attack! i can hardly wait to grab, hold-forever, and love all of you...always, always...

Seven more days, one more week...and heaven...nirvana...you...after all this time, you are still the one, my better half...i love you...your chari, for always...

Samoan Proverbial Expressions -- Alaga'upu fa'a -Samoa

Proverbial expressions encompass daily living and monumental occasions of Samoana history in time. They were a means of capturing the universal themes of Samoana. History, culture, language—the psyche of Samoana is inherent in these expressions of life and living. Each, to a particular extent, is a reflection of time consciousness, the time psyche, of Samoana.

Time defines and orders reality, in our recurring activities and establishment of priorities. Where time goes reveals what is important. The inevitable end of time, death, and how to overcome and cope with finality is a property characteristic of and peculiar to time. Samoana, as unveiled by proverbial expressions tackles death with the collective histories of *matai* (chiefly) titles. Inherent in the pursuit of this endeavor, is the importance of support, and hence, the all-importance of cultivating familial and neighboring relations.

We see that night-time is a time of uncertainty, for it is the unseen, unknown. Everyday objects, like mats, are used as humorous time indicators. '*Ua afu le laufala* means “the floor mats are sweating” and refers to time prolonged (Schultz 1980, 80). We also sense from *Talanoa fogafala* or “to converse while lying on mats” expressing the coziness, closeness of those lying on sleeping mats and informally exchanging thoughts and feelings (Schultz 1980, 81). Natural surroundings, notably the sea, in *Ua lafolafola le sami* (the sea is rough—times are hard) and *Ua laolao le sami* (the sea is smooth—Good times!) also appear as timing devices (Schultz 1980, 74). In essence, time weaves together all of Samoana by the agency of compacting its experiences into the proverbial expressions of its people.

The proverbial expressions analyzed below are from Dr. Eric Schultz's book, *Samoan Proverbial Expression* (1980). I have selected some (not all) which particularly evoke a sense of Samoana Time and times. This is a partial listing rather than a complete critique of every time proverb ever uttered in Samoana. The topics are categorized as

Fishy Sayings; Manual Labor; Games, Dances and Festivals; Land and Sea Travel; and Miscellaneous—the titles conform somewhat to Schultz’s original designations. These facets reflect significant aspects of Samoan society. Furthermore, while there are various sources one can glean the proverbial expressions from, i have chosen to correspond the numbering system according to Schultz’s work in his book as a convenient reference point for the reader. The Explanations (with aid from Schultz) and Time Theme analyses are my own.

Fishy Sayings

36. *To ‘ai fa ‘a i ‘a a po.* To come like a fish in the night.

Explanation: This proverbial expression is derived from the scenario wherein a fisherman, working in the dark, is surprised by a shark.

Time Theme: It reflects the understanding that times of darkness are also times of surprise and unexpected occurrences. This also serves as a cautionary—to be prepared for the unexpected.

47. *O le galo e gase i Pa ‘au.* The *galo* dies in Pa ‘au.

Explanation: Schultz explains that the *galo* is a “full grown fish, which in its earlier stages is called *fugausi* and *laea*.” The adult fish (*galo*) often returns to its birthplace, Pa ‘au, a lagoon situated between Vaisala and Sataua, Savai ‘i, where it is caught by Samoan fisherman. This is analogous to how people, as they advance in age, reminisce and long for home, seek to recapture old values, and even return home.

Time Theme: People (and fishes!) might move away in time, but eventually return to their sense of beginning, their sense of belonging, their sense of being. Home is where one returns to rest and completes the life-time cycle.

50. *Ua ola a moamoa.* Like the life of the trunk-fish.

Explanation: The *moamoa* (trunk-fish) is a lumbering drifter. It seems to have no purpose and will not even make the effort to avoid its predators; Samoan fishermen are able to easily capture the animal. Because it hardly struggles (even where its life is at stake), the Samoans view its existence as worthless (*ola fua*, lit. “free life”).

Time Theme: Seems to address the wasted, purposeless, meaningless life. The assumption “make the most of time” appears to be central. Furthermore, life is defined by one’s struggles and avoiding those struggles removes life’s purpose. The sanctity of life is worth the fight.

58. *Avatu ni lo, aumai ni lo.* To give *lo* and to receive *lo* (Tit for tat)

Explanation: *Lo* is a fish that appears at certain times of the year. When it does, Samoan tradition designates that the husband’s family extends a portion of the *lo* catch to the wife’s clan. The wife’s clan reciprocates with *siapo* (tapa cloth). However, in Manono, *lo* is so plentiful that *lo* offerings are returned in kind.

Time Theme: “Rolling with the times” stands as one of the key aspects of this proverbial expression. Manono people are shrewd in calculating supply and demand; they will not continue to give away valuable *siapo* in exchange for the widely available *lo*. Although tradition does place certain requirements, common sense may sometimes call for adaptability.

70. *Ua penapena i tua o tai i ‘a.* They were too late for the catch.

Explanation: Schultz clarifies the reference. “It means the *palolo* was gone by the time the people reached the reef.” The tardy bird gets the leftover *palolo*—if any at all.

Time Theme: One must be aware of time; time runs and one must run right along. If not, there are consequences; the *palolo* waits for no man.

71. *Ua se i ‘a e moe.* Like a sleeping fish.

Explanation: In its original context, this expression reflected natural tranquility (e.g., calm waters, clear skies, visible mountains, etc.)—analogous to the sleeping fish. After the arrival of Christianity, the peaceful soul-sleep of the dead was incorporated into this expression.

Time Theme: This perhaps reflects an understanding that the state of the dead is akin to a sleep. Some reef fishes, when sleeping, seek protective shelter in a crevice and float within. Death could be viewed as a suspended sleep within a protected orb.

82. *O le i'a a vai malo.* Governmental power is like a fresh water fish.

Explanation: Fresh water fish tend to be slippery and slimy. As such, they are difficult to catch and hold in hand. It is used to metaphorically to describe power, an entity hard to retain where there are intense factions and rivalry. Difficult to conquer and perhaps even more difficult to govern, these people present a unique danger to one in power. This requires an almost eternal vigilance for those in power. *A i'a vai tama 'ita 'i*, or freshwater fish girl, refers to a gal who is thought of as slippery.

Time Theme: Power over rivals is viewed as temporary, at best. Constant alertness is necessary to maintain one's rule. This is reflected in Samoa's history of ongoing civil warfare, a permanent lesson on the ephemeral nature of power. In the second sense, this may be a sour grapes version of events: the girl who plays hard to get is *obviously* impossible to keep.

Manual Labour

149. *O le va'a fau po fau ao.* A boat that is being built day and night.

Explanation: The building of a boat refers metaphorically to any undertaking where copious amounts of time, energy and resources are invested. This a project looked after with care.

Time Theme: One always has time for the things that really matter. The investment of time reflects one's priorities and value structure.

158. *E le se tunuma ma moe fa'atasi.* It is not like a container in which the tattooing instruments are sleeping together.

Explanation: The tattooer assembles his tools the evening before a tattoo session. They are placed together in a *tunuma* (a special container for the equipment). People, however, are recognized as a unique entity that cannot be conglomerated in the same manner.

While Samoa is a very communal society, its members are also highly individualistic. In Samoan society, reaching a consensus is important, but equally important is the representation of differing views. In a way, it is like having many minds in a single heart.

Time Theme: On one level, the preparation of the tattoo-er is an indication of time consciousness at work; this is not a haphazard job. On another plane, however, this also reflects an understanding of the difference between the living essence and the inanimate object—an essence respected by according one time to voice his/her opinions and beliefs.

164. *Ua fa'ai'u laufala.* Like the tip of the pandanus leaf.

Explanation: Pandanus leaves which, as Schultz notes, are used in mat making and have spines at the end (tips). It is applied to endeavours with promising beginnings, but a disappointing end.

Time Theme: In this, we taste some of Samoa's realism—not all tales happily begun are “happily ever afters.” Time heals, time hurts; time solidifies, time alters; time creates, time destroys....

165. *Ua vela le fala.* The mat is warm.

Explanation: When one sits too long in a single place, the bodily heat transfers (elementary physics/chemistry here). Applicable to long and time-consuming events (e.g., meetings, performances, etc.).

Time Theme: An interesting means of telling time. One should know when to cease. All things come to an end; when it is the time, stop.

166. *Ua solo le lavalima.* The work is progressing fast.

Explanation: *Lavalima* is the progress made plaiting a Samoan sinnet. Alternatively, it could refer to the progress of a carpenter joining the rafters. In any event, it refers to satisfactory progress.

Time Theme: This proverbial expression distinguishes, in this sense, favorable progress in time. This would suggest an awareness of linear time. Some people mistakenly argue that “pre-contact/prehistoric” societies were exclusively cyclical in their thinking and time patterns. This expression suggests, however, that there were also aspects of linearity in their time consciousness. Samoaana has an understanding of time in the cyclical, linear, and even spiral time.

179. *O le pa’u a le popo uli.* The falling of a ripe coconut.

Explanation: Ripe coconuts, when they fall off, take root and grow. Conversely, unripe coconuts will simply rot. Schultz gives the example of a strong village, defeated in battle, which rises and fights again.

Time Theme: In this expression, the idea of maturity is explored. The older, more experienced person (further along in time) will recover from defeat or trauma. If mature enough, this misfortune becomes a “growing” experience. However, if one is too young or inexperienced, this shock will likely be their doom. This contrasts the Western tendency to idolize youth; in Samoaana, age is esteemed in some respects.

186. *O le mafuli a puou.* Like an uprooted *puou*.

Explanation: This particular breadfruit tree—the *puou*—even when uprooted (e.g., as in a storm), regenerates. At the death of *matai*, this expression may be used as a comforting, and even complimentary, remark of the deceased whose heirs continue his reign of power. The direct descendants do not necessarily inherit the title immediately; kin, ability, service and experience are the primary criteria. Although likely if one is a direct descendant of the *matai*, it is most certainly not guaranteed and is a compliment.

Time Theme: The continuity of the family line is established; one’s descendants become one’s means of “beating the grave.” Death does not preclude the deceased from continuing in time (via descendants).

191. *Ua le sau i le afu, le sau i le tutupu; ua sau i le lalau.* It came not when the yam plant withered; it came not when it sprouted again; it came when the plant was once more in leaf.

Explanation: The yam is a year-round plant. In the mature stage of the tuber, the leaves dry and shrivel. When it sprouts again, the tuber is still edible. However, once new leaves form, the tuber is no longer edible. In essence, at this point, the meal has been missed.

Time Theme: As with **70**, this proverbial expression addresses the idea of a “season for everything.” This also assumes that there must be a season when it is not right—when one is not in time. Time is designated as factor in weighing the appropriateness or inappropriateness of actions.

194. *E fa’apupuati le gase.* Like a *ti* plantation that never dies.

Explanation: *Ti* plants, even when not tended to, are hardy enough to survive weed encroachment. In like manner, past histories continue to live in the descendants.

Time Theme: Here again, we encounter the idea that one's descendants can continue one's legacy, against the overwhelming and unacceptable terms of finality.

196. *E sua le 'ava, 'ae to le 'ata.* The kava plant is dug up, but a twig is planted immediately.

Explanation: Schultz uses the analogous Western expression, "The king is dead; long live the king!"

Time Theme: Here is another example of the emphasis on living through one's descendants. The title continues to live on—and the history of all people who have held, now hold, or will hold the title. All those associated with the title, ancestors and descendants, live in the embodied Present Title-Holder. The clan of the Titled-Holder also becomes a part of that title and its accompanying history. In this way, we can understand why family is the fundamental unit and is so crucial to Samoan society. Life is precious because, like history, its essence is what beats the grave. One's descendants immortalize the prestige and honor of the matai titles.

Games, Dances and Festivals

262. *Ua tagi le fatu ma le ele'ele.* The stones and the earth wept.

Explanation: As a child, Salevao was adopted by the demons (*aitu*) Vave and Seali'itu. Salevao missed his parents deeply and cried incessantly. In an attempt to pacify him, the *aitu* took him to a festival in Samana. But still the child cried. So he was whisked away to another festival, this time at Saua in Satupaitea. People and trees danced; even the graves gave up their dead, who joined in the festivities. With such a dense crowd, the stones (*fatu*) and earth (*ele'ele*) could not see and began weeping. This expression has come to mean a nearly incurable sorrow, such as the death of a chief.

Time Theme: Usually used in funerals (for those of great importance), this expression denotes the intense sorrow accompanying death.

265. *Ua fa'aumatia lagi a pu'apu'a, ae le siva Leautau.* The songs of Pu'apua'a are finished, but Leautau has not danced yet.

Explanation: Pu'apu'a, in Savai'i, was the site of a night dancing festival. The chiefs proudly displayed their art. One Leautau, however, hoped to gain especial attention by dancing last—the grand finale of the evening, in his mind. However, when his turn at last came, every one of the preferred songs had been exhausted, and only the lackluster Tulele¹ remained. Leautau missed his applause.

Time Theme: Opportunitites forgone cannot be reclaimed. Like the *palolo* proverb, Leautau had to be content with leftovers.

266. *Fa'asavali a nunu.* Like the return from the *nunu*.

Explanation: The *nunu* is a especially large feast-gathering. Here, fine mats are often presented from a newly wed wife's family to the husband's family (and especially the *tulafale* who arranged the marriage). The husband's clan reciprocates with offerings of food. After a *nunu*, the participants usually meander through other villages to call on friends. The return from a *nunu* usually lasts weeks.

Time Theme: This reflects the time consciousness of the festive occasion. All is not dirge and depression in Samoa; light-hearted “village-hopping” is also part of the human experience. Establishing and maintaining extended family-friendship ties is vital to the growth of the Samoan society, the sustenance of the Samoan soul, and the crux of the Samoan times.

¹The Tulele song: *Tulele e, tulele e; a ou sau; ua tino le ma'i o Fau fau. Tulele.*

269. *Va'ai tualalo.* To examine closely after the distribution of fine mats.

Explanation: When fine mats are being distributed, a *tulafale* often only sees the items from a distance. At the time, he may be quite pleased with the mats accorded to him. When he has returned home and finds, upon closer inspection, that the mats are actually of a poorer quality than he had supposed, it is too late. No complaints or objections can be raised now.

Time Theme: Correction and edition belong to the realm of the present. The past can serve as reference to our actions in the present, but an unhealthy fixation on “what might have been” is a waste of time. Careful consideration in the present, giving matters due time, can save future regrets.

Land and Sea Travel

271. *Malo pa'u malaga.* Guests should come in daytime.

272. *Ua tofa i vai, 'ae ala i 'ai.* He goes to sleep on a drink of water but rises with the hope of a good meal.

Explanation: Food preparation is usually accomplished during the day. If guests arrive after sunset, it is difficult and inconvenient to make accommodations. Instead, they may be given water...but the hope of a big breakfast makes for happy dreams that will likely come true in the morning (unless you're the breakfast!).

Time Theme: There is a proper time for certain occasions. If not “in time”, there are consequences—but, in time, even these might be remedied.

276. *O le va'a ua mafa tautai.* The boat is full of captains.

Explanation: The word *mafa* is an abridged form of *mamafa*, “heavy.” This designates someone who is an expert. Unlike the “too many cooks in the kitchen” proverb, this expression is an assurance that one is in the hands of the experienced.

Time Theme: Old, tried and true appear to be more esteemed than novelty untested.

Experience is a prize—giving special time and careful attention to something—brings an increased security. This rather conservative outlook places a heavy emphasis on reliable traditions, institutions and value structures.

277. *Ua fa'afetaia'iga a taula.* The meeting of sailboats.

Explanation: Boats in favorable sailing weather might have only a brief time to exchange greetings. When oars are used (most likely when the wind is down), there is more time to chat.

Time Theme: In Samoa, whatever the weather (or other conditions), there must always be time set aside to acknowledge fellow humans. This is an intensely social society. However, on another level, this proverb also seems to indicate that less than desirable times afford us the opportunity to re-establish ties only briefly considered in times of prosperity.

278. *Ua mama i oa, mama i taloa.* Leaking from the gunwale to the keel.

Explanation: A boat in the condition described above is in hopeless straits. If land is not near, its occupants are headed for Davy Jones' locker. This saying is applied to hopeless circumstances or imminent destruction.

Time Theme: For all time and eternity, one should remain married to hope. The moment one has let go of hope, one has let go of life...and time.

280. *O le fono fa'apipi'i.* A plank fixed temporarily.

Explanation: When a hole is created in a ship at sea, the boatmen have no option but to place a “band-aid” plank over it. Final, more complete, repairs are delayed until the vessel has returned to the dockyard.

Time Theme: Sometimes, a quick-fix, temporary job is necessary to postpone a matter until it can be more thoroughly and wisely attended.

283. *Ua lafolafa le sami.* The sea is rough.

Explanation: This proverbial expression addresses, in the words of Charles Dickens, *Hard Times*.

Time Theme: The sea is used as a metaphor for time; in Samoana, time is fluid, dynamic, and very much alive.

284. *Ua laulau le sami.* The sea is smooth.

285. *Ua ta'oto le 'aupeau.* The waves have subsided.

Explanation: This proverbial expression addresses, in the words of Chic, "Good Times."

Time Theme: Again, the sea of time is useful in explaining not only times of despair, but times of hope, prosperity, fortune and joy.

287. *E tutupu matagi i liu.* A wind can rise even in the hold.

Explanation: When wind is lacking, the crew will have to man oars instead. Thus, if someone should raise the sail, the crew will jeer. To humor the crew, he will reply with this expression. Thus, these are words of optimism and comfort.

Time Theme: Even when circumstances are not entirely favorable, one must keep hope. Hoisting the sail is perhaps representative of the determination of those who dare to hope for a better future, instead of merely being content with one's present (and presumably hard) lot.

289. *Ua lutiluti a ni i'u matagi.* This is the final effort of the wind.

Explanation: When inclement weather forces travellers to seek shelter, they often contend amongst themselves over the storms. However, the weather expert will usually

make the official prediction of the storm's end. Because the expert has spoken, the others are prepared to brave the present dangers, content in the hope that tomorrow will be brighter.

Time Theme: Perseverance, hope and trust are key time themes in this proverbial expression. Confidence in the future, however, is only established by one experienced—one who can refer to past experiences to provide the compass for the present and hope for the future.

297. *O le va'a seu atu seu mai.* Like a boat that comes and goes.

Explanation: Polite justification for short intervals between visits.

Time Theme: The major time consciousness theme is the idea of the time interval and its appropriate duration concerning visitation.

300. *Ua iloa i va'a lelea.* Seen as seldom as the voyagers carried away by the wind.

Explanation: Polite chastisement for too long an interval between visits, especially for relatives.

Time Theme: Once again, time consciousness (concerning the interval) is addressed here in the converse meaning from **297**—one is too soon and the other not soon enough. In this expression, the implication also appears to be that relatives should visit regularly, along the appropriate interval.

306. *Ia fili i le tai se agava'a.* Choose on the high seas him who is to pilot the boat.

Explanation: The leader of a travelling party will say this to the crew before leaving dock. It is a reminder that only adversity will prove the most capable.

Time Theme: First, the concept of a plan suggests a time awareness and time consciousness. These are people who calculate the future when embarking on journeys or making similarly important decisions. In addition, an implied sense of trust is placed,

as we have seen many times, in experience (with perhaps an accompanying disdain for inexperience—new is not necessarily improved or better). Finally, the proverbial expression also suggests that times of difficulty or adversity are tests of character; Time reveals the qualities of the truly qualified.

310. *Ua tofo i tino matagi lelei.* A favorable wind is felt on the body.

Explanation: Once the preparations for a sea voyage are completed, the people await the conditions perfect for sailing. This is indicated by a breeze felt on the back; hence, “a favorable wind is felt on the body.”

Time Theme: First, preparations (attention to the future) are made for the trip. Next, the people wait for the right time, the right wind (a favorable present). Once they have received this sign, they are ready to embark (a hopeful future).

312. *Ua o e malaga i ‘Olo‘olo.* It is like the journey to ‘Olo‘olo.

Explanation: The ancestors of the later-famed Sanalala, Fitu and Sau had sailed from Fiji to Savai‘i. Docking at Safotu, they rested for a night in a cove. In the morning, the pair, along with their daughter Sina, climbed a nearby hill. From the summit, they soon discovered that they had left the child’s pillow (which contained valuable necklaces of whale’s teeth—*lei*) on the beach. Both resolved to return (*‘olo*) and retrieve the pillow. However, laziness precluded immediate action and it was postponed until morning. When daybreak arrived, they again procrastinated...and did so indefinitely. The bay is thus called Fagalei (bay of the whale’s teeth); the hill, ‘Olo‘olo. The saying is applied to projects which are planned extensively, but ultimately are fruitless. That is my greatest fear for this project.

Time Theme: Although planning for the future is certainly wise and commendable, circumstances may sometimes call for action in the present. Unrealized and unfulfilled hopes are the most bitter potion of Time.

314. *E lutia i Pu'ava, 'ae mapu i Fagalele.* Distress at Pu'ava, but rest at Fagalele.

Explanation: Pu'ava is a rocky promontory between Papa and Falealupo, Savai'i. The water off the coast are affected by dangerous currents, making them difficult to navigate. However, beyond Pu'ave is Fagalele, a sheltered bay with calm waters. Metaphorically, these are words of comfort indicating that relaxation will follow times of great difficulty.

Time Theme: This expression reflects a coping mechanism using Time to get through time. Inherent in this mechanism is the cyclical notion that times of adversity will soon, and almost invariably, be followed by times of peace.

317. *Ua afu le laufala.* The floor mats are sweating.

Explanation: This is the extreme version of **165**. Not only has bodily heat made a successful transfer, but moisture and humidity have begun to develop over the mats. This creates a high pressure system for the host, who is burdened with entertaining guests for so long.

Time Theme: Not only was the time measure introduced in **165** so novel, it also comes with scales, gradients, and degrees. Apparently, “sweating” in mat time indicates a longer time interval...“warm” was crossing the border, “sweating” is over the cliff.

Miscellaneous

318. *Talanoa fogafala.* To converse while lying on the mats.

Explanation: This refers to the time, shortly before sleep, when those awake converse for a while. It applies to a time of peace and tranquility, coziness and closeness.

Time Theme: This is an ordinary, commonplace event—but special nevertheless. No fireworks, amazing feats, extravagance, extensive planning...just informal, spontaneous bonding between people who are close. Simple, yet significant, times.

321. *E pala le ma'a, 'ae le pala le 'upu.* Stones decay but words last.

Explanation: Schultz renders the interpretation, “Offences are hard to forget.” This is a warning not to go about knocking people; after all, the ass one kicks today might be the ass one has to kiss tomorrow. Interestingly enough, this phrase is used in the song “My Pago Girl” to indicate the everlasting words of love my grandfather sang to my grandmother. Sure enough, at every family reunion, there is always someone who will sing that famous song.

Time Theme: This proverbial expression addresses memory and remembering; what one does at this time, one might have to live with for *all* time. History lives on in our words—words that may survive the grave.

326. *Alofa moli po.* Love shown at night.

Explanation: This is a manifestation of love that is not openly displayed or obvious, usually in reference to advice or information that is given secretly. For instance, Sina may not agree with her brother, Alo, a chief. Under the *feagaiga*, he defers to her. Still, it is inappropriate for her to openly disgrace him; she is likely to support him even if she disagrees. Later, she will advise or rebuke him discreetly.

Time Theme: *Po*, or night, is seen as a time of secrets or things hidden. It refers to matters that are not as obvious or a situation that one would not be inclined to reveal.

327. *Amuia le masina, e alu ma sau.* Blessed is the moon; it goes but comes back.

Explanation: This refers to the cycle and phases of the moon. Unlike people, moons can be “resurrected” and return. But once in the grave, time is up (unless you’re lucky Lazarus). Usually said at a funeral.

Time Theme: This proverbial expression underscores the mortality of all. Death is beyond our control...although there are many ways to “beat the grave”, eluding it is another matter.

342. *O le to'oto'o sinasina.* A white staff.

343. *O le to'oto'o uliuli.* A black staff.

Explanation: The staff is an orator's insignia. A white staff indicates a new, younger orator; a black staff has aged, as has the chief. To compliment an orator, one refers to a black staff. To excuse or insult an orator, one may refer to them as a white staff.

Time Theme: Here again, experience, age, and wisdom are prized values in Samoaana. It almost implies that being polished at one's craft, being an expert in one's field, is a beauty that accompanies age. An older person would usually have more insight and experience into life, and would thus be venerated in the Samoan culture.

344. *Vagavao.* A quarrel in the bush.

345. *Vagatai.* A quarrel at sea.

Explanation: Where a quarrel begins is also where it should end.

Time Theme: Here is an example of social consciousness overlapping time consciousness. It pertains to resolving differences, but it also restricts the arena wherein differences ought to be resolved. Time consciousness enters the mix, because where a quarrel *starts* is also where it *stops*. The space-time relationship here is an important facet of Samoaana social and time consciousness.

350. *E mu'a le vao.* The wood is green yet.

Explanation: This is a form of self-abasement before the elders (by a youth) or an apology for mistakes made because one is inexperienced.

Time Theme: The theme here is the relation of experience to age. Experience is esteemed; conversely, youth and the lack of experience is cause for an apology.

355. *Ua se mo'o le sosolo.* Like a gecko that is lying about.

Explanation: Samoans may have observed the *mo'o* (a type of gecko) and noticed that it tends to be quite sedentary. This proverbial expression is applied to someone thought of as lazy.

Time Theme: Industry is equated with moving about in many spaces in short intervals of time. Remaining in a single place or position for extended periods is seen as laziness. Thus, an activity like reading or writing could be deemed “not working.” Woe to the Confucian scholar!

356. *O le goglo a ua po.* The rustle of the rain that falls at night.

Explanation: Night often accentuates, or distorts, the perception of hearing. Thus, if rain falls during the night, a person may mistakenly ascribe greater severity to the “storm” than in actuality. In the morning, however, they will discover their error with the revelation of light.

Time Theme: A time of darkness is a time of uncertainty. Night magnifies the unseen and thus the unknown. Implied in this assumption is the surety attributed to the time of light or day.

361. *Laga 'upu popo.* To bring up old stories.

362. *Laga tagata oti.* To raise the dead.

Explanation: *Popo* here may refer to something dried. Both expressions refer to stories bringing up such unpleasant occurrences as family quarrels or political warfare...especially if these issues have already been resolved.

Time Theme: Here, the Samoan perception is that extended feuds (especially after an agreement has been reached) are pointless and a waste of precious time...time that could be used for something like having fun, being industrious, or collecting titles. An

additional implication (gathered from the second expression) is that death is a state of finality, an appropriate metaphor for an issue that has also been finalized.

368. *Ua pulapula a la goto.* Like the glow of the setting sun.

Explanation: This expression is used to compliment an elderly person, especially one who has lived an outstanding life. This also signifies the fulfillment and completion of a life cycle, in a similar manner to the completion of the solar cycle.

Time Theme: Once again, veneration of age and esteem for experience are reflected in the Samoan proverbial expressions. The glow of age is held as most beautiful, in a similar manner to the final glory and majesty of the sunset. Additionally, the human lifespan is given the poignant simile of the sun's cycle. This cycle will continue with the new "dawn" of one's descendants, who will hopefully continue the traditions and times of their ancestors.

369. *O le popo pa'u po.* Like a coconut falling in the night.

Explanation: Should a coconut fall in the night, Samoan superstition holds that it should not be retrieved. According to the stories, *aitu* (demons) lie in wait near the fallen nut. Instead, one should wait until morning to do so. This expression applies to circumstances where it may be prudent to wait before acting. For example, if a disreputable emissary arrives with news of war, a wise chief may advise his people to await further details...to wait for the morning light to clarify.

Time Theme: The first major time theme concerns night as the time of the unknown, the time of uncertainty. Light and times of light are equated with knowledge and truth. Also, the importance of planning for the future with a complete grasp (or light, not darkness) on the past and present is emphasized in this proverbial expression.

377. *O le gafa o le Tuia 'ana ua o 'o.* The lineage (succession) of the *Tuia 'ana* is assured.

Explanation: Muagatuiti'a and Fenunuivao (daughter of Salamasina Tafa'ifa) were both of high royal lineage—all Samoans are royal to some extent. They married, but unfortunately no child came of the union. Fenunuivao's younger brother, Fuiavailili, was thus adopted as the heir of Muagatuiti'a and assumed the high chiefly title Tupua. Even without a direct bloodline, Fuiavailili was able to inherit his adopted father's family high title. The expression is used whenever an adopted person acquires a family's title.

Time Theme: In this expression, the descendants are conceived of as a weapon against time. Although the succession of the immortal titles usually passes through the blood lines, adopted persons can be honored with the appointment (usually, however, adopted persons are already family). This also indicates a linear—sometimes termed “layered”—notion of time, a time that progresses through the genealogy and titles of a family.

379. *Ua o le malu i Falevai.* It is the protection of Falevai.

Explanation: Chief Fasavalu owned the village Falelatai, of which Falevai is a part. He was notorious for his tyrannical nature, crushing the people of Falelatai under his iron heel. In desperation, the villagers decided to give their ruler a local maiden, Savea, daughter of Tonumaivao. They hoped that, with a lovely wife and child, he might become gentler and soften towards the village. It was thus that the young baby, Tutumanu, was the hoped-for *malu* (protection) of its relatives. However, Fasavalu's child did nothing to change his cruelty; his daughter also inherited her father's despotic nature.

Time Theme: In this proverb, time consciousness is expressed through the protective measures individuals, communities, or societies take in the present to safeguard the future or future interests. This protection (*malu*) is also inherently linked to *mamalu* (the honor

and prestige of the title). By taking measures to reform their leader, the people not only hope to escape his tyranny, but also to return the prestige of his title, a prestige which his tyranny had sullied. They do so through the mechanism of stability through descendants. They invest hopes in a strategy they believe will achieve their desired objective. However, even the machinations of Time cannot compete with the constants (in Time) of his nature.

380. *Se'i muamua le moa le futia ma le talo le valua.* First the unplucked fowl and the unscrapped taro.

Explanation: Tigilau had heard reports of the fantastic beauty of Sinaamumutilei, daughter of the Fijian king and fell deeply in love with her. Sina heard of his desire to marry her, and likewise returned his love. Finally, in desperate love, Sina sailed to Pata (Falelatai), Samoa. She proceeded to Tigilau's home, where no one recognized her. Nevertheless, her appearance was so striking, the servants (Uluseleatamai and Uluselevalea) could not decide if she was a bewitching *aitu* (demon) or human. To test her, the servants prepared a plucked fowl and an unplucked fowl. Additionally, they cooked peeled and unpeeled taro. The meal was then set before Sina, who ate in the proper manner. The servants were convinced she was human.

Time Theme: Here, as in 344 and 345, social consciousness interweaves into time consciousness. The idea of the proper sequence ("first the unplucked fowl, etc.) and of the proper time is connected with the idea of proper protocol...and distinguishes the human time consciousness from the *aitu*.

387. *Ua to i moana or Ua tofatumoanaina.* Fatu perished in the sea.

Explanation: A married couple, Tasi and To, lived in Fale'ula, along with their eleven sons. Ten were named Tui and the last, Fatu (stone). The Tui brothers were servants to the great chief Malietoa. When their master ordered the boys to fetch some fine mats, the

Tui-s went to their parents and begged them for the mats. Tasi and To refused, replying that the mats were especially appropriated for Fatu. The jealous brothers sought out Fatu and threw him into the sea. The saying applies to an especially painful loss or something forgotten.

Time Theme: As a primarily oral culture, Samoans relied on the faculty of memory (which is why these stories are so vividly memorable!) to keep their histories. If an incident or a item was forgotten, it is nearly as irretrievable as a boy drowned at sea. The sea of Time will swallow and bury it in its unfathomable depths. This underlies the singular importance of *all* proverbial expressions in keeping alive the Samoana time consciousness.

388. *Ua nofofale Sa Tui ia ma 'a.* The Tui clan kept in the house because of the stone.

Explanation: After the murder (see 387), the ten Tui brothers returned to their home and became recluses (Schultz claims they never left their home, but later stories contradict this; perhaps it was that they seldom left their homes, except on pain of necessity).

According to this expression, when one commits a wrong, it will not escape the sting of conscience—remaining in the memory just as the brothers remained in their home.

Time Theme: For the Tui brothers, their awful crime consigned them to a living grave. The memory of the murder became a constant fixation, an eternal horror branded into their memory. For them, Time itself had stopped....but there was no turning back Time.

389. *Ua tu'u le tai i A'ana.* The sea receded to A'ana.

Explanation: The story (see 387) continues now with Tasi and To. The grieving parents were anxious about their missing son and ordered the Tui-s to search for him. The brothers replied, "It cannot be done now because the tide is high." "Go nevertheless," the parents ordered, "we'll make it low tide here and back the water to A'ana."

Miraculously, the waters ebbed to A'ana, lowering the tide. The saying now applies to a village lacking experienced *tulafale* (talking chiefs or orators).

Time Theme: The parents could manipulate the tide...but they could not undo Death's tide. They could not restore life. However, there is that immortal means of preserving the life and history of Samoana...a hope that is particular to the timeless and timeful words of the experienced *tulafale*, the orator who retains and passes on the memorable occasions and times of Samoana. Without the experienced orator, however, efforts to recover lost histories are as futile (less dramatic and stylistic) than backing up the all the waters to A'ana.

397. *E valavala a tumanu.* It is the shagginess of the young banana bunch.

Explanation: The incestuous union between Ali'amanaia and his sister Gatoloaiaooelagi resulted in the latter's pregnancy. To avoid the shame of public knowledge, she was married off to Malietoa Uituaagi. After her term, she gave birth to a boy, La'auli (a step in the dark) and later had another son by her husband. The younger boy was named Fuaoleto'elau. When the boys grew older, Fuaoleto'elau sought the hand of Gauifaleai, daughter of Tuisamoa in Falealili. His half-brother likewise journeyed to Falealili to catch sea birds. While thus engaged, Gauifaleai happened by with her train and called out to him: "Why are you sitting there with your hair all shaggy?" La'auli replied with the above expression. Schultz explains that the "fruits of a young bunch of bananas are not well ordered like those of the mature bunch,"—thus clarifying the comparison.

Time Theme: The Western ideal often upholds youth as the prime stage of life—the point in time where the faculties of mind and body are developed to their highest potential. Samoana sees the case quite differently, however. Experience, with the necessary companion, age, is held in the highest esteem. It is thus that similes such as this exist, where, even in conversations about hair, the emphasis is on maturing and maturity.

398. *E lafulafu a tama seu gogo.* It is the dirt of the youths catching sea birds.

Explanation: Gauifaleai (see 397) replied to the youth, “My friend, you are very dirty.”

La‘auli replied with this proverbial expression. The saying is thus applied to undertakings that first appear futile, but which, in time, end well.

Time Theme: La‘auli is young and it is unknown what the future holds for him. The dirt covering him is a metaphorical mask of his potential and promise. Nevertheless, one should not immediately generalize that all youth are despised and held in contempt. Indeed, they have a very important role in Samoan society. This saying, for example, is one which emphasizes hope. And ultimately, this is also the role of the youth: to offer hope...for a future, for a present, for the pre-severation of past, present and future in Samoa’s time and times.

401. *Ia tili i le papa i Galagala.* Run for your life to the rock of Galagala.

Explanation: Chief Salima Galemai of Fagali‘i was married to Tuitogama‘atoe.

However, she fell in love with Lemafalimalelei, son of Leota of Solosolo, and the two had an affair. The matter soon reached the public and the people of Fagali‘i were eager to punish the young man. Leota interceded and managed to secure a pardon for his son. Nevertheless, Chief Salima cautioned the youth to flee to his home in Galagala, as the Fagali‘i villagers might still lynch the offender. Accordingly, Lemafalimalelei sought sanctuary at Galagala and was thus protected from the mob. The saying is used to urge immediate action in the face of impending danger.

Time Theme: In certain circumstances (such as the immediate danger facing Lemafalimalelei), instant response is necessary. If in dire straits in the present, one should immediately take measures to avoid greater dangers in the future.

402. *O le sola a Faleata.* The flight of Faleata.

Explanation: The great high chief Faumuina had died. His three sons—Fonoti, Samalaulu and Va'afusuaga—immediately engaged in a bitter rivalry to secure the succession. The village of Faleata (Tuamasaga) allied with Fonoti and distinguished themselves in battle. In one memorable engagement, their armies purported to flee, then suddenly returned and defeated their enemies. Fonoti was victorious and gained the title. The proverbial expression is used to promise a quick return or a traveller who appears once again suddenly.

Time Theme: In this proverbial expression, we see the importance of capitalizing on time. The armies of Faleata understood this and were able to turn Time to their advantage. They seized the day—making the most of the *present* opportunity—and, in doing so, won the day. It is also interesting to note that a “quick return”, a short interval, is favorable in the Samoana time consciousness.

403. *Ua sau Apa'ula, ua tautua.* Apa'ula has come, but she is too late.

Explanation: The princes of Fiji, sons of the *Tuifiti*, had launched a sneak attack against their enemy, Chief Vaea of Vaimauga. In the night, they landed at Faleata, in a gargantuan vessel reaching from Mulinu'u to Safune. The chief, having heard news of the arrival, marched to the shore and lifted the ship onto the trees growing nearby. The terrified Fijians pleaded for their lives and offered their sister Apa'ula. Soon, Apa'ula became pregnant, and left Samoa to deliver her child in her native Fiji. Vaea stood on the shores of Savalalo (a section of Apia), to watch the boat depart. While yet on the seas, Apa'ula gave birth to a boy she named Tuisavalalo. Afraid that her brothers would murder the child, she concealed her child under the waves, where the fishes fed him. The boy arrived at Fiji safely and dwelt there for many years alone. At last, however, his uncles successfully found him. A reminder of their humiliation in Samoa, the uncles were filled with rage upon seeing him and promptly murdered the hapless lad, concluding the foul

deed by feasting upon his corpse. Grief-stricken and horrified, Apa'ula rushed back to Samoa to plead with her husband to avenge the murder. It was too late. Chief Vaea had become a mountain (Mt. Vaea) and only his head remained. Upon hearing the news, Chief Vaea replied with the above lamentation.

Time Theme: Time and Death are irreversible. We cannot alter the patterns of Time (well, for the most part; see 484). We cannot resurrect the dead (except in very special circumstances; see 468). And if we fail to protect ourselves and our loved ones in the present, if we are reckless with the here and now, the consequences in the future will be devastating. At that point, it will indeed be “too late.”

Additional Commentary: Under the *feagaiga*, Samoan brothers are duty-bound to protect their sisters and favor their sister's children, especially nephews. But Fijian brothers (in Samoan stories) do not possess these traits of “civilization.” This speaks to the Samoan arrogance and portrayal of the outsiders and their practices as “savages.” This worldview might also extend to all cultures lacking the *feagaiga*. This is an interesting note on Samoa's social consciousness and sense of propriety.

404. *Ua moea'itino Va'atausili.* Va'atausili slept to strengthen his body.

Explanation: Vaea (see 403) now set forth the plan for revenge. He instructed Apa'ula to go to Savai'i and solicit the help of his brother Va'atausili. Apa'ula obeyed and set out to search for her brother-in-law. While in Lealatele, she crossed paths with a young boy chasing grasshoppers and butterflies. She asked if he knew a Va'atausili; he replied that that was he. She was skeptical (the youth seemed nothing more than an adolescent weakling), but nevertheless accompanied him to Falealupo. She had very little hope of success, but received reassurances from passing villagers. In Falealupo, Va'atausili went to a cave for the night. When he emerged, he had transformed into a handsome, gigantic warrior. The saying is thus applied to circumstances where a final decision is not yet in order.

Time Theme: Matters must be dealt with in their time. Without adequate preparation, the consequences can be devastating. One must obey the laws of Time, waiting until the opportune moment is revealed. And when that moment appears, one must seize it...before it slips away.

405. *Ua'atoa le tino o Va'atausili.* Va'atausili is full grown.

Explanation: Va'atausili (see 404) had become so enormous, he burst the cocoon-cave. Apa'ula was instantly assured he could avenge the murder of her child. Va'atausili soon dealt with the murderous uncles, repaying them in kind. With his superhuman strength, he tore a coconut tree from the roots and beat Apa'ula's brothers to death. The proverbial expression has survived and is applied, as Schultz explains, "to an undertaking for which full preparations have been made."

Time Theme: Preparedness is one key facet of the Samoana time consciousness. We must wait for the opportune time, to be sure, but this does not mean neglecting the present. The important work of preparation—the great determinant of success or failure—must be attended to in the present. Only then can we assure future victory. It is interesting to note that experience, the highest commodity in Samoan culture, is also intrinsically related to preparedness. After all, what is experience, but the art of preparing for life?

408. *Tau o se mea e ala ai.* As long as the end is attained.

Explanation: There once were two orators, Leifi and Tautolo (Fuataga and Tafua). In an effort to collect the four highest titles in the land in one personage (who would, of course, be quite favorable to the two *tulafale*), they suggested to the *Tuiatua* Mata'utia that he marry his cousin Levalasi. Levalasi was the adopted daughter of another cousin, the *Tuia'ana* Tama'alelagi and had connections (through her maternal line) to the Gatoaitele and Tamasoali'i. A marriage with her, the orators argued, would be most beneficial to

the collection of titles. Mata'utia was at first repulsed; Samoana traditions sternly forbid marriage between cousins. However, the orators countered with the proverbial expression above. Mata'utia relented and the marriage was arranged. However, as a punishment for the unnatural union, a blood clot was born—noted in the genealogy as Tuimavave. The couple soon realized that they would never have children. It was finally decided that they adopt Salamasina, daughter of Tama'alelagi. Nafanua, the war goddess (also the broker of dignity and prestige for the titles), who initially was to confer the four titles upon Levalasi and her lineage, passed the titles onto Salamasina. It was Salamasina who gained the four most esteemed titles (*Tuiatua*, *Tuia 'ana*, *Gataoaitele*, and *Vaetamasoali'i*), an act which made her the supreme titleholder of Samoa (*Tupu o Samoa*).

Time Theme: The teleological philosophy of Leifi and Tautolo is grounded in the assumption that sacrifices in the present are justified for the sake of a future goal. In their attempt to determine what they believed to be the ideal future, they manipulated the present means. Ultimately, sacrificing principles lead to a swift retribution. Tuimavave (probably, “the high nobility quickly and utterly destroyed”) survived in Samoa’s history as a terrible reminder of this fact.

412. *Ua laga taumulimuli le lauga a Vailalo.* Vailalo spoke when the meeting was ended.

Explanation: A *fono* was held at Saleapaga (Falefa). The meeting had already concluded when Vailalo rose to speak. However, everyone ignored him and went their own way.

Time Theme: The Polynesian stereotype upholds the view that these watch-less people were, and continue to be, unaware of time. Pacific Islanders, so the Western tradition has told us, cannot understand the meaning of “too late”—they are a tardy, backward, “primitive” population who cannot comprehend the simple meaning of “too late.” This

proverbial expression, however, indicates that the Samoans (and likely, other Polynesian societies) were keenly aware of time. Perhaps they didn't see the need to compartmentalize time, treating it with the detachment of a scientific experiment. Perhaps they simply experienced their time and times...and in doing so, understood time more fully.

420. *E pa 'upa 'u 'ae o 'o i Lepa.* It may be only an old girdle, but it will bring results at Lepa.

Explanation: The daughter of Faumuina, in Lepa, was receiving a suitor, a chief from Safune. However, she soon rejected his advances, and the chief, with his train, set out for the return. In Puipa'a, they came upon the *tulafale* Paga (Aupagamalie). He looked humble enough, cultivating his taro plants, and dressed in an old girdle (*pa 'upa 'u*). Having heard the news of the failed courtship, he offered his services as a negotiator. The courting party (*'aumoega*) burst into laughter, sneering with derision at his rags. Paga rebuked them with the proverbial expression. Thus humbled, the suitor retained the *tulafale*. The marriage was successfully arranged and Aupagamalie became the family *tulafale*.

Time Theme: Samoans don't necessarily correlate new with improved. What has been tested and proven in the past is where they place their trust.

423. *E o 'u le aso, 'ae o oe taeao.* Today my turn, tomorrow yours.

Explanation: Tupuivao, a high chief, was notorious for his cruelty, cannibalism, and jealousy. In fact, so jealous was he that he banished his brother, Toilolo, because he (Tupuivao) suspected Toilolo had been having an affair with Iliganoa, Tupuivao's wife. In any event, Toilolo obtained a canoe and sailed by his brother's home in Vaie'e, Upolu. He called out to Tupuivao and gave this ominous prophecy. Sure enough, Tupuivao soon got his turn and was exiled to Tutuila. Today, the proverbial expression can also carry

positive connotations; it can serve as reminder to be patient with the distribution of fortune (or, in Schultz's example, fine mats).

Time Theme: In Samoana time consciousness, justice is more than poetic. There is a cycle to life, and unwarranted wrongdoing will be repaid in kind. Similarly, rewards delayed will eventually be received. Life balances itself out and Time will eventually give to each his just dues.

430. *O le mavaega nai le tai e fetaia'i i i'u a gafa.* They meet at the tail of the pedigree rather than at the head. (Schultz translates, "The farewell at the seashore with the promise to meet again in the children").

Explanation: Saveasi'uleo (Samoan Hades or god of the underworld) was born a blood clot, and in alignment with custom, was thrown into the sea. There Savaesi'uleo brewed in anger as a half-eel, half-human. His parents continued having children, but every time one would go to the ocean, they mysteriously disappeared. Due to this, the parents decided to move inland. There, they bore Ulufanuasese'e, who grew up as a mountain surfer (hence his name: Ulu: head; fanua: land; sese'e: slippery, slide, surf). One day, however, he told his parents he was going to collect salt water for cooking. They gave permission, but warned him about the disappearance of his siblings. While there, he did what came naturally: surfing. As he was surfing, he felt something at his back. He turned to see a giant eel with its mouth wide open, ready to devour him. He managed to dodge the sea monster and maneuvered his way to shore. At that point he realised it was his blood-clot brother. Ulufanuasese'e fiercely declared that he never wished to see the bloody monster again. They agreed that one would go east, the other west, and would not ever meet again face to face. Instead, they would reunite through their children.

Time Theme: Descendants are one of the primary means of combating time. Here, although the brothers Ulufanuasese'e and Saveasi'uleo were never to be reunited in the present, their posterity would carry the history of the two brothers. They would be the

reincarnation and manifestation of their brotherhood in the flesh. In Samoana, the grave is not the end, as long as there is someone to inherit the honor, dignity and prestige of the family's history, their time and times.

439. *Ia Ulimasao le la'au a Nafanua.* May there be a happy ending to Nafanua's undertaking.

Explanation: The village of Falealupo was ruled by the cruel Salega, vicious in their oppression. Nafanua, the war goddess, had recently been enlisted by twins of Puluotu (the underworld) to rescue Falealupo. In preparation, Nafanua gathered *toa* wood, then created two clubs—Fa'auliulito and Fesilafa'i—and a paddle, Ulimasao (from *uli*, to steer and *sao*, to escape from danger).

Time Theme: The repeated demonstrations of preparation cannot stress its importance enough. Even goddesses, with powers far greater than that accorded to the terrestrial mortals, must obey this basic principle of Time: planning and preparation is essential in the present, if one hopes to achieve one's goals for the future.

441. *Talisoa le i'a a Nafanua.* Wait for the fish (help) of Nafanua.

Explanation: The people of Falealupo (see 439) were impatient to destroy Salega. They pleaded with Chief Matuna the appointed messenger of Nafanua, and his wife (also Matuna), to begin the battle already. The couple urged patience, replying with the proverbial expression above. Thus, Matuna and Matuna advised the villagers to wait for the perfect time.

Time Theme: If preparation was the first essential step for war, patience was the necessary requisite for victory. The people could not attack impulsively; the discipline that came from forbearance would strengthen them for the coming battle. At times, we may be tempted to take matters into our hands and dispose of matters as we see fit. Samoana time consciousness advises against this impulse and urges one to wait for opportunity.

443. *Ua ola i fale le la'au a Nafanua.* Life was given in the house (through the death of relatives) to Nafanua's war club.

Explanation: In Polynesian traditions, the effectiveness ("life") of weapons or fishing nets are assured after the first successful kill. Thus, Nafanua, as the final preparation for battle (see **439**), killed the two children of Matuna and Matuna. After the bloody ritual, it was ready for use.

Time Theme: The story is undoubtedly shocking in its barbarism. Nevertheless, even in the midst of this, a time theme can be detected: the cyclical nature of life and death.

Nafanua, by testing her weapons upon the hapless children, was able to save the lives of countless Samoans (not only the villagers of Falealupo, but their descendants as well).

Everyone of us dies; we return to the earth and, in our decay, nourish its life. Here again, the theme of resurrection: the grave is not final; our lives are simply absorbed back into the tapestry of life.

449. *Na ta alu fo'i o tai lelei, a ua ta sau ua tai pupu.* When I left the coast was shallow; on my return I found it iron-bound.

Explanation: The *Tuitoga* (paramount chief of Tonga) married a Samoan high aristocrat, Maupenei of Tufu Gataivai. When she had left Samoa, the beach at Tufu was sandy and the waters were shallow. While Maupenei was in Tonga, however, the eruption of a volcano covered the beach in lava rock, forming a wall (iron-bound). The saying is applied when one leaves a land in peace, but returns to conflict and controversy.

Time Theme: Time can transform even the fondest of memories. Change is a fact of life, but change is known or measured through permanence. There is a time for everything, for peace, for conflict, etc. Throughout the cycle of life, there are changes in time. We measure these changes against permanent features, or our notions of permanence, to find meaning...but, these meanings are ours, and not universal truths. It is

significant to note this in writing history...we are only writing about things that matter to us, and not necessarily about things that really matter.

454. *Ne'i galo A'afi'a i lona vao.* Lest you forget A'afi'a in his bush.

Explanation: Sina had become bored with her husband, Chief A'afi'a of Falealupo. The wooing words of Fatutoa of Aleipata soon enticed her. When Fatutoa appeared in Falealupo, Sina ran away with him. Her husband was so enraged that he took up his staff and smashed the rocks on the shore (today these rocks are called Avata). In fear, Sina returned to her husband. Soon enough, however, she left him once more. Begging for her return, her husband gave one final plea, asking her to never forget him. So overcome was she by remorse that she returned to him. His words survive as a proverbial expression used at a farewell. "Remember me and come back."

Time Theme: One should always be kind, because people have memories. An action today could come back to haunt or bless you. Or perhaps "A'afia (implicate, involve) in the bush" is some code or understanding between husband and wife. my guess is that this is his way of saying, "you are mine for all time...remember that and return where you belong."

468. *O le sau o le ola.* The coming of life. Or, the life-giving dew.

Explanation: Chief Tagaloaimalo of Vaipu'a had commissioned a group of carpenters from Atea (*o le 'autufuga o le 'Atea*) to build a great ship. When the question of payment came up, however, the carpenters (in addition to demanding copious amounts of taro, pig, chicken, etc.) also wanted the chief's sister Nia for breakfast. Exasperated, the chief finally acquiesced. He lured Nia to a nearby coconut tree, then quickly scrambling up the tree, dropped a nut onto her head. Tagaloaimalo then placed the corpse in a basket and delivered it to the hungry carpenters. But just as they were about to feast, a shower from heaven resurrected Nia. The chief, according to some traditions, was relieved that his

sister was alive once more, but became increasingly enraged at the thought of the carpenters' arrogant request. Thus, he prayed to his *aitu* to wreak calamity upon the insolent craftsmen. In Schultz's narrative, "When the carpentars tested the boat on the high seas...[a] terrible storm destroyed the ship and crew and they were never heard of again."

Time Theme: In life, Time eventually balances everything. In Time, you will reap all you sow. Be mindful of present actions, for future consequences are not long in coming.

477. *Ia e vae o Vaeau.* May your legs be like those Vaeau.

Explanation: Chief Losi had infiltrated heaven, where the god Tagaloa lived. He managed to abscond with a taro shoot on his first visit. So skillful was his concealment of the shoot, however, that when celestial security caught up with him, they were unable to find the stolen item. Losi was thus released with a slap on the wrist. Nevertheless, even that slap stung. The chief quickly formed alliances with several *aitu* and made his plans. He ordered his servant Vaeau (famed for swiftness) to spy on the heavenly beings. In a single day, Vaeau made the journey. Thus, this saying is used to urge one to make haste.

Losi eventually had his revenge. He planted sting-rays between the door posts of heaven, ostensibly as a gift to Tagaloa. However, the impish trap soon revealed itself: the gods slipped on the fish and hurt their heads. This incident set off a series of rivalries between the celestial and terrestrial forces, eventually ending in the defeat of Tagaloa, and the surrender of six of his highest titles. How uniquely Samoan!

Time Theme: If one is clever, talented, and determined enough, Time might give in a little...and reward your efforts. Vaeau literally means "the leg that can reach" or the space, time that can be attained. If you constantly think "can do", you just might bang upon it somewhere in Time.

480. *O le fotuga a Mosopili.* The appearance of Mosopili.

Explanation: Mosopili was rushing home, having just received the news that his wife was terribly sick. He met with so many delays on the journey, however, that when he at last arrived, she was dead. The saying is an expression indicating that one is too late.

Time Theme: Oftentimes, when facing crisis in the present, people become distracted by everything except the matter at hand. Such was the case with the unfortunate Mosopili. He had come too late and Time was up. Samoans had a sense of Time based on cultural values, such as being present when a family member was distressed. One ascribes Time to the things that matter and Mosopili behaved as if other things were more important, more worthy of Time, than homefront issues.

481. *O le taimalie a Ve'a.* The opportune appearance of Ve'a.

Explanation: Ve'a and Mu were brothers. They also were comrades-in-arms, fighting in the war. During battle, Mu received a spear wound. He cried out to his brother, "*Ve'a e tu, Ve'a a e tu; ua lavea le vae o Mu*—Ve'a stand by me; the leg of Mu is hurt. Braving the enemies gathered round the fallen Mu, Ve'a courageously saved his brother. The saying is used for a sudden stroke of fortune.

Time Theme: Here, Mu faced one of humankind's worst fears: death. Yet, even in the face of this, he had hope—his brother was also on the battlefield. In a metaphorical sense, this poignant portrayal of familial love and altruism also reflects Samoana time consciousness: the keys to Death and Hades are given through the family, through the connections one establishes, through the ancestors and descendants personified in one's generation...through the family's eternal place in Time.

484. *E tasi le po 'ae ogaoga.* Only one night, but a long one.

Explanation: The *Tuimanu'a* had two wives, both sisters and both named Sina. He rotated sleeping arrangements with them, but clearly favored one over the other. His

favorite he named Sinaavi (*avi*, desired) and the other Sinaleavi (*leavi*, undesired). Sinaleavi was so distraught—wanting a child—that she complained to her father, Sagatea. He agreed to aid her, promising, “When you next sleep with your husband, I will delay the dawn, making the night longer.” Sinaleavi soon became pregnant. The saying applies to prospects which are initially discouraging, but end well.

Time Theme: When the present circumstances are especially bleak, one must be able to hope for better times. Hope is one of the key elements to confronting the past, surviving the present, and making it to the future. With a stroke of luck (or with a magical father who has control over the sun), one’s prospects can quickly improve. Hope should not be given up easily. Interestingly, the father surmised that the right solution for his “undesired” daughter was (through the manipulation of) Time. Perhaps Dad reasoned that initially one may not be fond of something, but given some quality, quantity time, things can change.

485. *Ua tatou fetaia ‘i i le magafetau soifua.* We meet alive under the fork of the *fetau* tree.

Explanation: The *Tuitoga* (Tongan paramount chief) had two wives. One was Tongan, the other a Samoan named Leutogitupa‘itea. The King favored Leutogi and thus there was jealousy on the part of the Tongan wife. However, the Tongan wife had a baby; Leutogi remained childless. The King was happy that he had an heir, but continued to love his Samoan wife even more. The Tongan wife became more jealous. Sadly, her baby soon died. Eager to get back at Leutogi, she put a *tuaniu*, or coconut straw, in the baby’s ear to incriminate her rival. She then asked Leutogi to mind the dead baby, while she went for a bath. Leutogi was unaware that the baby was dead; she thought the baby was asleep. The mother returned from her bath, went to her baby, and suddenly screamed and yelled out that Leutogi killed her. The King was furious. He loved Leutogi, but justice had to be meted out. He ordered for her to be taken to an uninhabited island and

burned alive. In response to the mandate, she was dragged off. She was taken to a *fetau* tree, placed at the branch or fork of the *fetau* tree and tied. They made a bonfire and set it ablaze. Well, it happened that Leutogi had magical powers through her *Pe 'a Sina* (flying foxes or bats), which could aid her in the hour of need. She called on her bat and a bunch of bats arrived from Samoa(!), just in time to save her, by urinating on the fire, and putting it out. And thus she was spared from the fire. Another account, however, has the childless (and jealous) Leutogi actually murder the infant (poking the coconut straw through the ear canal and into the brain), thus incurring the wrath of Tonga. The bats still save her by urinating and extinguishing the fire. In any event, when the King's servants arrived, Leutogi—still alive—greeted them with this proverbial expression. The saying is now used when one finds relatives and/or friends in good health.

Time Theme: Life and health, along with age and experience, are the greatest values and virtues in Samoan culture. Although Samoans will sacrifice their lives for certain items (i.e., titles), it is always with the goal of preserving life in the long term. This is the Samoan game of Time, beating the grave and extending life inside, outside, and through the boundaries of Time.

490. *Ua fa'apapateaia.* It has been made like unto Papatea.

Explanation: The *Tuipulotu* (the highest chief of the unknown land of Pulotu) had recently allowed his son and daughter to visit Papatea. However, the people there were extremely rude, insulting the children in various disgraceful ways. When the *Tui* heard the report, he was so incensed that he declared war on Papatea. He quickly gained his revenge, marching upon the village, slaughtering all within and burning the village to ashes.

Time Theme: No insult, no injustice, no cruelty will go unpaid. This is the timeless theme of many religions, from Christianity (hell) to Hinduism/Buddhism (reincarnation)

to Samoana. Measure for measure, eye for eye, tooth for tooth...Time will distribute its justice (see 423).

Thus far, we have surveyed proverbial expressions pertaining to important components of traditional Samoan society. As mentioned before, these include: fishing; manual labor; games; dances and festivals; land and sea travel; and miscellaneous. Proverbial expressions note the attitudes and activities that Sammies re-enact over and over in time, revealing values, priorities, and how reality is ordered.

Indeed, examining particularly time conscious proverbs proves this facet of the Samoan language very telling about Samoana worldview. Experience, age/maturity, patience, preparedness, belonging, “mechanisms” for beating the grave and extending life inside, outside, and through the boundaries of Time are some of the significant aspects of Samoana Time and times. Other ideas considered in this discourse entail teleology, duration with mat time, propriety—everything in its good and right time. The fluid, active, dynamic sea characterizes the nature of time from a Samoana perspective.

We can surmise that Samoana places her trust in experience, esteems age/maturity, values patience and preparedness. Trust is placed in what has been tested and proven in the past. Difficult and adverse times strengthen character...time reveals the truly qualified. An experienced or “black staff” orator, like the aged staff, is further along in time. Referring to another as a “white staff” is somewhat derogatory unless obviously to a youth just learning oratory. The “setting sun” stage (elderly) in western culture may be seen as “one’s time is up,” whereas, in Samoan culture, the “glow of the setting sun” is a blessing...as if one has arrived full-circle in the journey of life. Maturity and the “glow” of age—aspects of the the tried and true in time—are exalted

The idea of home and belonging in time is also prevalent in these proverbial expressions. One belongs where one began and wherever one may venture, one returns home to complete the life-cycle. i wonder if this still holds true for Sammies who live abroad and have assimilated to other cultural lifestyles.

Cultivating social relations constitutes aspects of obtaining *matai* titles as well as maintaining dignity. *Matai* primarily rely on familial-ally clans for support as they establish the crux of Sannie culture, are the very sustenance of the Sannie soul...all *aiga* (family) are high on the list of Sannie priorities...and all in the clan look to the *matai*. Sannies engage in teleological thinking as they strategize and manipulate the present, in hopes of securing a desirable future outcome. In other words, Sannies take protective measures in the present to protect future interests or matters are carefully considered in the present to prevent future regrets. Sometimes it works; other times, matters cannot be helped (eg, the disappointing aftereffect with the cruel Chief Fasavalu of Falevai, Falelatai).

Propriety—protocol—proper sequence—proper time, distinguishes humans from *aitu*. Akin to this notion, is the right time for everything. For example, *palolo*, yams and time wait for no man. There is the appropriate duration for a visit: too soon; not soon enough; not often enough. There is mat-time of warm (prolonged) to sweating (overextended) and time for bonding in the evening with pillow “mat” talk. Space time stipulates that where a quarrel or “issue” begins is where it ends. Sea moods characterize the times—calm seas are good times, rough seas are hard times, angry seas are dangerous times. Something-someone lost or buried at sea is like death...gone forever...the end of time. The Tui brothers killed their brother Fatu and remained like the living dead...for them, time stopped with their horrible deed. Nevertheless, Samoana time consciousness through language is ongoing. In the following section, we will look at deconstructions of time words.

Day Arrangements and Adverbs of Time

The following lexical analysis looks at Samoan words and expressions of time. This analysis is important because the Samoan language is an embodiment of the culture, society, and history of the Samoan people and their belief systems. Samoan awareness of time is rooted in language. The deconstructions of these time oriented words can give one an awareness of the experience of Samoana time.

In instances where there are several meanings to a particular morpheme, i forgo listing every single meaning and instead select the one especial to time consciousness. The point of the breakdown is to paint (with words) pictures of what is happening at this or that given time and render a sense of how events are being perceived and ordered through experience and language. This is a demonstration of how one would deconstruct the time consciousness within the various words; it is by no means a complete listing of every time conscious word in Samoan.

The Samoan words and their immediate translations were taken from the article, *The Samoan Division of Time* in the Journal of the Polynesian Society (Anonymous 1928, 228-240). The morphemical or deconstruction analyses are my own and as a caution to the reader, i must advise that my analyses may not always reflect traditional Samoan beliefs about the origin or derivation of these words. Similarly, my analyses may not reflect a pure linguistic approach. Instead, i assume freedom in indepedence of thought and wholeheartedly embrace the priviledge in creating and re-creating Samoana times.

1. *Vivini moa*, first cock crow.

Derivation: *vivini* = to crow; *moa* = chicken or bird (also, but not in this definition, center or *mauli*).

2. *Tafa o ata*, dawn.

Derivation: *Tafa* = when light and shade become visible or discernible; *o* = particle (of); *ata* = a picture or a reflection. Together, it is the time when “the picture or reflection of when light and shade become visible.”

3. *Vaveao*, early morning.

Derivation: *Vaveao* = *vave* + *ao*; *vave* = hurry, soon, quickly; *ao* = morning, cloud, gathering (there are several meanings—eg, heads of chiefs—but i will restrict the analysis to these terms, as they seem more pertinent). *Vaveao* may possibly mean the time of morning that comes quickly, the time of morning to hurry, the quick burst of light signaling day, the gathering of the clouds (?). Linguistically, *vave* is recognised as a morpheme. In addition, *vaa* varies from *va* alphabetically and phonetically (John Mayer 2002, personal communication). However, in the following deconstruction, i am speculating that *va* is the shortened form of *vaa*, whereas *ve* was possibly derived from *veve* or *ve’u*. i think that words may change over time and that the hasty nature of *vave* made it more convenient to say *vave* instead of *vaaveve* or *vaave’u*.

Additional Derivation: *Vave* = *vaa* + *veve* or *ve’u*; *va* or *vaa* = space, time; *ve* = maybe from *ve’u* (to grow in great numbers, increase) or *veve* (to be numerous of men and animals). Thus, *vave* could also mean space or interval in which many things are compressed—hurry.

4. *Taeao*, morning.

Refer to the *taeao* section (p 169).

5. *Fanailupe le la*, eight o’clock.

Derivation: *Fanailupe* = *fana’i* or *faga’i* + *lupe*; *faga’i* = to feed; *lupe* = pigeon (John Mayer 2002, personal communication). Thus, this is possibly from *faga’ilupe*—literally, “the pigeon feeding”—about nine o’clock (Pratt 1977, 132). Perhaps in some areas it was eight and in others it was nine. Milner defines *fana’ilupe* as “roughly equidistant between horizon and zenith,” in reference to the sun or its angle. He interprets the phrase “*fana’ilupe le la*” as mid-morning (Milner 1993, 58).

6. *Taupaletu o le la*, nine o'clock.

Derivation: *Taupaletu* = *tau* + *pale* + *tu*; *tau* = particle prefixed to the base denoting an attempt or effort to do something; *pale* = rowing, paddling or *palepale* = hold firmly, tightly, support. According to Pratt, *taupale* is to “pull or paddle” (Pratt 1977, 303). In Milner, *taupale* is to “do earnestly or try one’s utmost” (Milner 1993, 246). *Tu* means to stand or could refer to position; i am specualting that this indicates the angle of the sun, as *la* = sun. The *o* and *le* are both particles that refer to “of” and “the,” respectively. Thus, *taupaletu o le la* may indicate “that time of the morning when the sun really starts to come out, a time when the sun is pulling or breaking its way into the day.”

7. *Tutotonu le la*, noon.

Derivation: *Tutotonu* = *tu* + *totonu*; *tu* = to stand, standing; *totonu* = in the midst of, within; *tutotonu* = to stand in the midst of; *le* is a particle for the; *la* = sun. Together, the literal construction could be “standing in the midst of the sun.” However, according to Mata‘itusi, the term is “*tutonu o le la*”; *tutonu* is “to stand direct,” in which case, at noon, the standing of the sun is directly overhead (Aumua Mata‘itusi 2002, personal communication).

8. *Faliu le la*, the sun turning.

Derivation: *Faliu* is *fa’a* + *liu*. *fa’a* = causative prefix; *liu* = to change, turn; *faliu* = turn around, look over, decline; *le* = the; *la* = sun. Together, *faliu le la* refers to the turning, changing, declining of the sun. Perhaps, Samoans at one time generally thought the sun sank and rose above and below earth.

9. *Lafoia ata o le afiafi*, shadows of evening cast.

Derivation: *Lafoia* = casting; *ata* = picture, reflection; *o* = of; *le* = the; *afiafi* = *afi* + *afi*, duplicating a word indicates an intensifier; *afi* = fire, light. Together, *lafoia ata o le afiafi* may portray a casting picture, that reflects the light from the fires about Samoa at this time. Moreover, this may refer to fires inland for lighting purposes and guiding the

fishermen home (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication) or various colors of the evening sky (John Mayer 2002, personal communication).

10. *Tu'olo le la*, (literally) “standing, but preparing to go.”

Derivation: *Tu* = stand; *'olo* = be ready to leave; *le* = the; *la* = sun. Together, *tu'olo le la* suggests the time when the sun seems to be standing, but will soon be leaving.

11. *Segisegi*, twilight

Derivation: *Segisegi* = *segi* + *segi* which, as a duplication, indicates an intensified situation; *segi* = to snatch, to catch away, spirited away, wild, shy; *segia* = startled or snatched; *segisegi* = wary, cautious. In the context of time, it is the first light or break of day. i am surmising that this is a time to be wary or cautious as there is light, but, presumably, not enough to see clearly. *Segisegi* might also be a time signifier referring to how quickly the night will be snatched away as daylight is upon the scene.

12. *Taeasegi*, twilight, late.

Derivation: *Taeao* = morning; *segi* = snared, snatched. Together, *taeasegi* as late twilight may indicate a morning snared or snatched (the night).

13. *Afiafi*, evening.

Derivation: *Afiafi* = *afi* + *afi*, which pertains to an intensified situation of *afi* = fire, light. As previously alluded to, evening was the time when there were strings or streams of fires, for the purpose of lighting, about Samoa (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication). *Afiafi* is also the time when the evening sky showers a display of magnificent, fiery colors (John Mayer 2002, personal communication).

14. *Tagi alisi*, crickets cry.

Derivation: *Tagi* = cry, chirp; *alisi* = cricket, cicada. This is the time when crickets cry.

15. *Popogi*, somewhat dark.

Derivation: *Popogi* = *po* + *pogi*; *po* is night; *pogi* = blurred or dim; also, *pogi* = harsh, sour, severe crabbed, mostly of countenance. i am speculating that *pogi* as blurred or dim as well as just like when someone is severely harsh, sour, crabbed and their face turns red,

(sometimes) resembling the reddish glow of the horizon at dusk. Milner notes that *pogi* *pogi* is less dark than *popogi* (Milner 1993, 186). Perhaps *pogi pogi* as twilight refers to blurring, dimming; whereas, the *po + pogi* is the night intensifying or darkness overtaking, shading the blurred, dim or reddened horizon. *Pogisa = pogi + sa*. *Pogi* = dark, darkness. *Sa* = sacred, forbidden. Hence, sacred, forbidden *pogi* is the forbidden time of darkness or the unseen.

16. *Tagai malama*, evening fire lit.

Derivation: *Taga 'i* = to light the evening fire (Pratt 1977, 310); *malama* (of a fire) = blaze, flare up. Together, *taga 'i malama* here refers to the time of the evening when fires are lit or ablaze. Another variation looks at *taga 'i* as in to be visible or the polite form of see, look. Both *malama* and *maalama* would pertain to break of day, dawn. Thus, *taga 'i maalama* may also refer to the awareness that the sun is up (Milner 1993, 123, 227).

17. *Fa 'ata 'oto moega*, beds let down.

Derivation: *Fa 'ata 'otomoega = fa 'a + ta 'oto + moega*; *fa 'a* = causative prefix; *ta 'oto* = to lay down; *moega* = bed. Hence, this is the time to setup the bedding such as the mats, headrest, netting and other sleeping contraptions.

18. *Mafuta moe afiafi*, eleven o'clock, early sleepers awaken.

Derivation: *Mafuta* = dwell, stay with someone, close, intimate; *moe* = sleep; *afiafi = afi + afi* as a duplication denotes an intensified situation; *afi* = fire, light; *afiafi* = evening. Milner states that this time indicator refers to events that happen early in the evening. In addition, Milner places this time around 9 or 10 pm (Milner 1993, 120). Pratt states that this is the time of early evening or to sleep early in the evening (Pratt 1977, 197). If one goes to sleep early in the evening, presumably, the early sleeper might awaken around eleven o'clock at night.

19. *Tulua po ma ao*, between night and day.

Derivation: *Tulua = tu + lua*; *tu* = standing; *lua* = two; *po* = night; *ao* = day. Together, midnight is the time that stands between night and day.

20. *Afiafiao*, evening, before sunset.

Derivation: *Afiafiao* = *afi* + *afi* + *ao*; *afi* duplicated indicates an intensifier; *afi* = fire, light; *afiafi* = evening; *ao* = morning, day. *Afiafi-ao* is the earlier part of the evening.

21. *Afiafimalama*, evening, after sunset.

Derivation: *Afiafimalama* = *afi* + *afi* + *malama*; *afi* duplicated indicates an intensifier; *afi* = fire, light; *afiafi* = evening; *malama* = dawn or blaze of fire. In this case, the evening fires are blazing as it is after sunset.

22. *Afiafipo*, evening, at dusk.

Derivation: *Afiafipo* = *afi* + *afi* + *po*; *afi* duplicated indicates an intensifier; *afi* = fire, light; *afiafi* = evening; *po* = night.

23. *Afiulia*, about 8 or 9 pm, when lights are out.

Derivation: *Afiulia* = *afi* + *uli* + *a*; *afi* = fire, light; *uli* = steer, dark, black; *a* = particle attached to verb to make passive form or to a noun to make adjective indicating abundance or fullness. i would suggest that rather than a steering into the evening, this is perhaps more a time when the fires are put out and darkness abounds. Nonetheless, this might also be *afitulia* = *afi* + *tulia*; *afi* = fire, light; *tulia* = chased, expelled. Hence, this was perhaps the time when fires are chased and expelled or put out.

24. *Atamatua*, early dawn.

Derivation: *Atamatua* = *ata* + *matua*; *ata* = picture, reflection; *matua* = elder (as in earlier). *Atamatua* as early dawn is the earlier or older part of the morning.

25. *Itupo*, a part of the night, hour of the night.

Derivation: *Itupo* = *itu* + *po* or *i* + *tu* + *po*; *itu* = side, kind; *i* = particle denoting space or position in time; *tu* = standing; *po* = night. *Itupo* pertains to night time.

26. *Ituao*, a part of the day, an hour of the day.

Derivation: *Ituao* = *itu* + *ao* or *i* + *tu* + *ao*; *itu* = side, kind; *i* = particle denoting space or position in time; *tu* = standing; *ao* = daylight. *Ituao* pertains to daytime.

27. *Itula*, an hour as used to-day.

Derivation: *Itula* = *itu* + *ao* or *i* + *tu* + *ao*; *itu* = side, kind; *i* = particle denoting space or position in time; *tu* = standing; *la* = sun. Therefore, *itula* pertains to the side or position which the sun is situated. Presently, *itula* refers to an hour, hourly.

The following words are from Pratt (Pratt 1977, 54,55).

1. *Nei*; *lenei*; now, '*ua ou sau nei*, i have come now.

Derivation: *Nei* = this (here), now; *lenei* = *le* + *nei*; *le* = the. The time consciousness of *nei* and *lenei*, in that they both refer to the here and now (John Mayer 2002, personal communication).

2. *Nanei*, presently, by and by; *anei*, by and by.

Derivation: *Nanei* = *na* + *nei*; *na* = plural marker for those; *nei* = now; '*aa* = indicator of future possibility. Milner asserts that *nanei* means later on or afterwards, in addition to presently (Milner 1993, 154). i've known *nanei* to mean this evening.

3. *Naneineiane*, presently, very shortly, [conjecturally].

Derivation: *Naneineiane* = *na* + *nei* + *nei* + *ane*; *na* = plural marker for those; *nei* + *nei* indicates an intensified situation; *nei* = now; *ane* = along, aside. *Naneineiane* refers to something that will happen very shortly.

4. *Se 'i*, only just recently. *Na se 'i fai le faatonuga*, He has only just given the instruction.

Derivation: *Se 'i* is in its most basic form.

5. *Anapo*, last night; *anafiafi*, this evening [past].

Derivation: *Anapo* = *ana* + *po*; *Ana* = prefix for past; *po* = night. *Anafiafi* = *ana* + *afiafi*; *afiafi* = evening...although *afiafi* could be further deconstructed to *afi* + *afi*, it is superfluous, as the primary objective here is to discover which past evening. According to Pratt, *anafiafi* is earlier or the past of this evening (Pratt 1977, 31).

6. *Analeila*, today [past]. *Na ma o mai analeila*, we came just now.

Derivation: *Analeila* = *ana* + *leila*; *ana* = prefix for past; *leila* = not to be nearly finished.

i am speculating that *analeila* deconstructed as *ana* + *leila* is the past that is still today and therefore a present-past. Thus, it is something not completely over with or separated from now. i am using Pratt's definition of *leila* (Pratt 1977, 31).

7. *Anafea?* when? [past]; *na oti anafea 'o ia?* When did he die?

Derivation: *Anafea* = *ana* + *fea*; *ana* = prefix for past time; *fea* = where. Hence, past where is linked to past when.

8. *Ananafī*, yesterday.

Derivation: *Ananafī* = *ana* + *na* + *afī*; *ana* = prefix for past; *na* = plural marker for those; *afī* = fire, light. Therefore, yesterday is thought of as those past fires.

9. *Apofīa*, three nights ago.

Derivation: *Apofīa* = *apo* + *fīa*; *apo* = be quick, hurry up; *fīa* = three. According to Milner, *apo* is coined from *O le a po* which means that night is approaching (and therefore be quick!) (Milner 1993, 24); As an alternative, *apofīa* might be a shortened form of *anapofīa* = *ana* + *po* + *fīa*; *ana* = prefix for past; and *po* = night whereas *fīa* = three. Thus, this would accord with the meaning "three nights ago."

10. *Asoaso*, many days, continually. *Asoaso le vaoia*. The prohibition has been continually made.

Derivation: *Asoaso* = *aso* + *aso* which as a duplicate indicates an intensified situation; *aso* = day; i am speculating this alternative deconstruction for *aso*. *Aso* = *a* + *so 'o*; *a* = future prefix; *so* was shortened from *so 'o* which means often, frequently, connected. *Asoaso*, as day-intensified suggests ongoing into future time versus *aso* which seems more like going into the future.

11. *Le 'imai*. long since.

Derivation: *Le 'imai* = *le 'i* + *mai*; *le 'i* = not for past time; *mai* = to spring from, to come from. *Le 'imai* refers to something or a situation that hasn't happened (again) in awhile.

12. *anamua*, formerly, in past days, or generations.

Derivation: *Anamua* = *ana* + *mua*; *ana* = prefix for past time; *mua* = first, arrive first, precede. *Anamua* refers to the long ago past or genesis.

13. *Faisoo*, continually.

Derivation: *Faiso* 'o = *fai* + *so* 'o; *fai* = to do; *so* 'o = often, frequently. *Faiso* 'o usually refers to a bad habit or excess.

14. *afea*? When? [future]

Derivation: *Afea* = *a* + *fea*; *a* = future prefix; *fea* = where (future). Again, the space-time consciousness of Samonana is revealed in that literally future-where is future-when.

15. *ina*, when [of time]. *'Ua ou fefe, ina o vaai i le afi*. I was afraid when I saw the fire.

Derivation: *Ina* is in its most basic form.

16. *A*, when [of future time], *A sau o ia, ta'u mai*. When he comes, tell me.

Derivation: *A* is in its most basic form.

17. *Talu*, since. *Talu ananafî ua ua*. It has rained since yesterday.

Derivation: *Talu* is in its most basic form.

18. *Manu*, while. *"Ia outou saili ia Ieova, manu o mafai ona maua o ia."* Seek ye Jehovah, while he may be found.

Derivation: i am suggesting that possibly *manu* = *manu* + *ua*; *manu* = to emerge, come to the surface; *ua* = present tense. Hence, to emerge or come to the surface, presently. In this way, while.

19. *I e lua*, the day after tomorrow.

Derivation: *I* = particle denoting position in space or time; *e lua* = two.

20. *Vave*, quickly.

Derivation: *Vave* is generally recognized as already being in its most basic form.

However, i am offering an alternative deconstruction based on my assumption that the

sense of space and time tend intertwine in the Samoana consciousness, which is manifested in the language. Accordingly, i am adding the additional meaning of time to *va/vaa*. Moreover, please note that i interchange *va* and *vaa*. i suspect the correct form is *vaa*, but sometimes it is shortened to *va* when referenced particularly to time. It follows that, in the practical and actual of usage *vaaveve* or *vaave'u*, the urgent nature necessitated the compacted form *vave*. *Vave* = *va/vaa* + *veve* or *ve'u*; *va/vaa* = space in between, interval, time; *veve* = to be numerous of men and animals; *ve'u* = to grow in great numbers, to increase greatly, of men and animals.

21. *E le pine*, it will not be long [before].

Derivation: *E* = implied future; *le* = negative; *pine* = to be a long time (John Mayer 2002, personal communication).

22. *E faavavau, faavavau lava*, for ever and ever.

Derivation: *E* = implied future; *fa'avavau* = *fa'a* + *va/vaa* + *vau*; *fa'avavau* = perpetual, lasting, the distant past, olden times; *fa'a* = stative (or causative?); *va/vaa* = space, time; *vau* = to be grieved at heart, to pound or bruise a person; *lava* = to be enough, complete. *Vau* is recognised by some to be in its most basic form, but i am breaking it down further to *vau* = *va/vaa* + *ua*; *va/vaa* = space, time; *ua* = present tense. In addition, i am also further deconstructing *lava* as *la* + *va/vaa*; *la* = particle of emphasis; *va/vaa* = space, time. Thus, my understanding of *e fa'avavau fa'avavau lava* is an ongoing intense state of or causing something to always be until completion. i am speculating that *vavau* is comparable to infinity, as *vavau* to days of old or future times. i think the sense of *vavau* combined with *lava* signifies something like a heartbreak that is so complete that it always is, remains intensely so in time.

23. *Toe*, again; *toe fai*, do it again.

Derivation: *Toe* = again, remain over, the last; *fai* = to do.

24. *Po*, by night. *E alu po le malaga*. The journey will be taken by night.

Derivation: *Po* = night.

25. *Fa'aitula*, by day, by daylight, after dawn.

Derivation: *Fa'aitula* = *fa'a* + *itu* + *la* or *fa'a* + *i* + *tu* + *la*; *fa'a* = characteristic of; *itu* = side, kind; *i* = particle denoting space, time; *la* = sun. *Fa'aitula* is characteristic of the standing of the sun.

26. *Fa'aafiafi*, in the evening.

Derivation: *Fa'aafiafi* = *fa'a* + *aafiafi* or *fa'a* + *afi* + *afi*; *fa'a* = characteristic of; *aafiafi* is evening; *afi* duplicated denotes an intensified state; *afi* = fire, light. Thus, *fa'aafiafi* is characteristic of the evening, a time of fires for lighting purposes.

From the aforementioned linguistic work-out of time conscious word derivations, we find connotations that lend insight to the teeming, bustling and vibrant Samoana universe. Pre-contact Sammies were avid sky-watchers. In time terms like *tafa o ata* meaning “dawn” and *lafoia ata o le aafiafi* meaning “shadows of evening cast,” we can see through the word *ata* (images, picture, reflection) that the Sammie sky was akin to live television. Clouds quickly gathering a brand new morning was noted as was the position and characteristics of the sun. Brilliant-fiery colors that lit up the sky was one way the word *aafiafi* (evening) was derived. Sammies tuned in at various times for their favorite viewing. Sky-time (space time) ordered, directed, and colored their realities and we learn of this Sammie time consciousness through the language. In the next section, we will delve into Samoana’s intricate, witty and sophisticated A and O categories for possessive pronouns.

Samoana's A & O Possessive Categories

Pre-contact Polynesian societies are often depicted as purely communal and therefore portrayed as having difficulty grasping conceptions of private property and possession. However, the structure of the possessive pronouns and the particular nuances attached to what has been termed the A and the O class of words, suggests they have a highly developed, albeit different, notion of ownership, in relation to people and things.

We will briefly consider the Maaori language, a first cousin of Samoana, and note the general divisions between the “A” and “O” possessive categories (this will allow us to somewhat understand the A and O in general). Because i am attempting to argue that Time is a means of ordering one's reality, and because i believe an examination of Samoana reality is inherent in a linguistic study, this major facet of the language should reveal a glimpse of Samoana's time consciousness.

A & O Categories (Maaori)

According to K Rapata Wiri, a native speaker of the Maaori language, as well as professor of Maaori history, language and culture at the University of Hawai'i at Manoa, the A & O categories for possessive pronouns are one of the more complicated and most disputed aspects of Polynesian languages (Wiri 2002, personal communication). However, the A & O categories are so frequently utilised there is no getting around or leaving them alone. Correct usage of the A & O categories often distinguishes the “native” speaker from the acquired student. Even if the rules are not always “cut, dry, super-specific”, the native ear recognizes the pronoun usage intuitively. The following list constitutes the customarily accepted guideline in applying the A & O possessive pronouns of the Maaori language (Wiri 2002, personal communication).

WhakaMaaori A & O

Note: taku/toku means my, mine

A Category

Moveable property & objects: eg, taku pene (pen), taku pukapuka (book)

Food: eg, taku kai (food), taku aporo (apple)

Animals: eg, taku kuri (dog), taku manu (bird). An exception in this category is the horse, because it is a means of transport and would therefore be in the “O” Category.

Actions: eg, taku mahi (work or job), taku korero (speech)

Oral Traditions: eg, tana waiata (his/her song)

Junior generation: eg, taku tamaiti (child), taku mokopuna (grandchild)

Husband/Wife: eg, taku wahine (wife or woman), taku tane (husband or man)

O Category

Large items of property: eg, toku kainga (home, village, settlement), toku whare (house/building).

Water: eg, toku wai (water)

Transport: eg, toku motoka (car), toku hoiho (horse)

Parts of the body: eg, toku ringa (arm, hand), toku taringa (ear)

Features of ID: eg, toku ingoa (name), toku iwi (tribe)

Senior or same generation: eg, toku koroua (grandfather), toku papa (dad), toku hoa (friend)

Emotions: eg, toku aroha (compassion, love)

Landmarks: eg, toku maunga (mountain), toku awa (river)

Samoan A and O Categories

Samoana is alive! Her history, culture, and language is fluid, dynamic, and is constantly being re-created her by people. Indubitably, Samoana is colored with an abundance of memories that sketch the messy business of life. In spite of that, there is

still a tremendous sense of orderliness and organization within the Samoana universe.

From this cause, it should be understood that the rules for the A and O categories of Samoana are not as crystal-clear and rigid (as their Maaori counterparts), in terms of absolute categorization. This is because the A and O categories of Samoana tend to define the relationship between the object and possessor rather than a discrete category of ownership. For this reason, words may often be either A or O depending on the relationship. For example, the word *ata* (picture) may be an O category word if it is someone's image (*lo'u ata*, my image). But the same word may be an A category if *ata* is used to refer to the actual portrait or picture printed on paper that belongs to someone (John Mayer 2002, personal communication).

Continuing, "native speakers", as stated earlier, tend to possess an intuitive-know. Pratt, while considered one of the best sources of Samoana linguistics, still, is not the final arbitrar on Samoan speech. The right of adjudication would most likely belong to the distinguished orators of Samoana—those well versed in the techniques, creative potential and perfect usage of the language. The advantage of Pratt, however, stems from the written nature of his compilations versus the orally communicated knowledge of the experts. As an incidental note, Samoans might perhaps consider adopting a reading/writing culture...a means of bequeathing Samoa's *sa'ilimalo*—"ultimate victory" (ie, beat the grave)— strategies beyond the grave.

As an example of the intuitive-know of the Samoan people, Vita Tanielu, a Samoan chief and instructor of Samoan Language and Culture at the University of Hawai'i Manoa, proposes the criteria of closeness/significance to distinguish between the two categories. For instance, my "eye" is *lo'u mata* (O category), whereas the act of my "seeing" is *la'u va'ai* (A category). The eye, being closer (near proximity), receives O. Another example, which demonstrates the principle of significance, is *lo'u to'alua* (my significant other or spouse) versus *la'u ava* (my wife) or *la'u tane* (my husband). Both indicate the same relationship in English (Vita Tanielu 2002, personal communication).

However, in Samoan, the *lo 'u to 'alua* intimates a much more significant relationship that is no longer one of human choice (ie, what God has put together...). This kind of relationship would have been introduced by the Christian missionaries. Nonetheless, the Samoan consciousness attributed to *'alua* to the O category by reason of its permanent disposition. However, the *la 'u ava* and *la 'u tane* imply an indeterminate and uncertain affinity that has its roots in old Samoa in the relative ease with which “marital” relations could be entered into or terminated (John Mayer 2002, personal communication).

Having observed this, i would like to suggest time consciousness is at work here. Nonetheless, i also do not negate other plausible explanations that bear upon A versus O categories; for example, sound aesthetics—Samoana, after all, is highly oral. Notwithstanding, the primary focus of this discussion centers on time consciousness particular to Samoan language and culture—and this will be the principal arena of analysis.

In the A category, we find ephemeral, unstable, and temporary possession; the O category demonstrates, in contrast, the long-lasting, stable, and permanent. This is especially illustrated in the concept of one’s child versus, say, a brother or sister. The word for (my/your) baby is *la 'u/lau pepe* (A category). In contrast, the adjectival pronoun for (my/your) brother/sister of the same gender is *lo 'u/lou uso* (O category). Both are very close and very significant relationships—one cannot imagine that a child would be any more/less significant than a sibling, at least from a Samoan perspective. However, being a “baby” is a temporary state (or should be). We are meant to grow up. But the sibling-state is forever. This holds true for the parent as well (also afforded the O distinction). Once a father, always a father; once a mother, always a mother. Although Tolkein tells us Time is that “thing all things devours,” there are some “things” beyond the clutches of Time. These would tend to be assigned to the O category.

To complicate matters further, A and O differentiations exist for parents referring to their children. The mother (or others who speak to the mother of the child) utilize(s) the A category vocabulary (eg, *la 'u tama*—my child, *la 'u tama tane*—my son, *la 'u tama teine*—my daughter). Conversely, when a father (or others who speak to the father of the child) speak(s) of his child, he adopts O category speech (eg, *lo 'u atali 'i*—my son, *lo 'u afafine*—my daughter). A chief's male or female child(ren) would be referred to as *alo*, using the O category (however, as noted earlier, even a *matai* would self-abase and not use this honorific when referring to his person and relations).

When we look at the time consciousness facet, we may speculate that the father's side assures a sense of permanence and prosperity for the future. Chiefly titles tend to pass from father to son (John Mayer 2002, personal communication). The *atali 'i* (in *lo 'u atali 'i*) is perhaps from *ata* (picture or reflections) and *ali 'i* (lord, chief). Thus, blending the two would render the “the picture or reflection of the chief.” According to Aumua Mata'itusi, it was (and remains) the hope of Samoan families that their son become a *matai* or a chief; in other words, the *atali 'i* is the family's hope for attaining chiefly titles (Aumua Mata'itusi 2001, personal communication). The son's connection to the father's title is therefore very strong and considered the ancestral link. The mother's connection, however, is generally that of someone from an outside village. Her relationship to the husband's village is more temporal (John Mayer 2002, personal communication). The father's clan, combined with the mother's, increases the likelihood and probability of gaining titles...through connections, support, increased prestige, wealth, etc.

Insofar as the daughter is concerned, the prefix *a-* (characteristic of) added to *fafine* (woman)...the girl-child is the future hope for a “woman.” Women have the biological burden and privilege of bearing and raising the potential chief or more future women. Daughters and sisters are treasured in Samoan family circles.

As was mentioned earlier, siblings are in the O category. A special relationship exists between the Samoan brother and sister—the *feagaiga*. In this, brothers defer to

their sisters, especially the elder sisters. When married, the brother expects his wife to do likewise. Sisters, in turn, are the major supporters of their brothers. Brothers rival each other for the titles within the family connections/history/genealogy. Ultimately however, the success of a chief relies on the staunch and unconditional support of his sister(s).

A & O Categories

The following categories of A and O are taken from Pratt (1977, 36). We can see from the categorization below that there are similarities with the Maaori examples listed earlier.

A Category

Conduct, customs, or manners: *lana amio*, his conduct; *la latou masani*, their custom; *'o le tu lea a le nu'u*, that is the custom of the place.

Language, words, or speech: *'o le gagana a Kanana*, the language of Canaan; *'o le afioga a le Atua*, the Word of God.

Property: except for garments in use.

Servants, animals, etc: *lana tavini*, her domestic servant; *lana ta'ifau*, his dog.

Food of every kind, including water.

Weapons, tools, utensils, etc: clubs (*uatogi*), knives, swords, bows (*aufana*), cups (*ipu*), etc. (Except for spears, axes, and *'oso*—sticks or spades used for planting taro— use *o*).

Work: Except for *faiva*, fishing, which takes the O.

O Category

Parts of the body: *Fofoga o le ali'i* [honorific]. The exception is the beard (*'ava*) for one who is not a chief: *lau 'ava* (A Category). The beard for a chief would be *lona* or *lou soesa* (O Category).

Mind and emotions: *'O le toasa o le ali'i*—The wrath of a chief.

Larger items of property: (houses and their respective sections, canoes, land, country, trees, and plantations). For example, *lona maumaga*: his plantation (of taro).

People, relations, slaves: as *'o ona tagata*, his people; *'O le faletua o le ali'i*. The chief's wife; *lona atali'i*, his son; *lona tama*, his father, etc.

Garments, if in use: as in *ona 'ofu*. Not used when the items are referred to as property, riches, things laid up in store.

A and O Category Words

Some words take either A or O—*manatu*, “a thought”; *taofi*, “an opinion.” Usually the meaning is altered by using A or O respectively, as *'o le upu o le ola*, the word of life, means, the word about the life; but *'o le upu a le tagata* means “the man's word (which he speaks)”; *'o lana matemate* is “his contrivance”; *'o le matemate o le ola* is “the plan or method of salvation”; *'o se tali a Matautu* is “an answer given by Matautu”; *'o se tali o Matautu* is “an answer given to Matautu.”

Considerations

The important category, “Features of Identity,” noted in the Maaori analysis is also present in the Samoan language, although Pratt did not make this distinction. Despite the fact that Pratt has attempted to carefully provide discreet categories of A and O possession, the point must again be emphasized that Samoan culture cannot be neatly packaged. Given that identity defines one and is therefore intimately linked in its relation to the possessor, it is afforded the O category designation. The following is an example pertinent to Features of Identity.

Features of ID: *'O ai lou suafa?* (What is your name?). *'O lo'u igoa 'o Sa'ili* (My name is Sa'ili). The first example, incidentally, is in honorific form; the reply is necessarily one of self-abasement or self-disparagement—in accordance with good manners, even if one is a *tamali'i* or high chief (it is exceedingly rude in Polynesian culture to toot your own conch shell).

Again, Samoa is very fluid; nothing is set in stone. Tendencies exist, perhaps even strong tendencies, but there are little or no absolutes. Time in Samoa is dynamic

and in response, language is constantly changing. The rules of language cannot be codified because there are no “rules” of language—except the supreme rule: pay your respects, get your point across (and i’ll thank you to add style).

It could be seen that the O category tends to accentuate that which is permanent or established in the culture. The A category, in contrast, suggests momentary possession. For example, an obvious instance would be “language” (classified under the A category). The Samoan language itself testifies to the Samoan view on language; words and expressions constantly evolve and oscillate—even in meaning. Orators make a career out of exploring the hidden nuances and possibilities of the language. However, the ideas conveyed (these ideas belonging to the O category) are a permanent part of the tapestry of Samoana values and experiences. A case in point: the fact that they are a people from and of God (whether He be Tagaloa or Jesus Christ) seems immutable. The two Samoas are politically divided, and yet both press the point they are God’s especial (in fact, when some experts claim Samoans originate from Southeast Asia, East Asia, India, the Middle East, Melanesia, South America, etc, Samoans insist “nice story, but we are from God”).

Home, land, country, plantation...all suggest a sense of belonging, of where one is meant to be for all time (or at least a long time), and are thus designated with the “O.” Treating these items merely as property, however, they become A categories—these possessions are not meant to last. If we look at work (except fishing) and tools/weapons/utensils (except for plantation equipment), these fall in the A category; their use is designated for specific and special purposes. Fishing and planting are activities necessary for sustenance, an ongoing and permanent feature of Samoan life.

In the category, “People, relations”, Pratt erroneously defines *ona tagata* as “his slaves” when the correct translation is “his (or her) people” (John Mayer 2002, personal communication). One’s ancestors and people are O category because of the permanence of the relationship. One’s people--ancestors, descendants, and living histories are permanent in Samoan eyes. Throughout all of life, from way before to way beyond death,

Samoana resolutely clings to the reality that all of one's people are for all time and eternity.

In the category, "Servants, animals, etc", Pratt attributes servants to the A class. The words for servant are *auauna* and *tavini*. Moreover, servants are afforded the A category designation, because in the Samoan cultural context, servant-hood is a transient period or phase.

Returning to our very first Samoan example (that of the eye and sight), time-conscious analysis would note that the eye is (usually) a permanent feature. Even the blind have eyes. This holds for other parts of the body (eg, "nose" is *isu*; "ear" is *taliga*, etc) However, vision, hearing, smell, and taste (all senses which take the A) change in time, fluctuating according to circumstance and setting.

In reference to the previously mentioned closeness/significance delineation, there is the sense of space, in addition to time. For instance, again using "our" eye-sight, the eye is part of the person—O category, whereas, seeing is away from the person (although it is with the eyes of the person viewing)—A category. Later in this discourse, the concept of space time being in solidarity in the Samoana consciousness, as apparent through the language, will be developed. It is interesting to note that space time seems to play a role in the A and O categories as well.

Another observation on the A and O is the A designations for some offices and positions of importance within Samoan culture. This is illustrated when we consider salutations such as *lau tofa* (to an orator), *lau afioga* (to a *tamali'i* or high chief), *lau susuga* (to a teacher or minister), etc...all are given the A category, although these are all positions of great prestige and significance within Samoan culture. Samoans live and die for the chiefly title...even those who are fed up with that system! Like the proverbial expression, "*O le i'a a vai malo*," power is understood as a slippery, temporary entity. One has it for as long as one works to keep it. The dignity of the title belongs to the

family and its *matai* name. The holder of the title is allowed to share, embodies the dignity of the title (ie, *lau afioga*, *lau susuga* etc) for as long as he (or she) bears the title.

The distinction between the A and O categories for Samoana is important because it highlights Samoa's unique view of time. We have looked at how the A category denotes temporality whereas the O category denotes permanence. We have noted that the fluctuation or fluidity between the A and O for some words is defined according to the relation between the object and the possessor (John Mayer 2002, personal communication). This also demonstrates the ownership Sammies assume in their attitude towards language usage. Samoana defines her own realities! Put another way, while there is order and guidelines, Samoana is not "conveniently" boxed or sectioned into categories that define her to others. Language is a living thing, subordinate to the Sammie living histories that utilize language, aspects of language such as A and O properties to indicate, deliberate and express their experiences in time. Samoana tells her own Times and times through language...In the next section, we will inquire into another important feature of the Samoan language: oral traditions. i have selected the Manu'a oral tradition, Avaali'i ma Sa'aali'i for our discussion, as i deem this oral tradition pertinent to Samoana time consciousness.

‘Avaali’i ma Sa’aali’i

The oral traditions of Samoa was a means of encoding history or the significant moments and cultural aspects Samoans wanted to remember. In the story of ‘Avaali’i and Sa ‘aali ‘i, one brother is deceased whereas the other visits his grave. The deceased brother rises from his grave and instructs the living one on what to do. From the experiences of their encounters, the terms pertaining to the ‘ava ceremony are derived. The meanings inherent in the derived terms of this oral tradition are remarkably similar to the Christian practice of Holy Communion.

The traditional ‘ava ceremony bears a striking resemblance to Holy Communion as well. Samoan people refer to Holy Communion as *Fa’amanatuga* or “Remembrance.” Aside from the aspect that Jesus Christ was resurrected from the dead, and therefore those who believe in Him may also have life eternal, is the fundamental fact that we die. Remember that you, me, we will die...i am suggesting that from a time conscious perspective, this is the underlying theme in Holy Communion, the ‘ava ceremony and the oral tradition, “‘Avaali’i and Sa’aali’i.” Hence, the link between the three.

First, we have the Manu’a version of this oral tradition as told in the Samoan language by the illustrious orator, Aumua Mata’itusi. Then, there is the translation. In concluding this section, i provide a time analysis that link the meanings of the derived terms of this oral tradition (that the ‘ava ceremony is based on) to Holy Communion.

‘Avaali’i ma Sa’aali’i

E to’alua le fanau a Tagaloa sa ola a’e i Manu’a. O suafa o tama o ‘Avaali’i ma Sa’aali’i.

Na maluu ‘Ava’ali’i ma ua tupu a’e i lona tu’ugamau se la’au e foliga mai i se alofilima ma ni tamatama’ilima.

Na asiasi atu le uso o le ua oti i le tu'ugamau , ua ola a'e ai le la'au e pei 'o se lima o se tangata ona lala. Ona fa'a'pea lea o lana upu, "Talofa e, 'ua ola le la'au mai le a'ano o 'Avaali'i."

O lea na mafua ai le isi ignoa o le 'ava, "o le a'ano a ali'i."
'O le la'au lenei, e fe'ai ona a'a ma ona 'ata; e fefefe fo'i tangata e'eli, peita'i, o le isi aso, na eli ai e Sa'aali'i le la'au i le vaeluapo, 'ae te'i ua tau atu ona lima i alofilima o le tangata i a'a o le la'au. 'O lea na fa'a'pea ai le upu a le tama o Sa'aali'i, "Oi 'ua fetaia'i o ma lima ma si o'u uso"

Na fa'atonu e 'Avaali'i (iioe, lea na maliu) lona uso ina ia felafoa'i solo lala o le la'au, ae aua le tu'ufa'atasia 'aia e toe fepi'ita'i lava. O lea na maua ai le igoa o tatupu o le la'au, o "ava felafoa'i"

E tafa mai ata, e le'i uma ona 'eli le la'au 'ae ua saua mata o le tama i le 'ava. 'O le igoa la lea o le 'ele'ele sa ola a'e ai le la'au o Saua, ma, o 'lo'o igoa ai nei le ele'ele lea e pito i sasa'e o Manu'a ia Saua

E malama a'e le taeao 'ua toe o le lala e tasi 'olo'o totoe, ona fa'a'pea lea 'o le tama, "Ua ite le malama 'ae toe tasi le lala o totoe, ae talia ia 'o malama; 'o lea na maua ai fo'i le upu, "ua ite le malama na i Saua." 'O le ala fo'i lea na maua ai le igoa o le lala pito tele, e ta'u 'o le "latasi", ma afai e aulelei le latasi pe'a mago, ona vivi'i lea e tulafale ma fa'aigoa o le "lupesina."

Na suluia le latasi i le vevela o le la, ona va'aia loa lea o lau o le la'au, 'ua mamae ifo ona fa'a'pea lea 'o le tama, "Fa'afetai e tu fua le la'au 'ae ua gase", o le ala lea, o le igoa o isi lala lapopo'a e ta'u o "tugase."

E taofi ese'ese le atunu'u i le mea na mua'i maua mai ai le la'au o le 'ava. Ua manatu ni isi, o le ulua'i 'ava na aumai i Fiti; ma na taunu'u i Vailele i Samoa i Sisifo lea na mafua ai le igoa o le malae o le Niniva, 'ona 'ua niniva isumu i le galiga o 'ava na aumai e Sina ma lana fanau. 'A 'ua manatu ni isi, 'o le ulua'i 'ava na mua'i ola i Manu'a, ma olo'o fa'aaoga pea i le faiga o le 'ava i nei aso.

E ui ina 'ese'ese talitonuga a le atunu'u i le ulua'i 'ava i Samoa, ma le mea na maua ai, 'a 'o le mea sili ona taua, 'ia malamalama tupulaga i lona fa'aaogaina mo le aganu'u.
(Samoan Oral Tradition told by Aumua Mata'itusi. From 'O Si Manu A Ali'i.)

Translation

Tagaloa had two children growing up in Manu'a. The boys' names were 'Ava'ali'i and Sa'aali'i. 'Ava'ali'i passed away and a plant resembling palms and fingers grew by his grave.

Sa'aali'i visited his brother's grave and (indeed!) there was a plant with branches that looked like the hands of a person, growing from Ava'ali'i's grave. Then he spoke the words, ***"Aloha e, this plant is growing from the flesh of 'Ava'ali'i."***

Thus, the 'ava saying *o le a'ano a ali'i* or ***"the flesh of ali'i."***

This 'ava had wild roots and cuttings (in other words, it had not yet been cultivated.) Thus, Manu'a people were afraid to even touch it, let alone dig it up. Nevertheless, late at night, Sa'aali'i went and dug up the plant by his brother's grave. When he got to the roots, suddenly, his hands felt the palms of another person.

This might have spooked some, but not Sa'aali'i. Instead, he uttered the words, ***Oi, 'ua fetaia'i o ma lima ma si o'u uso,***—"Oh, our hands have met." (that is, my brother and I). Thus, the 'ava term *fetaia'imauso* means ***"A meeting or communion with the brethren."***

'Ava'ali'i (yes, the deceased one) instructed his brother, Sa'aali'i (the living one) to scatter or toss the newshoots of the plant about and not to place them close together. Otherwise, they would choke-cling to each other.

This is how the term *'ava felafoa'i* or ***"scattered, tossed 'ava"*** was derived.

Daybreak came and Sa'aali'i, whose eyes had contacted with 'ava, was not yet done with digging up the plant. The place where the Samoan 'ava plant is said to be indigenous to is Saua, and it is located in the easternmost part of Fitiuta, Manu'a.

When it was full daylight, there remained one part of the plant left. Thus, the boy said, *Ua ite le malama 'ae toe tasi le lala o totoe, ae talia ia o malama* or “**The light has shown that this part remains but that’s okay because it is enlightenment.**” Thus, the ‘ava term *ua ite le malama na i Saua* was derived.

By this way, also, the term for the biggest, largest part of the ‘ava plant is *latasi*, as it “stood alone.” When the *latasi* is superlative, orators will “in high praise” refer to it as *lupesina* (literally, white dove). The *latasi* (stand alone) was scorched by the heat of the sun and its leaves had dried. Thus, the boy exclaimed, “**Thanks be, it stands alone while it suffers.**”

There are different versions throughout Samoa pertaining to the origin of the ‘ava plant. Some say the ‘ava was first brought to Vaialele, Samoa via Fiji and that the *malae* (central location) Niniva (in Vaialele) came to be named such as some rats were dizzy after knawing on the ‘ava that Sina and her children had brought. Yet, others maintain that the ‘ava originated in Manu‘a and it is still being utilised in ‘ava ceremonies today.

There remain different holdings throughout Samoa as to the origin of the ‘ava plant or how it got to Samoa; what is most important, however, according to the distinguished orator Aumua Mata‘itusi, is that the younger generation of Samoana understand the cultural meaning, practice and value traditions of the ‘ava.

Time Analysis

Samoans kept their history through their oral traditions. These traditions also serve as the base for cultural practices—there are usually several oral traditions accounting for a given practice or incident. The aforementioned history was the Manu‘a version concerning the origins of the ‘ava ceremony. Samoans will, in general, concede to the kingdom of Manu‘a as being the genesis of Samoa, so whatever Manu‘a spells out, Samoa follows, no matter how fantastic.

It is interesting to note that this oral tradition bears a striking resemblance to the Christian practice of Holy Communion (*Fa'amanatuga*: Remembrance). The terms derived from this oral tradition appear to correlate with the symbolism in Holy Communion. For instance, *O le a'aano a Ali'i* means “the flesh of Ali'i” or “the flesh of the Lord”, akin to the body of Christ. The term *fetaia imauso*, which denotes the meeting of the chiefs, literally means, “encounter with the bretheren” or “communion with the bretheren.” And then there is the word *lupesina*, literally, “white dove.” This word, coincidentally, links again to the Christian religion and especially the Communion. At the circumcision of Christ, in accordance with Mosaic Law, his parents presented two turtledoves. At this occasion, they received the prophecy of Simeon, the first foreshadowing of his eventual death (Luke 2:21-39). In addition, *latasi*, the biggest part of the 'ava, means “to stand alone,” while the *tugase* “suffers while standing.” Loneliness and suffering characterized Christ's experience, culminating in the famous cry, “My God, my God! Why hast thou forsaken me?” The *tugase* suffers from the scorching of the sun, to the point where its leaves are withering, yet it stands. When the dried and crushed 'ava is mixed with water, it is termed *agatonu*—the direct, right, or exact way. From this broken body, mixed with water, comes righteousness, the Way. From the broken body, the blood and water, of Christ comes forth the righteous Lamb of God. Even the word 'ava itself can mean both food and drink—body and blood?

The religious imagery permeating the two ceremonies is also striking. According to Aumua Mata'itusi, the 'ava ceremony in the days of old was a solemn practice, with the same degree of reverence afforded to the Holy Communion. Nowadays, unfortunately, people are more boisterous and less serious, almost to the point of frivolity (Aumua Mata'itusi, for example, advises against certain prevelant practices, such as running with the 'ava cup, jumping about, tossing items, etc.). In any event, both traditions commemorate the death of a brotherly figure: Ava'ali'i, brother of Sa'ali'i and son of Tagaloa (a god); Christ, brother of man and son of God. In the ancient 'ava

ceremony, each chief would (before receiving the cup) say a prayer honoring his god; similarly, in Christianity, the Communion is often accompanied by the praise of the Christ. The theme of resurrection is also present in both stories. Ava‘ali‘i returns from the grave, giving instructions on the scattering of the ‘ava; Christ is raised from the dead and gives his disciples the Great Commission—the scattering of Christianity. Finally, there is the phrase, “*Ua ite le malama ‘ae toe tasi le lala o totoe, ae talia ia o malama...*” The light has shown that this part remains, but that’s okay because it is enlightenment.” The Enlightenment here might be parallel to the Enlightenment of the disciples following Christ’s resurrection, when His mission at last became clear.

These are only a few of the parallels between the Manu‘a version of the ‘ava origins. The comparisons, however, are quite astounding. Perhaps the traditions were modified to conform to Christianity; Samoan traditions are very dynamic and often change with circumstances. Still, the complex linguistic nuances (such as ‘ava terms) are usually quite ingrained and could not be so easily erased or altered. In addition, many Samoana traditions describe pre-Christian practices, never altered to harmonize history with Christianity (Nafanua, the war goddess, for instance, has survived, and is included in Samoan geneologies despite the evident contradiction with Christianity). Why should the ‘ava ceremony be any different? Furthermore, this analysis might explain why Christianity was so readily embraced in Samoa. If we assume that Christianity modified these cultural traditions, we have no conceivable explanation of...why? All we can assume, then, is that Europeans effectively enforced their propaganda with guns and diseases ...but this doesn’t reveal why Samoans would continue to embrace these concepts after they had guns, immunity and independence. However, if aspects of Christianity were already ingrained in the cultural fabric of Samoana, the solution becomes apparent...because Samoana is the religion for which Samoa lives and dies. Put another way, *Samoana*, as an “invented church” is secure in the faith and trust that she has the Ultimate Victory of beating time.

Don't Worry--Be happy

YHWH Irae...G-d of salvation

lead us not unto damnation

for wisdom proclaims the universal principle

the blood of the Lamb did flow

to save the repentant, sinner-soul

Worthy-One evermore as spotless snow

throughout eternity radiant celestial-glow

Great Hand that did part the Red Sea

rest assured, peace secured,

cradles me...

Additional views on the possible time significance of Avaali'i and Sa'aali'i are incorporated into the following discussion on space time.

Space Time

In this section, i am applying a cross-fertilized interpretation to Samoana space-time. More specifically, i am cross-breeding academic and artistic approaches in creating and re-creating a particular (or peculiar?) understanding of Samoana's *va* or *vaa*. i primarily employ the dictionary definitions provided by both Pratt (1977) and Milner (1993). However, the glossal deconstructions (or reconstructions) were conceived in my Samoan-Hawaiian consciousness.

Continuing, my reconstructions are based only on the written representations of the words. Therefore, long vowels and glottal stops are used creatively. i dispense with using the macron over the vowel for the long (or heavy) sound. Instead, i merely add an additional vowel. For example, *vaa* is the *vaa* that both Pratt and Milner define as "space between" and not *vaa* as in *va 'a* that refers to a boat, ship, vessel, or craft.

In addition, i interchange *va* and *vaa*, purporting here that they are essentially the same, when the matter pertains to time. Furthermore, as in the other parts of this discussion, i have assumed the liberty of adding the meaning "time" to *va* or *vaa*. i play with time and the Samoan language the way Samoan people play checkers, hopscotch, *lape*, *pagi*, *suipi*, cricket, oral traditions, *fagogo*, and all the games of life. While my approach might seem exceptionally odd for some, including the Samoana-some, i kindly remind the reader that Samoana colors reality with fantastic truths and fabulous imaginings!

According to Pratt, there is no word in the Samoan language for the abstract idea of time—although the English variation of time, *taimi*, is being adapted to and utilised by Samoans, especially in cricket (Pratt 1977, 140). Perhaps there is not a single word that encompasses European and American notions of time, but there are time-oriented or time-conscious words and concepts central to understanding Samoan language, culture, history and consciousness.

In particular, time and space seem interconnected in the language. It is as if one validates or gives meaning to the other. In this section, i am suggesting that time is what confers significance to and validates space. Given this, space-time is reasonably a Samoan understanding or concept of time. In the following discussion, we will assess space-time in the treatment of the words *fea*, *taeao*, *va*—especially *a-va*—and finally, the Samoana *i*.

Fea means “where” and *fea* is also the base for “when.” In other words, linguistically, where is the base of when. ‘*O fea Sa ‘ili?* “Where is Sa‘ili?” Milner provides the example, “ ‘*O le tino lenei, a ‘o fea le agaga?*...This is the body, but where is the spirit?” (Milner 1993, 62). Through the prefixes *a* and *ana*, one is referring to the past or present from a given space in time. When combined with the where base *fea*, *a-fea* and *ana-fea* are future time and past time, respectively, but literally they constitute future-where and past-where. ‘*O afea e sau ai Sa ‘ili?* “When will Sa‘ili come?” ‘*O anafea na taunu ‘u mai ai Sa ‘ili?* “When did Sa‘ili arrive?”

Another space-time example stems from Samoa’s timing indicator, *taeao*. *Taeao* is discussed at length in another section of this discourse. For our purposes here, *taeao* (literally, collect, gather cloud, day) is defined in one sense as “a momentous occasion or happening usually in reference to a location.” For instance, *Taeao nai Saua* is the momentous occasion that occurred in Saua, the easternmost part of Fitiuta, Manu‘a. As Saua, it is just the place, the space of Saua. However, as *Taeao nai Saua*, it was when such and such exceedingly important event occurred in that space. Accordingly, it is the aspect of time, the what-when that happened that assigns significance to the where.

As previously mentioned, *va* is defined by both Pratt and Milner as “space between.” i would like to suggest that the additional meaning of *va* = time, a meaning that has often been overlooked. In Samoan, *va* means space or the space between. In the Maaori language, *waa* is akin to the Samoan *va-vaa* in that it also means space. Nonetheless, *waa*, can also mean “time” (Rapata Wiri 2002, personal communication).

Other Polynesian languages, such as Hawaiian Tahitian, Rarotongan, Tuamotuan, and Nieuean, define *va-vaa* or *waa* as “time” (John Mayer 2002, personal communication).

In a similar vein, the Samoan word for “hurry, quick” is *vave*. In pure linguistics, *vave* is in its most basic form. Notwithstanding, i am deconstructing *vave* as *vave* = *vaa* + *veve* or *ve’u*. *Va* means “space, space between” and *ve’u* or *veve*, “large quantities (of things).” (As an example of the *ve*-stem, *vela* is the word for “cooked,” whereas *vevela* means “hot”...*ve*, *veve* is “lots of ” and *la* is “sun.” Hence, lots of heat (sun) is the state that constitutes being cooked or hot!) Together, *vave* is an interval of space with a large quantity of things. Hurry or *vave* is when *ve* is compacting *va*.

Another example, *leva* (with *le* denoting the article “the”) is literally “the space and/or time.” Before we proceed, it would be prudent to note that *leva* is a morpheme that i have further deconstructed. *Leva* as an adjective means “long (in reference to time)” and as a verb it is “to be long since.” Moreover, *leva* does not mean long space, rather, it is long time. However, *leva* can mean “a long space of time.” *Vaiaso*, meaning “week” is the “space of time or the period between days.” *Vaimasina* is the “period of time between the old and new moons” otherwise known as months. *Vaitausaga* is the “time between two seasons.”

Spacious is *vateatea*, *vauliuli* with *tea* occurring in compounds when something is “of the white or pale variety” and *uli* is for “dark, black.” Thus, literally, *va-teatea* is “white-white space” and *va-uliuli* is “black-black space.” Interestingly, spacious is also *ateatea* or *auliuli*. *A* means “when” and *a* is also a “sign of the future tense.”..**when** something is overcome with whiteness or blackness, it is spacious.

Another *va*-word whose time consciousness might not be so obvious is *ava*. *Ava* means “to respect or honour.” Literally, *ava* is *a* + *va*. As i am tuning into time consciousness of *ava*, i am designating *a* to denote “future time” and *va* to mean, “space time.” Therefore, *ava* is to correlate respect, honor with future space-time. This is the

classic admonition to be kind and respectful— “the ass you kick today might be the one you have to kiss tomorrow.”

Samoans are very keen when it comes to *teu le va* or “keep as in to foster, nurture, cultivate the space between (us).” *Vafeagai* is “relations or a covenant between persons as in parents and children, the husband-wife bond, brother-sister *feagaiga*, etc.”

Vafealoa 'i is the “rules of behavior or etiquette.” The social *va* or the space-time of proper relations is fundamental to Samoan culture. Honorifics, self-abasement, and to a certain extent, oratory, are major components of the Samoan language. Samoans regard each other as cultured or uncouth on the basis of knowledge and skill in the delivery of honorifics and oratory. Incidentally, one is also highly esteemed if educated in the “western” sense.

An additional illustration of *teu le va* is drawn from the Bible, where a Pharisee questioned Jesus about the greatest commandment. When confronted with the question, “What is the greatest commandment in the Law?” Jesus replied, “Love the Lord your G-d with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind. This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: Love your neighbor as yourself. All the Law and the Prophets hang on these two commandments (Matthew 22: 34-40).” In a similar instance, the *tamali* 'i of Samoa inquired of Jesus the same question, in a different format. They asked him to (*fa'amolemole*: please) explain the “more abundantly” (in time) mystery (John 10:10). As a native speaker of Samoana, Jesus banged the secret to Good Times in three with *teu le va* (same question—how to live life, same answer).

Aivava or “(literally!) eating space-time” (as *va* is duplicated) is to “commit fornication while professing to be a virgin.” i interpret this to suggest the seducer who “eats up time” with lies. It is more acceptable to openly be the playground legend...the greater offense of *aivava* is the waste of time.

Ava can also mean “food and/or drink.” *Aivale* is “to eat improper articles of food or to eat up all the food and leaving none for visitors or to eat plantation yields

wastefully.” *Aiava* usually refers to a boozier, but from a time-language outlook, it could be someone who eats their self-respect, consuming their space-time. Eating or drinking should be conducted with regard to the future; one should not eat as if there were no tomorrow.

i have already discussed *ava* as in beard and *ava* as in wife in the A & O category earlier. Briefly, *ava* as beard is the common form. Thus, the subject is untitled and likely a young man. If this were an older, untitled man, one would employ *soesa* when referring to his beard, out of respect for age. It is unacceptable to refer to a chief’s beard as *ava*...his is *soesa*. However, a chief or anyone will self-abase and refer to their own in the common form, *ava*, in this instance. The *ava* wife suggests a knot that hasn’t been tied for too long...only time will tell if she is the real thang and then accorded the *to’alua* or *faletua* status. Nonetheless, any woman married to a chief, even recently, is referred to as a *faletua*. Thus, this situation is more about status than time (John Mayer 2002, personal communication). At any rate, as service is generally the path to authority, the *ava*-beard and *ava*-wife imply the young, the yet to be proven in time.

Through the ‘*ava* ceremony, Samoan chiefs and constituents practice *teu le va* (again, keeping proper relations). If a visiting village calls and the host village does not honor the guests with an ‘*ava* ceremony, host-guest relations will sour, as the host side has clearly communicated that the guests are not important enough for ‘*ava* time (Vita Tanielu 2002, personal communication).

The ‘*ava* ceremony is also beauty in time. On one side of the oval formation sit the *palu’ava*, *sui’ava*, *tafau*, *tufa’ava* and the *tautu’ava*. The remaining members of this sphere are comprised of the *tulafale* (orators), *tamali’i* (high chiefs), and other honored guests (Aumua Mata’itusi 2002, personal communication).

The *palu’ava* is usually the *taupou* or ceremonial virgin. She is a young maiden who is educated in Samoana traditions, usually the daughter of the highest chief, the village prima donna. During the ‘*ava* ceremony, she prepares the ‘*ava* for the chiefs and

honored guests. To her right is the *sui'ava* who adds water to the dried 'ava. Behind her is the handsome *tafau* who catches the *fau* when the *palu'ava* tosses it. He shakes out the 'ava grains and very skilfully “cracks” the *fau* as he thrashes out the remaining grains. The *fa'asoa'ava* is usually a son of one of the orator's of the hosting village. He is likely someone who is an aspiring orator demonstrating potential speaking talents. He listens closely to the ceremonial speeches and must also deliver one in designating the 'ava. The *tautu'ava* delivers the 'ava cup, according to protocol and the dictation of the *fa'asoa'ava* (Aumua Mata'itusi 2001, personal communication).

The *palu'ava*, *sui'ava*, *tafau*, *tufa'ava* and *tautu'ava* play very important roles during the 'ava ceremony. They are young and in the prime of physical beauty. They are training and becoming well-versed in the time-honored traditions of Samoana. They are the privileged offspring of power and status (Aumua Mata'itusi 2002, personal communication).

The *tulafale* and *tamali'i* are the beautiful in time. They are experienced *matai* who are exceedingly witty, clever, and knowledgeable in ceremonial speech delivery, negotiations, Samoana politics, the Samoan psyche etc. Their beauty is accorded with power and prestige. They are the pride of their people. The young have outward beauty, the old, inward beauty that develops in time (Aumua Mata'itusi 2002, personal communication).

As mentioned earlier, the most popular oral tradition concerning the origin of the Samoan 'ava plant and the 'ava ceremony is based on the Manu'a version. From this angle of 'ava, i would like to suggest that the brothers Ava'ali'i and Sa'aali'i represent death and life, respectively. By going to his brother's grave, Sa'aali'i seeks the meaning and purpose of life by confronting death. In particular, there is the midnight visit: *vaeluapo* or *valuapo*—(*vae*: “division”) *va*: “space-time” + *e*: the article before a numeral + *lua*: “two” + *po*: “night.” He goes in the thick of the night, in the darkest hour. To the living, death is that dark or white unknown—like vast space where nothing can be known

or seen. Knowing that the grave is the inevitable end of time for all of us, how should we live? What is the significance of life? How do we order reality? Moreover, how do we get past the grave, beat time? Hence, the importance of *sa 'ilimalo*, the final and ultimate victory: immortality.

i am speculating *sa 'ili*, which means “to seek, search, and inquire into the profound” is a derivation of *Sa'aali'i*. To wit, *sa 'ili* and *Sa'aali'i* are characteristically the same in that they pertain to inquiring natures, particularly, into the meaning of life and the mystery of time. In addition, *sa 'ili* and *va 'ili* (*va 'ili*: thorough search of a certain area) are remarkably close in meaning. It might be too far of a stretch to suppose that *va 'ili* is some derivation of *Ava'ali'i*. Perhaps, from a Samoan perspective, life and death are brothers, as are *Ava'ali'i* and *Sa'aali'i*. The inevitable fact that we die gives meaning to life and orders reality in time. Consequently, rather than being strictly bi-polar in meaning, death/life, *Avaali'i/Sa'aali'i* are conceivably, Time...and times. Both life and death are defined by and in time.

On the other hand, it could also be that somewhere in the Samoana psyche, the end-death, is unacceptable. The *'ava* ceremony is especially for chiefs, not the untitled commoners, unless they are somehow exceptional. The *matai* titles signify living histories in that they are imbued with the prestigious histories of their predecessors, as well as their present greatness. In this way, time continues. Chief titles have a beginning, but they must not suffer an end.

Next, there is *vasa*, the word for ocean, open sea. In pure linguistics, *vasa* is a morpheme; however, for this portion, i've decided to deconstruct it further. *Vasa* is *va* + *sa* with *va* = space, time; *sa* = sacred, forbidden. In the combination of *va* and *sa*, the ocean is sacred, forbidden space time. Perhaps in the Samoan consciousness, space-time or *va* is like the breadth, the vastness of the ocean.

Moving along, Samoana as *Sa-moana* is “deep sea.” *Sa* means “sacred, forbidden” and *moana* means “deep sea.” The ocean or open sea, *vasa*, is “sacred space

time.” *Sa-moana* is “sacred deep sea.” *Vasa* and *Samoana* imply that the breadth and depth of the ocean or seas is space that is sacred, forbidden in time...the way life and death might be sacred, forbidden notions of time.

In another way, *Samoana* as *Samoana-na* means “Samoan-ness.” Moreover, *Samoana* as *Sa-moa-na*; *sa* = sacred, forbidden; *moa* = centre; or *moa* = *mauli* = realness. The *na* here may be interpreted as -ness in the sense of repeated history.

In the *Sa-mauli* poem that follows the *Samoana lauga* at the beginning of this work, i suggest a definition of Samoan identity in i is we, i is me, i is *mauli*. Utilizing geometrical metaphors of time, i is we is more spiral time, i is me is linear time, and i is *mauli* is cyclical, eternal or infiniti. Geometrical metaphors is a fancy term that merely denotes beeline sketches representing time.

Spiral time of i is we stems from a sense of going into a future that returns to the past and going into that past to emerge into the future, yet being all the meanwhile, as being is consciousness. Drawing from another time example to better illustrate this point is my interpretation of the biblical sabbath (i am specifically referring to the sabbath instituted in Genesis and kept by the Israelites in the desert for forty years—the Jews of today might have a similar or different time consciousness of the sabbath). For now, i am employing this model, rather than Samoa’s *taeao*, because it is likely more familiar to the reader (while the reader might be well-acquainted with the biblical sabbath, perhaps not in the sense purported here). Nonetheless, both sabbath-keeping and *taeao*, to a certain extent, parallel each other in terms of the experience of time. Both are discussed more in-depth later.

In Genesis, G-d created the world (and all that therein be) in six days and rested on the seventh. The seventh day or sabbath commemorates G-d’s Creatorship. The Israelites centred their lives on the sabbath and counted time as evening and morning, which constituted a day towards sabbath. The Israelites gathered manna for six days, receiving a double portion on the sixth day (Exodus 16). Thus, it was 6 to sabbath-5 to

sabbath-4 to sabbath-3 to sabbath-2 to sabbath, preparation day, then sabbath, the day of rest, the time set apart to honor the G-d who created all things. In this way, it implies that sabbath-keepers move into the future, to come to the past, to emerge from the past to go into the future, all the meanwhile being. This is what i refer to as spiral time in that it implements some characteristics of both cyclic and linearity, forming a spiral as it moves in time. Likewise, Samoana's i is we are a people who live their past and future histories in the present (New International Version).

i is me suggests linearity in that i have a beginning at birth and an end at death. That is, if death is an acceptable end. If it is not, then, i-me spirals. i'm not inclined to think of i-me as merely a straight line travelling continuously towards indefiniteness. It must have some constant reference from which to proceed. Samoana, while inventive, is also purposeful, not aimless.

At any rate, the i-me is the living, breathing me that other living, breathing people see. Some may say that this i is me is real because it is "actual." The physical evidence substantiates the realness of me. Samoana seems to suggest that i is me is real in one sense, but not as real in another. It is a me that "appears" for others in fundamental matters like *teu le va* (proper relations), my *tofi* (appointment in life), and such. Conceivably, it could be surmised that while one may play a role to keep the peace, nonetheless, one's appointment or career seems unique enough to be really me. A mission in life might render the sense of purpose and meaning to one's existence, but who you really are, is how you really think and feel independent of socially constructed values.

Herein is *mauli*. Like *mauri* in the Maaori language, it means "life force" (Rapata Wiri 2002, personal communication). According to Aumua Mata'itusi, *mauli* is "the real-you" (Aumua Mata'itusi 2001, personal communication). Pratt (1977) and Milner (1993) define *mauli* as the "seat of emotions." Milner akins *mauli* to *moa* as being localized in the solar plexus or middle. From this viewpoint, *mauli* is the inner-core of one's being...*mauli* as the seat of emotions is what one, in reality, the reality of one's

imagination in our universes within us, really thinks and feels. *Mauli* is our most intimate selves, the real-one that those nearest and dearest to us, know. *Mauli* is eternal and is perhaps what other societies refer to as the soul. As infiniti, *mauli* is like the cycle that always is.

For this section, we have surveyed several aspects of Samoana's space time relationship rooted in language. We looked at *-fea*, in which where is the base of when. Then, we briefly considered *taeao* from a particular viewpoint in which time gives significance to space. An especially creative "taboo!" approach was rendered to the deconstructions of the morphemes *vave* and *leva*. From this standpoint, *vave* (hurry, quick!) is ascertained to be quantity (of things) compacting on an interval of space. Moreover, *leva* is to be long (in space) of time.

A look at *va* takes into account the link between spaciousness and future time. More specifically, this link is established in the words: *vateatea*; *vauliuli*; *ateatea*; *auliuli*. Essentially, these four words all mean spaciousness. From this premise, i reasoned that: $va = \text{space} = a = \text{future time, when}$.

Next, i interpreted *ava* according to the deconstruction $ava = a + va$; $a = \text{future}$; $va = \text{space time}$. Based on this, i correlated the various "picture" meanings of *ava* and accorded them a time consciousness to discover an ordering of Samoana reality in time. First, there is *ava* meaning "respect" as it particularly pertains to *teu le va*. Then, we looked at *ava* as food and drink, necessities or elements of sustenance. Continuing, we considered *ava* as beard and *ava* as wife in the probationary period. Here, future thinking might influence present actions depending on aspirations. The 'ava ceremony setting portrays beauty in time. The outward physical beauty of the young, who are in attendance to the greater inner beauties that come with time. Then, i suggested that Ava'ali'i/Sa'aali'i might represent life and death.

Moving along, *vasa* and various deconstructions of Samoana were assessed in terms of life and death being something sacred in the ocean-space of time. From this

also, Samoana identity was derived and considered and illustrated in spatial representations (geometrical metaphors) of time.

Samoana is like the sacred ocean, or views life and death as sacrosanct in the ocean of time. Samoana is realness. Samoana is the living presence of her past and future times. Samoana defines her own and as such is bigger than life, if not, life eternal itself....*mai le vavau, ma ia o'o i le fa'avavau, fa'avavau lava*...Next, we will move onwards to another sacred time-based outlook of Samoana, the biblical sabbath, according to the interpretation i have chosen to render space time.

Spiral Time in the Biblical Sabbath

It may seem as if this section is out of place, out of context for Samoana time and language studies. However, the Tutuila i grew up in was thoroughly Christianized. i was forever reading different versions of Samoan and English Bibles, comparing their meanings, similarities and differences. Right along with other Samoan children, i faithfully attended church and religious classes. i even went to convent school. Children were/are thoroughly churched and bibles in Samoa. i would surmise that my generation (born in the decade of the 1960s), raised in Tutuila throughout the 1970s and 1980s are better versed with the Holy Bible and themes of Christianity than the Sammie oral traditions, proverbial expressions, and ceremonial speechmaking.

In Epeli Hau'ofa's "Pasts Remembered," he speculates Polynesian notions of time. He mentions features of circular time (based on ecology) and linear time (based on genealogy) and wonders about the combination of cyclical and linearity to formulate a more spiral-like feature of time (Hau'ofa 2000, 465). i wondered too.

In thinking about what might be Polynesian spiral time, i drew from my non-traditional Sammie experiences, such as the Holy Bible. i am inclined towards biblical studies as a tradition of Samoana, although it might not be regarded as traditional. It is not uncommon to come across Samoans who actually believe that G-d is Samoan as Christianity is naturally Samoan or was destined to be a major part of Samoana.

i have chosen to interpret the biblical sabbath as a time concept. Furthermore, i drew my notion of spiral time from the biblical sabbath. In this orientation, one moves onwards in time (future) only to come back to the sabbath (past), yet is always in the now (present). In time discussions with my son, Daniel, i learned about his former religion teacher, Pastor Skip Johnson's own biblical studies. Based on my years of biblical studies nurtured in Samoa, i immediately recognized that Pastor Skip was a thorough Bible scholar.

Of Samoa's six national *taeao* (*Taeao nai Saua, Samana, Namo, Mataniu Feagaimaleata, Faleu ma Utuagiagi, Malaeola ma Gafoaga*), the latter three constitute the introduction of Christianity to Samoaana. More specifically, these religious institutions were the Congregational, Methodist, and Catholic denominations. These are Sunday-keeping churches, but if Samoaana continues the Christian tradition and intense biblical studies, the seventh *taeao* might be times that center on the biblical sabbath. For the record, i am a sabbath-keeping agnostic!

The ancient Hebrew theology centered around the special relationship existing between G-d² and His Chosen. In the Old Testament, an elaborate system of rituals and ceremonies surrounded the covenant between the two. Pastor Johnson has studied the Bible and constructed a series of time cycles centering on the biblical sabbath. These cycles also revolved around the number seven, a mystical symbol of perfection. The model he provides may be an indication of the nature of spiral time itself—a series of complex cycles moving ever-forward only to return to itself; centered on a single origin and common cycle, but rising from that origin and cycle to embrace quasi-linear time. These constructions further develop the sabbath time patterns examined later.

At the center of this spiral stands the biblical sabbath, the “seventh day” expressly consecrated by G-d. Just as He had chosen His especial people, He also ordained His especial day. A commemoration of the Creation, it reaffirmed the power of the One who had led them out of Egypt. Rest was also a key facet of the sabbath; when human labor reached the perfect number of seven, the cycle was to begin anew. The Ten Commandments (or, more specifically, the Third or Fourth Commandment—the sabbath

²In Judaism, observation of the third commandment (Exodus 20:7) requires that one not pronounce the name of the Deity. Therefore, the “o” has been removed, according to Jewish custom. Although i did not consult what every rabbi had to say about the Sabbath, i decided to respect this custom...especially as i am writing about a particularly Jewish time theme.

Commandment) outline the basic principles of sabbathkeeping, with particular emphasis on the cessation of labor. Rejuvenation was the culmination of this cycle.

The second spiral is composed of the seven annual sabbaths of Leviticus 23. The Passover, the Feast of Unleavened Bread, the Feast of the Firstfruits, the Pentecost, Feast of Trumpets, Day of Atonement, and the Feast of the Tabernacles—these were the annual sabbaths established at Sinai. They served, not only as a time for festivity (except perhaps, for solemn occasions, like Day of Atonement or Yom Kippur), but also as a means of renewing extended family ties and solidifying national identity through mutual worship.

The third spiral is the seven-year land rest. In Leviticus, G-d commands a land rest every seven years. During this time, the Israelites were not to “reap what grows of itself or harvest the grapes of your untended vines...Whatever the land yields during the sabbath year will be food for you...Whatever the land produces may be eaten.” (Leviticus 25:6,7). This was a time for G-d to make his provisions, reminding the Israelites of the One in control of events.

The fourth spiral also rested on a seven-year cycle. Every seven years, Hebrew debt slaves were to be released from their obligations and allowed to return into society (Exodus 21:2). This ensured that no particular family could be perpetually bound, but also guaranteed that debtors repaid their debts. The single exception to the seven-year contract was the Jubilee, when any and all slaves were released, for on that sabbath, the Israelites were to “proclaim liberty throughout all the land” (Leviticus 25:10).

The fifth spiral is based on a 50 year cycle, with a 49-year interval (seven land sabbaths). This was the Jubilee year. Leviticus 25:8-54 details the celebration of this sabbath. During the Jubilee, all property (rural real estate) reverted to the ancestral line to which it was originally allotted. In this way, the society ensured that all had an opportunity to own land at least once in a lifetime. All slaves were to be released from their debts, regardless of service terms, during this special year. The final component of

the Jubilee celebration was the land rest, where—as with other land sabbaths—the fields were to remain fallow and the farmer’s animals were to rest. In order to sustain them throughout the Jubilee, G-d promised to give forth a bounty the preceding year.

The sixth spiral is based in part on Christian mysticism. In Daniel 9:24, 25, “seventy weeks” are ordained between the decree to rebuild Jerusalem and the coming of the Anointed One. Using the logic of Ezekiel 4:4-6 (where the prophet substitutes a day for every year), the calculation of the seventy weeks is about 490 years. The decree to restore Jerusalem was issued circa 457 BC. The baptism of Christ (c. 26-27) occurred approximately 483 years later³. In the middle of the final “week”, this interpretation continues, “he shall cause sacrifice and offering to cease.” Three and a half years following the baptism, Christ was crucified (c. 31-32). The remainder of this week would then signify the three and a half year period during which the Gospel was primarily given to the Jewish people (Acts 1:4), in recognition of their status as the chosen people. At the end of this “week”, the deacon Stephen was stoned (c. 34) and Christianity henceforth became a primarily Gentile religion. Of course, this is a strictly Christian perspective; Jewish alternatives might range from the Babylonian captivity (70 years) to other events in the nation’s history (eg, the fall of Jerusalem in CE 70, the return to Israel in 1948, etc.). I hesitate, however, to impose any such constructions concerning a highly sensitive cultural issue—especially on such a volatile part of the world.

With a system so fixiated on seven, it seems rather odd that there is no apparent seventh spiral. However, in searching for the seventh spiral, there is a general indication that it would probably manifest some sort of completion or fulfillment—the end cycle to end all cycles. Thus, millenialist Christian thought has associated the seventh spiral with the Second Coming or a similar apocalyptic event; Judaism might offer the coming of the

³According to Daniel’s prophecy, sixty-nine weeks (483 years) were to be “cut off” from the seventy.

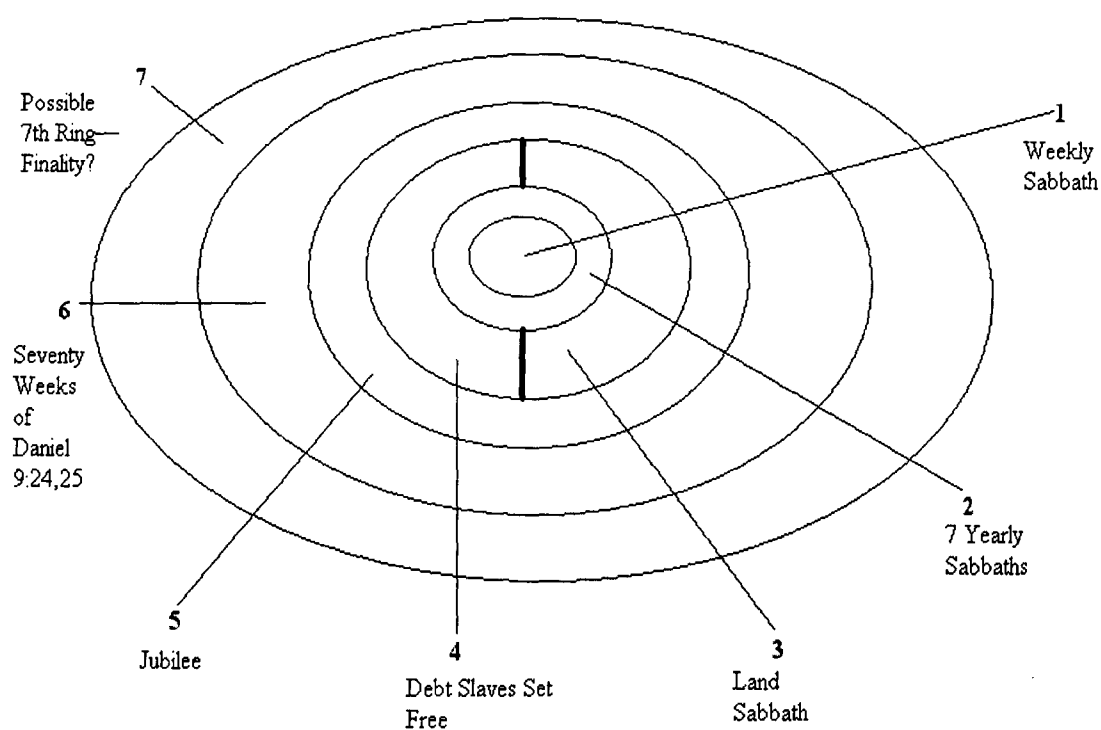
Messiah as the “fulfillment” of the sabbath cycle, accompanied by the building of the Third Temple and the final gathering of all Jews in Israel.

Another possibility returns to ancient Hebrew society for an explanation. The culminating cycle of the ever-increasing cycles of biblical Israel would most likely have been the death of the high priest. Numbers 35:25-32 outlines specific regulations for the administration of criminal procedures. In this complex legal code, sanctuary was offered to those who committed manslaughter (Numbers 35:22- 26) as a protection from the avenger of blood (a designated relative who would punish any who harmed his clan). Should the accused leave the sanctuary, the avenger of blood could immediately strike. However, upon the death of the high priest, the sins of those within the “cities of refuge” would be atoned and they would be free to go. According to this view, the death of the high priest redeemed even the criminal, as the Jubilee redeems the slave. The nation then began anew...one sabbath at a time.

Reiterating, we examined time cycles that center on the biblical sabbath. The first spiral consisted of a weekly sabbath. The second cycle entailed the seven annual sabbaths. Then there was the sabbath rest for land which occurred every seven years. Fourth, there was the seven year cycle where slaves were freed from indenture. Fifth was the Jubilee, based on forty-nine year intervals. At this time, land was returned to its original proprietors. The sixth and seventh spirals are subject to various interpretations, a few of which were presented. I have included a diagram to illustrate the time cycles centering on the sabbath.

In the next section, we will briefly treat Polynesian time.

Time Cycles Centering on the Sabbath



1. Weekly sabbath
2. Seven yearly sabbaths
3. Land sabbath
4. Debt slaves set free
5. Jubilee
6. Seventy weeks of Daniel 9:24, 25
7. Possible seventh ring—finality?

Polynesian Time

In her book, *Native Land and Foreign Desires*, Lilikala Kame‘eleihiwa states that in Hawaiian, the past is *ka wa mamua* meaning “the time in front, or before.” In contrast, the future is *ka wa mahope* or “the time that comes after, or behind.” Kame‘eleihiwa explains that it is as if the Hawaiian stands firmly in the present, with eyes fixed to the past, which is in front. Thus, his back is to the unknown future, while he seeks the past to manage the present (Kame‘eleihiwa 1992, 22-23).

Hau‘ofa supports this position, by stating that this linguistic construction illustrates an understanding based on ecological or cyclical time, as opposed to teleological time and linearity. Moreover, he points out that in the Tongan and Fijian languages, the terminology for past and future support the Hawaiian perception of time. For example, in the Tongan language, the past is referred to as *kuonga mu‘a* which also means “[time in] front or ahead.” In Fijian, the term for past is *gauna i liu* translated as “[time in] front or ahead.” Both the Tongan *kuonga* and the Fijian *gauna* are words to indicate “a time, age, or era”; the *mua* and the *liu* mean “front or ahead.” Languages from two parts of the Polynesian homeland, unsurprisingly, concur with the Hawaiian perception of time; variations in Polynesian languages are often more dialectical than linguistic (Hau‘ofa 2000, 459-460).

Moving onward to definitions of future. In Tongan, future is *kaha‘u* which literally means, “(which) will come” or “coming (of time), next, future.” The perception is that the future is coming, or will come next. The Fijian phrase for future, *gauna e muri*; *muri* = after, following, behind, later; thus, the future is behind. Both Tongan and Fijian conception concur with the Hawaiian understanding of future (Churchward 1959, 659; Hazlewood 1979, 212).

The third part of the Polynesian homeland, Samoa, also concurs, but digresses to another dimension. Past in Samoan is *aso anamua* which i will deconstruct as follows.

Derivation: *aso* = day, date, time; *ana* = prefix to denote time past; *mua* = first or ahead (Vita Tanielu 1999, personal communication).

The Samoan past is likewise a time that is in front. The divergence in time perception begins with the future. The designated terms for future are *aso mulimuli*, *amuli* and *lumana'i*.

Derivation: *mulimuli* = *muli* + *muli*; *mulimuli* = follow or done afterwards, last; *muli* = follow, rear, the butt end of something.

Derivation: *amuli* = *a* + *muli*; *amuli* = afterlife, in the last days; *a* = prefix for later, after, or last; *muli* = follow, rear, the butt end of something.

Derivation: *lumana'i* = *luma* + *na'i*; *lumana'i* = future; *luma* = front or further in front when the macron is placed over the *a* of *luma*; *na'i* = suffix for -ness (Vita Tanielu 1999, personal communication).

Language	Past	Breakdown/Meaning	Time Perception
Hawaiian	<i>ka wa mamua</i>	the time in front or before	The past is ahead or in front
Fijian	<i>gauna e i liu</i>	gauna: time, age, era. liu: front, ahead	The past is ahead or in front
Tongan	<i>kuonga mu'a</i>	kuonga: time, age, era. mu'a: front, ahead	The past is ahead or in front
Samoan	<i>aso anamua</i>	aso: day(s), date, supplied, according to daily rota, party, celebration, during, at the time of. ana: prefix to denote something past. mua: be first, arrive first, go before or precede.	The past are those days which passed before, first, or ahead, or a duration of time that precedes.

Language	Future	Breakdown/Meaning	Time Perception
Hawaiian	<i>ka wa mahope</i>	the time which comes after or behind	The future is behind
Fijian	<i>gauna e muri</i>	muri: after, following, behind, later	The future is following, after
Tongan	<i>kaha'u</i>	(lit.) (which) will come; coming (of time) next, future.	The future is/ will coming/ came, next.
Samoan	<i>aso mulimuli</i>	mulimuli: follow or done afterwards.	The future are these days which follow, come afterwards, or a duration of time that succeeds.
	<i>amuli</i>	a: prefix to denote later. muli: to follow, be last, the rear bottom or butt end of a thing, the haunch of a pig when divided according to custom. i.e. the part in between the loin and the leg.	Last, or end, Days. Note: usually in the Bible to denote Armageddon.
	<i>lumana'i</i>	front. na'i: suffix for -ness	the days in front or further in front.

Therefore, the Samoan future consists of days or a time that follow, come afterwards, come last, but are also in front and further in front. And very in front. Here the past is in front, and the future is in front, following the past, and yet further in front. From the Samoan perspective, it makes perfect sense. From a occidental understanding, this might be a confusing configuration.

In reference to time, there are correspondingly two fundamentals that are absolutely essential qualities in a *matai* (chief). They are *tofa mamao* and *fa'autaga loloto*. These are qualities of shrewdness, foresight, and searching wisdom. *Tofa mamao* is to “see beyond the hills, beyond the mountains, into the near and far future.” *Fa'autaga loloto* is “to have extensive knowledge in Samoana history and culture; be adept in the art of statesmanship (being able to skilfully negotiate terms in a social system that is intensely political)” (Faleomavaega 1995, 73, 74; Vita Tanielu 1999, personal communication). These are qualities that combine a keen awareness of the past and future in the present.

Continuing along Kame‘eleihiwa’s reasoning, it is as if the Samoan stands firmly in the present, with both the past and the future before him. *Mua* is “the past or first” is and *mulimuli* is “future or following.” All are in front of him. Thus, Samoans keep all of history in view, and take from any point(s) in time to orientate or comprehend the present, as well as steer the course of the future.

History is active, connected, purposeful, and alive. History is meant to be used as needed. History is who we are and how we do things. History is who we were, who we are, and who we will be. Through history, Samoans know how to deal with life. Our history is our invented church in which we believe. And those who try to substitute their church for ours are condemning us as a people, by erasing everything we are.

To understand the rituals of this invented church, we shall move onwards to Samoa’s timing indicator, the *taeao*. *Taeao* brings the past into the present, brings the future to the now, and makes us living histories. *Taeao* are our historical past mornings, any morning, this morning, and tomorrow, as in the near and far future. *Taeao* is both magical and ordinary; here, monumental occurrences brimming with metaphysics can be easily shifted to an everyday marketplace scene. *Taeao* is highly fluid and versatile. Any given conversation could be loaded with *taeao*, moving through all phases of time and meanings, ranging from the profound to the commonplace. And only by paying close attention to the message can one decipher which *taeao* is being referred to.

Subsequently, it is unjust and ludicrous to tell our histories through a compartmentalised vision, when we Oceanians, possessing so much ocean and so little land, have histories immersed under the spell of the free flowing, constantly moving ocean—being highly regular, highly irregular, predictable, yet unpredictable. The ocean is vast, very deep, mysterious, mesmerizing, dramatic, soothing, furious, full of life.....and death. Our histories are baptised beneath the hypnotic ocean, which is sometimes far removed from the more tangible characteristics of the continentals.

Taeao

Taeao as an “auspicious occasion” embodies the metaphysical realm. These events are characteristically associated with prophecies, divinations, omens, signs and such. The important, memorable taeaos comprise past history. Auspicious *taeao*, on the other hand, mark or foretell future history (Vita Tanielu 1999, personal communication).

Mata‘itusi further explains that traditionally only royalty or high dignitaries had “historical” *taeao* in pre-Christian Samoa (for the rest of us commoners, our *taeao* were our birthdays). i am making this time distinction of “pre-Christian” because Samoans make that differentiation in the taeao section of ceremonial speeches, or *lauga*. The *taeao* of *Tala Lelei*, or Good News, on the advent of Christianity in Samoa, will be addressed later.

To continue with the royalty, these were they who possessed dual natures; they were part-human, part-supernatural (the supernatural aspect was usually diabolic). Thus, in the ancient taeaos, metaphysical conditions abound (Aumua Mata‘itusi 2002, personal communication). Simanu-Klutz elaborates that *taeao* in oratory is a special moment in history that is memorialized. It is a historical moment, when something bizarre or unique happened. It was a time when the gods intermingled with mortals. Thus, part-human, and primarily demonic, beings prevailed. Typically these instances effected (or were meant to effect) social change (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication). *Taeao* is a metaphor for history (Duranti 1981, 90:372).

The word *taeao* can be analyzed through its component meanings. *Taeao* is from *tae* + *ao*. *Tae* means “pick up, gather; collect.” *Ao* means “gather; collect; day; daylight; cloud; head; title of importance throughout Samoa; head of shark divided according to custom (Milner 1993: 21,224).

Together, *tae* and *ao* form *taeao*. my son, Daniel, provided the additional insight that *taeao* appears to mean “major collection”; “gathering the day”; “gathering daylight (solar panels?)”; “gathering clouds (dreamcatchers? precipitation?)”; “gathering

importance (or titles of)”; “collecting shark heads (decapitating lawyers?)” (Daniel Lee 1999, personal communication).

Taeao is often referred to as “tomorrow.” However, “tomorrow” is also *ataeao* with *a* indicating future time and *taeao* specifying “morning.” It could also be *ata e ao*; *ata* = shadow, reflection or picture; *e* = preposition by; *ao* = day, cloud, to collect, gather. Together, *taeao* could mean the “picture of day” or “is a reflection of clouds gathering,” as someone referring to *taeao* is referring to future time.

Taeao, according to Milner, means “ morning, early morning; important, memorable, or auspicious occasion (Samoan legends and history recall a number of important or memorable occasions or ‘mornings’, which are often mentioned in speeches when it is thought auspicious and appropriate to do so, and are referred to by the name of the *malaefono* or place where the event occurred)” (Milner 1993, 224).

An example of *taeao* as an important occasion is the *Taeao* at *Gagamoe*, on April 17, 1900, which marked the United States’ control of Tutuila (the beautiful Pago Pago harbor being their main objective), which now comprises the main part of (American) eastern Samoa. *Gagamoe* is Mauga’s, or the high chief’s, domain in Pago Pago (Salamasina Steffany 1999, personal communication).

Another *taeao* supplied by Tatupu Fa’afetai Mata’afa Tu’i is the *Taeao* at Ma’auga and Nu’uausala, the *malaefono* (central location for meetings) of Leulumoega village, ‘Upolu, and the residents of Tuia’ana, respectively. This is the occasion when Salamasina, who was the first to acquire Samoa’s four most esteemed titles, *Tuiatua*, *Tuia’ana*, *Gato’aitele*, and *Vaetamasoali’i*, was made *Tupu o Samoa*. At the same event Leulumoega Village bestowed upon Tutuila the title of the *House of Ten*, thus dividing Tutuila into ten counties (Tu’i 1987, 12).

Taeao is an essential part of the *lauga* (ceremonial speech). The *lauga* and its vocabulary of respect is Samoa’s hallmark of fame (Sahlins 1958, 37). In the *lauga*, and its specialised vocabulary, the spoken word (commensurate with the written word, eg

Holy Bible, Koran, and Torah) was the means of honoring deities and the collective *mamalu* (dignity, prestige) of each other. A *lauga* is not considered a *lauga*, and is most insulting, if it neglects to acknowledge the *mamalu* of the living histories gathered together for whatever important occasion. That is why *lauga* never drive straight to the point and leave it there (Tavita Tanielu 1999, personal communication). Moreover, Simanu-Klutz states that at the instance of *lauga*, ***the past and future become the present*** (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication).

A *lauga* has anywhere from three to eight sections, but usually four to six parts is the going. However, the *lauga* plan (or outline) really depends on the occasion and the personal style of the orator. The order of sections in the *lauga* varies, but typically the *Tuvaoga*, or *Folamua* (introduction) begins the *lauga*, whereas *Fa'amatifa o le Lagi*, or “clearing the sky” as a metaphor for wishing blessings and good fortune to all parties—and parting on good terms—serves as the conclusion. The agenda of the day, or *'Autu o le aso*, is an obvious must. Another significant component is the *Pa'ia o le Aofia*, or acknowledging the dignity and sacredness of the *matai* (chief) titles represented. For weddings, funerals, welcomes, and title investitures, the *Faia* segment, which entails relationships by marriage, alliance, historical appointment, and such, are critical. In other words, this is the “A knew B, and together begot C,” section. These relationships link the past to the present, and the living gathered together for this wedding or that funeral, and so forth, represent the links (Vita Tanielu 1999, personal communication).

Now that the *lauga* layout has been treated, we will continue our delving into the *taeao*. There are countless *taeao*, such as local, legendary, lust-for-blood (warfare and oppression), landmark, and the six national *taeao*.

Fa'alupega or “ceremonial style and address of person or group, traditionally associated with a certain area” (Milner 1993, 116) tend to be local *taeao*, as the *fa'alupega* (ceremonial address) is usually about the historical founding of a place with a list of local “Who’s who.” The ceremonial address must be completely accurate

(according to the “preferred” versions of the audience) or listeners will become indignant...in the least. Over time, other distinguished locals are added to regional *taeas* (Vita Tanielu 1999, personal communication).

The *Taeao* at Malaeolemu, in Tula village of Tutuila commemorates when the legendary woman Futa completed weaving Samoa’s first fine mat in Fagasa (Forbidden Bay) also in Tutuila. Fine mats are considered “Samoan gold” or exchange medium in this system of reciprocity. In addition, legendary *taeao* tend to be loaded with proverbial expressions. *Taeao* at the tide, for example, recites the promise between two legendary brothers, Saveasi‘uleo and Ulufanuasese‘e (Tu‘i 1987, 10-12).

According to the story, Saveasi‘uleo (Samoan Hades, or god of the underworld) was born a blood clot, and in alignment with custom, was thrown into the sea. There Saveasi‘uleo brewed in anger as a half-eel, half-human. His parents continued having children, but every time one would go to the ocean, they mysteriously disappeared. Due to this, the parents decided to move inland.

There, they bore Ulufanuasese‘e, who grew up as a mountain surfer (hence his name: *Ulu* = head; *fanua* = land; *sese‘e* = slippery, slide, surf). One day, Ulufanuasese‘e told his parents he was going to collect salt water for cooking. They gave permission, but warned him about the disappearance of his siblings. While there, he did what came naturally: surfing. As he was surfing, he felt something at his back. He turned to see a giant eel with its mouth wide open, ready to devour him. He managed to dodge the sea monster and maneuvered his way to shore. At that point, he realised it was his blood-clot brother. Ulufanuasese‘e fiercely declared that he never wished to see the bloody monster again.

They agreed to the conditions that one would go east, the other west, and they would not ever meet again face to face. Instead, they would reunite through their children. This episode originated the maxim, “*Ua feiloa ‘i i i ‘u gafa ‘ae le ‘o ulu o gafa,*” “They meet at the tail of the pedigree rather than at the head,” (Tavita Tanielu 1999,

personal communication; Tu‘i 1987, 11-12) (see also the earlier section on Proverbial Expressions, Number 430).

Moreover, as factionalism and petty rivalries were common features of pre-Christian Samoa, there are many *taeao* of *toto masa‘a*, or “spilling of blood” in warfare. Unfortunately, a great number of these bloody *taeao* have been erased, as a consequence of Samoa’s acceptance of Christianity. Furthermore, we are divided on the acknowledgement of certain past unpleasanties, such as the *taeao* that depict the 300-400 years when Samoa was occupied, enslaved, and colonised by Tonga.

In a culture where pride and reputation are so important to the living histories, certain pasts are camouflaged, covered up, or just erased in denial. However, while they may have eluded the presently accepted/modified *taeao*, they creep up in other parts of the culture—like a *mavaega* (farewell speech)—in whose configuration reeks of a former *taeao*. How could three to four *centuries* of slavery just have “gone with the wind” and not qualify for at least one of the bloody *taeao*?

In the Tulatala *mavaega*, it tells about the Tongan king, who ruled Samoa and his narrow escape from the fierce pursuit of the legendary Tuna and Fata. He made his way to a rock in Upolu at the end of Mulifanua where he delivered a famous speech (perhaps this is the suspiciously missing *Taeao nai* [at] *Mulifanua*). In his parting words (starting out as blah, blah, blah) Samoa’s singular interest, focuses on the beginnings of the *Malietoa* line, commemorating our Samoa-Tonga association. *Malietoa*, being a paramount title, was obviously too big a deal to entirely erase, however unforgivable the memories. The rest of the speech has conveniently vanished (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication).

There are six landmark *taeao* that are generally recognised throughout the entire Samoa archipelago. In other words, from Fitiuta, Manu‘a (the easternmost part of Samoa) to Falealupo, Savai‘i (the westernmost), only six of all the landmark *taeao* qualify for the *taeaousu* category. These national *taeao* can be divided into the pre-Christian

and the Gospel *taeao*. The ancient history three are: *Taeao nai Saua*; *Taeao nai Samana*; and *Taeao nai Gamo* (also spelled Namo). The Gospel Trinity are: *Taeao nai Mataniu Feagaimaleata*; *Taeao nai Faleu ma Utuagiagi*; and *Taeao nai Malaeola ma Gafoaga*. (Note: *Taeao nai Gagamoe*, the US control *taeao*, is not nationally recognised in Samoa, as some Samoans are adamantly opposed to the division of Samoa by some foreign intruder, though our own divisions are acceptable). A neglect to mention the national *taeao* disgraces the orator and all the people he represents (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication). And to avoid disgrace, we shall proceed onwards to *taeaousu*.

Taeaousu

Taeao nai Saua

Saua is a beach near Fitiuta, the easternmost part of Tau, Manu'a. This *taeao* marks the first 'ava ceremony in Samoa between King Pava and King Tagaloalemana. It happened that Pava's son (as children often do) was incessantly interrupting, and was even playing with the *tanoa* ('ava bowl). Tagaloa kept insisting to Pava that he chase the boy away from the *tanoa*. Pava ignored. Finally, Tagaloa just "lost it" and sliced the boy in two with a coconut rib (yes, an actual dismemberment, not a mere scratch). Now Pava, like any dad, was shocked and outraged. But Tagaloa quickly remedied the situation by rejoining the boy, and Pava's son was alive and well again (probably obedient, too). The significance of this event centres on unity. The *va feiloa'i* or "relationship, proper relations", is crucial. Although we have divisions and disunity (symbolised in the dismemberment of the boy), such as occurred in the binary opposition between Pava and Tagaloa, Samoan people must work towards unity. That unity is represented in the boy that was made whole again (Aumua Mata'itusi and Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication).

Taeao nai Samana.

This event takes place in Samana, a site in Satupa'itea, Savai'i. There are several versions of this *taeao*, but it is usually referred to as *Taeao na ta'avavale ai ulu po 'o* or "the morning the skulls came rolling." The popular version recounts a morning when Salevao's son or daughter threw a tantrum and would not stop bawling. All the people were baffled as there was mass singing, dancing, and various attempts made to console the child, but to no avail (Samoan culture frowns upon children being cry-babies, even though it's the most normal thing for kids to do, and so this was a really big deal). Then, Salevao's shaman caused human skulls to emerge from the ground and roll and tumble about, which tickled the kid, and stopped his/her crying (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication).

Make what you want of this, but my leaping guess is that only the collective heads of the past can console the crying pangs of Samoa's children who are the present and future generations; people need to cling to and believe in something greater than themselves. In Samoa, this would be the entire past and the entire future, that one is conscious of in the present. In other words, without a past, there is neither a present nor a future to live by and for. So in Samoa, having baggage, or a past history, is comforting, because one can borrow from the collective experiences of the past to guide the present and future. Old is good.

Taeao nai Gamo (also spelled Namo).

The exact site of this *taeao* is unknown. It could be Gamo in Manu'a, or at a site in Solosolo village in Upolu, and some even assert a location in Poloa, Tutuila. Obviously, there are numerous versions to this *taeao*. Its status as a national *taeao* is also disputed. The two most popular versions seem to be the following.

First, an incident involving Samoa's legendary conjoined (Siamese) twins, Tilafaiga[†] and Taema. These two were part-human and mostly devil. One morning, these two she-devils were swimming about. After all the strenuous, synchronized exercise, they had worked up a ravenous appetite. So they came ashore and ordered the people to give them food. At the time, the village chiefs were having a *fono* (council in session). They looked over and saw this wacky display—two joined females demanding food! The sight was so hilarious, that the chiefs broke out in uproarious laughter. The hungry she-devils were vexed. In retaliation, they pursued and ate the locals (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication). The moral of this taeao is: Do not laugh at the peculiarities of others, and never deny or deprive another food, unless *you* do not mind being dinner. In other words, better to overshare than be eaten (This version is from Gamo in Solosolo, Upolu).

The account from Gamo in Manu'a is another in the series of the Pava and Tagaloa adventures. This is when the tables turned, and Pava, who previously was overpowered by Tagaloa, gained the upper hand. The story goes that Tagaloa was inquiring about food in the after-celebration of the 'ava (Aumua Mata'itusi 1999, personal communication). Tagaloa's question was most pertinent and pressing. Food is an important component of Samoan culture.

And then he was amazed, when all of a sudden, a bounty of fishes came ashore, and all the crops blossomed into full harvest before his eyes (Aumua Mata'itusi 1999, personal communication). Pava's newly acquired powers over agricultural productivity and yields, was nothing short of an astounding miracle. As far as Tagaloa was concerned, Pava was now the greater god. Pava could control food supply, whereas Tagaloa could only resurrect people. After all, what is life's meaning without food? In collaboration

[†]Tilafaiga is the wife and niece of Saveasi'uileo, who was previously mentioned as the brother of Ulufanuasese'e (the father of Tilafaiga). One version has it that Tilafaiga's father was angry that his brother lusted after her. Just goes to show even devils have morals.

with my son, Daniel, we deduced that the significance of this *taeao* is the underlying theme that he who has the food (ie supply needs, enhance the quality of life etc) makes the rules (Daniel Lee 1999, personal communication). Now, we move on to the Good News or *Tala Lelei taeao*.

Taeao nai Mataniu Feagaimaleata

Mataniu Feagaimaleata is located in Sapapali'i, Savai'i. In 1830, the missionaries John Williams and Charles Barff brought the London Missionary Society Church (now known as the Samoan Christian Congregational Church) to the shores of Samoa (at this site). It happened that they showed up when this part of Samoa was taking a respite from her ongoing civil wars. Coincidentally, Fauea, who accompanied the crew, was a Samoan who converted to Christianity church in Tonga. He was aware of Samoa's situation at the time and knew they (the missionaries) would safely land at this locale (a previous European contact with Samoans in Tutuila, around 1787, resulted in the massacre of about the French men. Then, there were the incessant bloodbaths within Samoa, stemming from civil wars, which steered away the Europeans) (Mataio Fiamalua 1999, personal communication).

Malietoa[†] Vainu'upo, who was paramount chief at the time, recalled a *taeao* prophesy that was given to his ancestor, another Malietoa, by the Samoan goddess of war, Nafanua[§]. Nafanua, who was extremely controlling and manipulative, managed to accumulate all the dignity and prestige of the chieftain titles. She carved up all of Samoana. Chiefs sought her for support in their wars, and to be endowed with kingdoms. Many years ago, some ancestor Malietoa went to Nafanua for a kingdom, but she had already allotted the domains. Thus, she told him to "wait for a reply (omen) from the heavens." The descendent Malietoa (years later), in assessing the situation with the

[†]This is the same chieftan title that reflects the overthrow of Tonga's oppression.

[§]Saveasi'uleo, half-eel, half-human, and Tilafaiga (one of the Siamese twins), part human, mostly devil, were the parents of Nafanua, goddess of war. Nafanua takes after her mom, as part-woman and primarily diabolic.

missionary ships, took the gospel message to be a fulfilment of Nafanua's prophecy. The supernatural aspect of the gospel, such as Jesus Christ's resurrection, qualified Christianity for a *taeao*; needless to mention that the Old Testament bears a striking resemblance to pre-Christian Samoa (e.g. enslavement by Tonga, the Samoan Egypt; intense internal conflicts; the lack of idols and icons; circumcision and the cultural aversion to the uncircumcised; high spirituality; prophecies; strict taboos; the belief that we are God's chosen—we are the by-product of heaven, made in His Samoan image, and so forth). In other words, Nafanua gave the "divination" *taeao* to ancestor Malietoa, but descendant Malietoa, the living possessor of the collective *mamalu* translated the spiritual message to mean the realization of his prophecy, given that he was Malietoa. Thus, Malietoa, Vainu'upo did not distinguish past and present, because in his understanding, he was also the former Malietoa. This was his personal message from heaven, as foretold by Nafanua. His promised kingdom was to be obtained through Christianity. (Mataio Fiamalua 1999, personal communication). When you are in power, logic is yours!

Christianity was easily incorporated into Samoana via Malietoa, Vainu'upo's acceptance. A new religion begot a new name, and Malietoa, Vainu'upo became Malietoa, Vainu'upo Tavita (David). In addition *papalagi* or "burst of heaven," coinciding with the prophetic message, is the term for Europeans or white people. It should be clarified that Samoans never mistook Europeans for gods. Instead, the gospel brought by the Europeans was accepted as a message from God (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication).

What is the significance of this *taeao*? First, it is the *taeao* of the significant one, wherein that one accepted and there was mass (but not complete) conversion. Second, the level of Christianity in Samoa today is so profound that one could say, without stretching the truth too far, that to be Samoan is to be Christian. Third, the Christian Congregational Church of Samoa dominates all the other denominations throughout the entire Samoa archipelago. Fourth, various parts of Samoa today will excommunicate and

banish members of their villages who convert to other Christian persuasions as well as bar proselytizers from establishing their brand of Christianity within the village.

Taeao nai Faleu ma Utuagiagi

Faleu and Utuagiagi are two *malaefono* (again, central meeting location) in Manono. In 1835, the missionary Peter Turner and Tongan converts arrived with the Methodist persuasion. In Manono, Chief Lei'ataua Putetele became the significant one, whose single conversion set off a wave of baptisms. Incidentally, the Methodist church is commonly referred to today as the *Lotu Toga* or "Tongan Church." Interestingly enough, the Congregational Church used to be known as *Lotu Taiti* or "Tahiti Church". The Methodist *taeao* is very significant, but gleans the silver medal next to the Congregational Church. Still, this *taeao* takes the gold when Methodists address each other.

Taeao nai Malaeola ma Gafoaga

These are two *malaefono* in two separate villages in Savai'i: Malaeola in Lealatele and Gafoaga in Patamea. In 1845, the Catholic faith arrived on the shores of Sale'aula, Savai'i. The *tama'ita'isa* (lit. forbidden or sacred lady: nun) representing the Roman Pope introduced Catholicism to Samoa. Conflicts with the LMS soon arose, hindering the Catholic mission. Nonetheless, their perseverance held out, and Catholicism became one of the dominant faiths of Samoa. The Roman Catholic Church is customarily known as *Lotu Pope* or "Pope's Church" (Aumua Mata'itusi 1999, personal communication).

Interestingly, the gulf between the ancient *taeao* and the gospel *taeao* is usually where the dreaded *seu* or "interruption" most often occurs. The other area that the *seu* may transpire is the *faia* or "genealogy" section. It is the custom for competing orators to interrupt each other's *lauga* at these times to challenge their oratorical skills and knowledge. The *taeao* segment in major speeches, particularly welcome speeches, is vital and intense. These speeches usually entail at least two parties, one being *malaga* (visitors) and the other *nu'u* (hosts). Although the *nu'u* is obligated to invite and receive

the *malaga*, the *malaga* may not decline, and in the mandatory acceptance, the *malaga* is subject to the *nu'u* (Tavita Tanielu 1999, personal communication).

In his book *Samoan Variations: Essays on the Nature of Traditional Oral Arts*, Jacob Love notes that by way of *taeao*, an orator may exhibit (the abundance or lack of) historical knowledge (Love 1991, 17). The visiting orator is obliged to deliver the *lauga*, wherein his reputation (and the reputation of all his people) is dependant on his skilful *maneuver* of the *taeao*; the moment anticipated and waited for. At the *taeao* point in the speech, postures are craned, ears are tuned, and this is where the awful *seu* may occur (Tavita Tanielu 1999, personal communication).

Seu is a unique component of oratory. There is no set protocol governing the *seu* execution. It is a power mechanism that may be utilised by the hosting party. One of the most humiliating instances for an orator is to have his *lauga* interrupted for no reason. This is a sign of disrespect and disregard of *mamalu* (Tu'i 1987, 13).

It follows that, a scenario where the visiting orator is “interrupted” on the grounds that his “ideas are old...stale” and the host orator is complaining that they prefer to hear “new” news is slippery. Although there is no set formula for *seu*, the preference for new in place of old ideas does not warrant a *seu*. Moreover, suppose the visiting orator ignores the *seu*, and merely shouts louder, faster, and onward. Unless the two parties involved are already close acquaintances, this instance would normally be of keen interest as serious trouble might be lurking around the corner of this exhilarating drama (Vita Tanielu 1999, personal communication).

Prior to the Good News *taeao*, this moment in a *lauga* was so compelling that not only the orator's reputation seesawed, but, in addition, the collective pride was at stake. Chaos was almost always teetering on the brink of eruption. Bloodbaths could flow and flood on a miscarried breath. The whole event depended on the orator's mastery of historical knowledge and his finesse in the manipulation and delivery of this information.

However, the introduction of the Good News in the *lauga* has been a double-edged sword. The orator and his people only stand to be disgraced if he misfires his *taeao* due to incompetence. The *taeao* portion of a *lauga* is still serious, but not life-threatening. In that gulf the orator races from the ancient *taeao* straight to the Jesus Christ *taeao* for salvation. Thus, the quality and artistry of the *lauga* has declined. Oftentimes, lack of historical knowledge packed in the *taeao* renders a form of the *lauga*, but not the substance (Luafata Simanu-Klutz 1999, personal communication).

Taeao is morning, *taeao* is an especial occasion. There are different kinds of *taeao* such as legendary, landmark, warfare, and local, but all are about some memorable time that Samoans deemed significant enough to note. Today, the *taeao* section of a *lauga* commemorates our national history. In pre-Christian times, the *taeao* segment, which was the history of aristocrats, dignitaries, and supernaturnatural beings, was a highly sensitive area wherein the prestige of a clan stood to be elevated or demoted through their representative orator's skilful manipulation and delivery of historical knowledge. Warfare lurked in the midst of misfired words. *Taeao* is mentioned in other parts of a *lauga*. For example, an orator may begin with *Ua pa 'ia le taeao* which means "this morning is holy." At other parts, he might say, *le taeao na pepese ai fetu o le lagi* or "the occasion when the stars in the sky sang." However, almost always, an orator will say, *taeao lau taeao, ae e leai se taeao e sili atu i lenei taeao* which means "Times upon times, but no time exceeds this moment in time!" *Taeao* means tomorrow.

According to Mata'itusi, *taeao* was a concept devised by Samoa's *tamali 'i* or "orators and high chiefs" (Aumua Mata'itusi 1999, personal communication). I am speculating that *taeao* was derived from *ataeao*, which is the "proper" way to say tomorrow as *a-* denotes future time. The night before speech and debate day, the orators, in the depths of their *mauli* (real-you, soul) dreamed (with eyes closed or open) about tomorrow or *ataeao*, when they would *tae* the *ao* or "collect, gather the honor, prestige—and be considered to assume a higher ranking title, the village-district status

becomes esteemed, the best of the day's goodies in fine mats, foods, etc." i suspect that is why orators mention this or that great *taeao* throughout the *lauga*, but the greatest, bestest *taeao* is always now. i am surmising that the orator's consciousness hopes "Now is the moment that supercedes all because now is my chance to shine, my opportunity to collect wealth, power, status, recognition...today is MY day!" i think this might be how the word *taeao* came to mean tomorrow. *Taeao* is Samoana's past, *taeao* is Samoana's present, *taeao* might be the day to collect the future rewards of Time. And hence the spiral time, bringing Samoan people together, joining them with their past, reminding them of the future...and keeping them rooted firmly in the present. *Taeao* does not merely oscillate in time by harking back to the same time. Instead, like the Sabbath, it becomes increasingly complex, as different *taeao* join the stream of *taeao* upon *taeao*. *Taeao* is a mechanism that Samoana uses to keep their time and times.

Now that we have very briefly canvassed the multi-purpose *taeao*, it should be pretty obvious that Samoana has her own way of telling time and understanding history. Phases of time, past, present, and future, are interconnected in Samoana's mental sphere. She maintains every known dimension in perspective, and utilises all phases of history accordingly to manage all phases of life. Nothing can be disconnected or discarded, because in life's dealings, one never "got's all the correct answers," anyway; so you improvise with the resources available.

Reality is not limited to the tangible or to empiricism. The fullest reality that we know is experienced. Living history assumes that Oceanians possess their entire histories. One chiefly needs to search one's consciousness for guidance in its discovery. The history one constructs is one's personal and collective identity. Given this, if an inquiry is made concerning the past, present, or future of an Oceanian, an Oceanian's leaping guess is still a better source than history books written according to a Landian formula. However, if Oceanian formulas are applied to Oceanian histories, even by

Landians, it is most appropriate and fitting. In building this cultural bridge, we need to approach and understand history according to jurisdiction.

With each gear she has shifted taeao, Samoana reaffirms her identity. She has made taeao her religion. Samoana has already spoken for herself—who she is, what she’s about, where she’s been, where she’s going. Unfortunately, Samoana’s power over self, identity, and reality is denied to the world. This is partially due to attitudes on both sides; the sacredness of Samoana history is jealously guarded, and primarily transmitted in the spoken word of living histories, while the Euroamericans jealously impose their invented churches, lacking regard for another’s treasure. Under these Jealous Falls, it is most difficult to construct bridges that would span the gulf between two worlds. Both need dialogue, opening lines of communication, and in the process, appreciate the unique other.

To lose the priceless treasure of Samoana’s highly imaginative, colourful, magical orations and creative outlook on history, substituting it with the dry, drab, disconnected, dusty, dour, and dead history, would be an injustice to her and to the world. Part of resolving this injustice, ironically, would be to put her histories on paper, yet on her terms.

A book is more convenient, accessible, and can be distributed better than living sources. One can open, close, edit, modify, and variously manipulate a book at will, but it is not always conscionable to do so with a living source. People can be tiresome, irritable, and subject to moods, making living history a possible turnoff to the historian. Accordingly, the written word can interchange with the spoken word, to open Samoana’s living history to the world. Only time will tell...

Pacific Time and the Other

In this segment, i wanted to note varying time views from other times and spaces. While i hold high regard for, an especial interest in, the time views of others, i preferred that this discussion on Samoana time consciousness through language be guided by a Sammie outlook. However, i also did not adhere strictly to “traditional” Sammie views, as i am endeavoring to render null and void the “box” assumption that we are all the same! Moreover, if other Sammies voices purport views that pertain to Samoana, but do not stringently align with “traditional” ones, that reality is sometimes declared, “not valid, not Sammie-enough!” Nonetheless, my primary motive for designating this portion in this space, serves to press and stress the point that “valid” scholarly and artistic interpretations of Samoana can be executed without the need to “parrot” either the Sammie or non-Sammie hegemonies...

This thing all things devours

Birds, beasts, trees, flowers

Gnaws iron, bites steel

Grinds hard stones to meal

Slays kings, ruins towns

And brings high mountains down

TIME

(Tolkein 1977).

Zeno: Pre-Socratic Greek philosopher, a prominent member of the Elean school. His paradoxes on space and motion are sometimes interpreted as refutations of the discrete view of time. One of these famous paradoxes involves Achilles, the fastest demigod in Greek mythology, and his race against a tortoise. The tortoise is given a headstart...when it reaches a point A, Achilles begins. However, in spite of his faster rate, by the time Achilles reaches point A, the tortoise has moved to point B...and by the time he reaches that point B, the tortoise has reached a point C, and so forth. Zeno thus argues that

Achilles, under an artificial division of time, will never overtake the tortoise...despite his incredible speed. Essentially, Zeno's paradoxes appear to support the idea of Time (and reality in general) as a single and continuous Whole—a universal Time. It seems then, that he opposes a social construction of measuring time (Audi 1999, 921, 987-988).

Socrates and Plato: “A moving image of eternity” (Audi 1999, 920).

Aristotle: “The number of movements in respect of the before and after” (Audi 1999, 920).

St. Augustine: “A present of things past—memory, a present of things present—sight, a present of things future—expectation.” In this sense, Augustine upholds the view of simultaneity: that all things are present, but viewed in different manners. After all, the past is merely that which, in the present, we view as having happened before. The same goes for the future. In this way, Augustine appears to support the notion that Time is a single continuous Whole which we view from different angles as we travel along life's road (Audi 1999, 920).

René Descartes: “*Cognito ergo sum*,”—I think therefore I am. In his First Meditation, Descartes conceives of an imaginary demon who has presented only illusions before him. Yet, Descartes argues that his very doubt must come from an existing mind, and because his mind exists, he must as well. From the vantage point of establishing his own existence—his own presence in the temporal sphere—the Cartesian system goes forth to formulate other conclusions (Audi 1999, 223-227).

Isaac Newton: “Absolute, true and mathematical time, of itself and from its own nature, flows equably without relation to anything external....As the order of the parts of time is immutable, so also is the order of the parts of space” (Newton 1992; Audi 1999, 610-611).

Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz: Believed that time was absolute, but believed its universality was tied to an extrinsic metric standard. In this sense, Leibniz disagreed with Newton's

assertion that time “flows equably without relation to anything external,” although he upheld the Newtonian conception of absolute “pure” time (Audi 1999, 491-494).

Karl Marx: Believed that time, in general, was a social construct and could be altered as necessary. Time, as it existed in the capitalist society, was necessary to maximize commodity production—hence the factory’s emphasis on efficiency. In Marxist thought, communist time would need to rid itself of the capitalist taint—by restructuring time itself (Fraser1987, 43).

Henri Bergson: One of the most influential French philosophers of the twentieth century, he argued against the deterministic view of time, which was gaining acceptance in scientific circles. In his view, the discrete numerical units measuring time (seconds, minutes, hours, etc.) are artificial constructions that do not conform to experience. Experience, as Bergson put forth in *Time and Free Will* (1890), is active rather than static, qualitative as opposed to quantitative. “Spatializing” time ultimately results in a distorted reflection of its true nature. Only when time is understood through the irrational, or even nonrational, capacity of experience, is time truly reflected (Audi 1999, 82-83).

Arnold Sommerfeld: Prior to Einstein’s relativity theories, he proposed the “tachyon” hypothesis, an alternate universe where all matter moved at speeds exceeding c . Working from Maxwell’s equations, Sommerfeld determined mass relations for the “tachyon” universe. Although Sommerfeld did not connect his theory (which was out of vogue with Einstein’s conclusive statement that matter as we know it could not exceed c) to time patterns, it was later resurrected and cross-applied to some of relativity theory to construct a hypothetical universe where time moved “backward.” Nevertheless, the absence of any real proof for tachyons has led many physicists to deny their existence (Parker 1991).

Albert Einstein: German-Jewish physicist who formulated the special and general theories of relativity. His work essentially overthrew Newtonian conceptions of a “universal time” in physics, providing exceptions to classical physics—especially when

dealing with great masses or objects at speeds near c (the constant of the speed of light). His insight into the relativity of time ultimately opened the door for quantum mechanics—a system he tried unsuccessfully to unite with relativity theory until his death (Einstein; Audi 1999, 256).

Martin Heidegger: German mathematician and philosopher whose primary research concerned the discovery of Being (*Sein*) via linguistic constructions. This search led him to question *Dasein* (existence) and formulate the theory that our everyday actions, manifested in the preontological interpretation of being, give us a clearer understanding of our being. Heidegger postulates that there is no distinctly human essence, and that only Time will unfold the true Being we develop (Audi 1999, 370-372).

Michel Foucault: Proposed that was Time a means of controlling society and regulating deviants. The use of Time in the prison system, as well as the aim of rehabilitation to reform convicts, is one of major themes of his famous *Discipline and Punish*. Foucault is also noted for his analysis of the deviants in society (through a historical analysis of the mad, the prisoner, etc) (Foucault 1995).

Kip Thorne: Along with his student Michael Morris, the Californian physicist worked out a theoretical means of physical time travel. By manipulating Einstein's general relativity equations, he successfully "discovered" the possibility of opening wormholes—black holes with two event horizons and the capacity to distort time structure in warped space—using negative energy. Although his work remained in the realm of theory, it did present the potentiality for physical time travel in the future (Thorne 1994).

Hesse's Siddharta: In this work, the "river is the symbol of time as a seamless flow, as a simultaneous present with no shadow of the past or of the future, and as a continuity within changing phenomena" (Hesse 1951).

J.T. Fraser: Contemporary leading authority on the conceptions of time and founder of the International Society for the Study of Time. Organized a hierarchical time conception consisting of: nootemporality (human time), biotemporality, eotemporality (astrophysical

time), prototemporality (quantum mechanics), atemporal (time within the framework of special relativity), sociotemporality (social time consciousness, particularly in a time-compact society), and the *umwelt* (“level-specific realities of the different integrative levels of nature as revealed through scientific experiment and theory”) (Fraser 1987, 367-368).

Stephen Hawking: Prominent British astrophysicist, known for his studies on the nature of space and time. He especially focuses on singularities, breakdowns of space-time wherein classic physics no longer applies, and is often credited with formulating the Big Bang theory. His current work focuses on uniting the apparently disjointed relativistic and quantum theories, hoping for success where even Albert Einstein had failed (Hawking 1988).

Albert Wendt:

“Samoa was the navel of the universe: the world ended within the visible horizons and reefs. Anything beyond that was impossible tales of pagans and gangsters and cowboys, and unreasonable wars fought between Communists and Americans. What was real were their islands—magnified in their hearts into an emotional and spiritual heaven larger than the planet itself. Totally committed to the present, Samoa was the present and the sacred centre of the universe” (Wendt 1973, 179).

Vilsoni Hereniko: *ao maskul ta*: the time of darkness (circular time), “a period of contested identities”; *ao tafta*: the time of light (Western linear time), “transformed identities”; *ao fo ‘ou ta*: new time (fused, oscillating time), “negotiable cultural identities.” (Hereniko 1999).

Linda Tuhiwai Smith: Researched, Western history as a colonial power mechanism; concepts of time carry the inherent values—colonization of time accomplishes the colonization of value structures, leading to passivity and indoctrination. Indigenous cultures should stake their claim to their histories and their conceptions via counter- and decolonization (Smith 1999).

Epeli Hau'ofa: “We have to bequeath to future generations more memories of our recent past and our present than we ourselves remember of our remote pasts. We must remember and reconstruct as much of our pasts as we can to present to the future ”
(Hau'ofa 2000, 463).

Lilikala Kame'eleihiwa: Hawaiian time—*ka wa mamua* (past time in front),
ka wa mahope (future time behind)
(Kame'eleihiwa 1992, 23).

'Aumua Mata'itusi:

Taeao is *ulua'i vaega o le aso*, “the first part of the day or morning”
le aso e soso'o ai...ataeao, “tomorrow”
feiloaiga a tamali'i, “when the chiefs meet”
o aso na tupu ai se mea mata'utia i aiga o tupu ma tamali'i o le atunu'u, “important occasions for Samoan royalty or chieftains”
(Aumua Mata'itusi 1999, personal communication).

Conclusion to Samoana Time Consciousness through Language

As stated before, this project constitutes two main parts: memoirs (or consciousness) and language analysis—both in and of Time and times, both encompassing a living history philosophy. The consciousness is awareness, providing the sense of being. Language is the medium that communicates, imparts, conveys that awareness, sense of being, and reality. In the proverbial expressions, the A and O categories for possessive pronouns, oral traditions, as well as in deconstructed words, we find significant components of the Samoan language...and thus its expression of time consciousness. Samoana's space time and *taeao* are time concepts; we applied a linguistic analysis and discovered possible strains of time consciousness. The *lauga* (ceremonial speech), another notable element of the Samoan language, was treated in the *taeao* section of this study. Spiral time based on the biblical sabbath was also accounted, as i deem biblical studies a fundamental aspect of present-day Samoan culture and language. The Holy Bible is a household feature in today's Samoa and has become a vital medium of language transmission. The "language" oriented time views from other parts of Polynesia were then briefly examined. Finally, international time views were quickly canvassed, providing examples of other endeavors in time-language studies. However, this portion was conferred a minor role, in keeping with my assertion that Samoana is very capable of defining her own realities.

i utilize both creative and academic approaches in this work, cross-fertilizing the two throughout this project. The living history portion cross-breeds and intertwines artistic and academic writing; i base this method on the philosophy that reality depends on our constructions, our "invented churches." i referred to Sammies as living histories because they-we incorporate all of time into our awareness.

In the memoirs, i created a Sammie consciousness. While the primary focus was on "growing" and being in time—through the experiences of this pink panther (cartoon version) girl-woman—there also was the theme of pain in rejection, loss, loneliness,

unwantedness, betrayal... and even worse, shame and silence. In any case, these memoirs were essentially a creative approach to Samoana time consciousness. However, it was not merely art for the sake of art, aesthetics, imagination, enjoyment-release—it was also deliberate, purposeful, and intentionally instructive. It alludes, very subtly, and indirectly to key Samoana philosophical values...*alofa* (love-compassion), *ta-alofa* (literally, we-love, have compassion for others), *mamalu* (sacredness of people and their collective histories), *teu le va* (protocol or proper conduct towards and treatment of others), *tofa mamao* (think time—near or far into the future or past), *fa'autaga loloto* (think deep into the times), *taeao* (past and future in the present—living history) etc...It is Samoana's wisdom exhorting, entreating one to consider others as if they have memories, recollections (or memoirs) that may come back to bless or haunt. In spite of shortcomings, Samoana is fundamentally about loving and respecting the sacredness of other living histories. At any rate, this hybrid consciousness is from a particular time—yes, i chose the time i knew best and felt was most pertinent to Sammie issues.

The language portion is mostly an academic approach to Samoana time consciousness. However, i also superceded the boundaries of pure linguistics, and even those established by traditional Sammies. Every now and then, i rendered more artistic interpretations. i did not attempt to offer “academic” arguments to substantiate my position. Perhaps it was because i already did the research beforehand and knew i could find those solid sources to back me up to be safe and scholarly. However, i bypassed that safety net, because my agenda entailed a valid reality independent of both the Sammie and non-Sammie hegemonies. Reality is the awareness of one's consciousness. There are no final truths or falsehoods (other than the fact that we die...do we?), just various interpretations: to each his (or her) own in time. Nevertheless, this experiment does not entirely deviate from standards...i exercised the freedom to select, create, and imagine.

In the Samoan Proverbial Expressions, the Samoana universe unfolds in time. Again, i selected proverbs that were particular to time consciousness. Time defines us by

the things we do consistently. Time orders our reality—we designate quality and quantity of time according to priorities. We noted that Samoana places her trust in the tried and true. Samoana values experience over novelty. Samoana esteems age and maturity. Patience, not necessarily passive and nonchalant, is prized; instead, waiting for the right moment is highly regarded. Preparedness is an ongoing theme; one spends a life-time preparing and being prepared for various experiences in time. The sense of belonging where one began, the seeming mutuality of where and when, alluding to space time, is a very Sammie outlook. Space time also involves resolving issues within the confines or in the space where it started—whether *vagavao* (quarrel in the bush) or *vagatai* (quarrel at sea), it stops where it started!

Understanding a society's notions and management of the afterlife—when time stops (or so we might think)—is central to understanding time consciousness. Samoana “beats the grave” with *matai* (chiefly) titles. The *matai* titles are imbued with the collective histories, the *mamalu* (exalted dignity and sacredness) accorded to one's ancestors and descendants. As support from family and extended clans/allies is crucial and vital to the success of the *matai*, people relations are cultivated to a fine art. We see such instances of the time consciousness: how often one is expected to visit and how one is admonished if those visits are not frequent enough. Furthermore, the proverbs suggest that hermits (or maybe those who volunteer for solitary confinement—we see space time here too with punishment) are like the living dead, analogous to the *Tui* brothers after they murdered their brother, Fatu, at sea. As for the sea, this integral part of Samoan time consciousness is seen as fluid, alive, dynamic—subject to change and embodying the characteristics of time. The sea is rough, calm or angry; the times are hard, good or dangerous. When something or someone is lost or has perished at sea, it is thought irretrievable—the way time lost is gone forever. Samoan proverbial expressions encapsulate universal themes of Samoana—the time conscious proverbs highlight significant aspects of those themes.

Next, through the derivations of words, we have images of a Samoan day and how it is ordered. In addition, through words we see how time is understood. For example, the Samoan word for “evening” is *afiafi* (*afiafi* = *afi* + *afi*; *afi* = fire, light). It follows that the Samoan evening is a time of fires and lights. Fires were lit for lighting purposes as it was growing dark. On the other hand, *afiafi* also alludes to the fiery colors that lit up the sky in the evening. i also provided more “creative” deconstructions such as the word *aso* which means “day.” In pure linguistics, *aso* is in its most basic form. However, i further deconstructed (reconstructed?) *aso* to *aso* = *a* + *so* ‘o; *a* = future prefix; *so*, the shortened form of *so* ‘o which means frequently, connected. Thus, *aso* (day), from a time oriented perspective, possibly refers to a future connecting that occurs frequently (in the Samoana consciousness).

We see through time words, the creative “sky-watchers” of Samoana in *segisegi* (twilight, wary, cautious) and *pogi pogi* (twilight, dusky). *Segisegi* is the first light or break of day...a time to be wary or cautious as there is light, but not enough with which to see clearly. *Segi segi* is from *segi* duplicated, suggesting an intensified situation. *Segi* is “to snatch, catch away, spirited away, wild , shy” whereas *segia* means “startled, snatched.” From these descriptions, one has the impression that at this time the Sammie imagination became highly activated, easily spooked, and bursting with creativity. *Pogi Pogi* as twilight is blurring, dimming of the redness in the horizon (from *pogi* = harsh, severe, crabby countenance...red-faced; *pogi* = blurred, dim). Twilight is the time right before day and right before night. Twilight is neither day nor night. *Segi segi* suggests a time to be wary and cautious—lest one be snatched or spirited away. *Pogi pogi* indicates a time when shades are blurring, dimming the (sometimes) “red” viewing. Perhaps, from this understanding, one interpretation of being “in the red” is that it forecasts darkness. Both *segi segi* and *pogipogi*, in effect, paint images of the twilight zone with their meanings. By deconstructing and reconstructing Samoan time words, we gain acute, piercing, subtle insights into the Time and times of the Samoana universe.

Samoana's A and O categories of possessive pronouns demonstrates the established permanence of O category versus the temporary, momentary designation of A category. This is a fascinating and unique way of encoding time into language. The A and O designations are mainly determined by the relation of the object and possessor. As a review of how the A and O categories function (time wise), a woman refers to her baby using the A category (ie, *la 'u pepe* = my baby). Being a baby is meant to be a temporary stage—the A category denotes that transient state. Moreover, only women have babies and not men (at this point in time). However, fathers refer to their children using the O category (ie, *lo 'u atali 'i* = my son). Men do not have babies, they have descendants and that is forever. Moreover, obtaining a *matai* (chiefly) title is generally a father-son link, assuming your people's collective history, embodied in the *matai* title, and partaking of its everlasting (or meant to be) history. Nevertheless, the role is not forever (because people die, although titles are intended to be permanent) and thus the address of *tamali 'i* (high chief) or *tulafale* (orator) is an A category. There are other ways to understand and decipher A and O category usage, but the time oriented aspect is particularly interesting and pertinent to this study.

Oral tradition is another major component of Samoan time and language as it is one of the principal modes by which values, philosophies, histories and so forth were encoded. The oral traditions often relate how proverbial expressions, terms, phrases, practices and such were derived. The oral tradition, "*Avaali 'i ma Sa 'aali 'i*," is the most popular version that recounts the origin of 'ava in Samoa. More than that, the terms and phrases in this oral tradition, are used customarily in the practice of the 'ava ceremony.

i selected the story of the brothers, 'Avaali 'i and Sa 'aali 'i, because of its correlation to the Christian practice of Holy Communion, which Sammies refer to as *Fa 'amanatuga* or "Remembrance." What did Samoan people think was important enough to remember? Why was it interpreted, understood and noted as a remembering? Why did they not just transliterate the term "Holy Communion" or find an equivalent

definition in the Samoan language? Why is there a striking resemblance between the 'Avaali'i and Sa'aali'i oral tradition and Holy Communion? While oral traditions may have various versions, still, the terms, phrases, proverbial expressions and such tend to remain the same. It is as if the oral tradition facilitates the "remembering" of things deemed important.

In my time analysis of this Manu'a oral tradition, it was the meaning of the terms (ie, *fetaia'imauso* = encounter or communion with the brethren) that were nearly identical to the themes of Holy Communion. The 'ava ceremony is a pre-contact practice and therefore, while the story of 'Avaali'i and Sa'aali'i might have been "created" to accomodate a Christian persuasion or consciousness, it is highly unlikely that the terms were "cooked-up" merely to establish an intimate link with Holy Communion. The phrase, *a'ano a ali'i* or "the flesh of chiefs, lords" was derived from *Talofa e, 'ua ola le la'au mai le a'ano o 'Avaali'i* meaning "Oh-dear, this plant, bush or tree is growing from the flesh of 'Avaali'i" implying that 'Avaali'i is dead. Samoan oral traditions vary, but the terms and phrases, the essence incarnate in meaning, is more permanently established as they were meant to be remembered. The creative stories often serve as a remembering mechanism for the "timeless" values of Samoana.

It is my assumption that the allure and compelling power of religious thought is the offer of an explanation or resolution to what becomes of us after death. Indubitably, notions of the afterlife occupied Samoana consciousness even during precontact times. In the space time section, i asserted that Sa'ali'i confronted the issue of death to discover the meaning of life. Death orders reality, establishes the priorities of life. More importantly, as with Holy Communion, in this Manu'a oral tradition, the fundamental issue is the undeniable fact that we die. That is the main point of Jesus Christ or the 'ava ceremony where tribute (respect, honor) is paid to the gods...Who are (or is) larger than life, larger than death...embodies infiniti? In the Samoana consciousness, G-d is the Alpha and Omega of life, including the afterlife. G-d has the Ultimate Victory as the Champion

over death...and is thus, the solution that the Sammie psyche adheres to in coping with the certainty of death...that which most human beings, especially those who love life, seem to have “grave” difficulty accepting. This oral tradition is all about time, the all-important concern and preoccupation with forever...the neverending search for the meaning of life and its deep-rooted, deep-seated link to time.

In our discussion of space time, we look upon what appears to be a wedded pair. The words *afea* and *anafea* denote future-when and past-when, respectively. There are also *a* and *ana* are prefixes that indicate future and past tense, respectively. Notwithstanding, the base *-fea* means “where.” Thus, future-when is future-where and past-when is past-where. Incidentally, ‘*i fea* (where to?) or ‘*o fea* (where?) seem independent of when. We see through one meaning of *taeao* (time indicator—momentous occasion) that time gives meaning to space. For instance, *Taeao nai Samana* is a “momentous occasion that occurred in Samana.” As Samana, it is just a place, an area of space designated as *Samana*. However, as *Taeao nai Samana*, the place, the space of Samana is adjudicated exceedingly special. Time gives meaning to space.

As *va-vaa*, space and time seem unified, implying a time (or space) concept. *Vaa* is recognized as space or space between, but i assign the additional meaning of time. The space time couplet in words like *vateatea/vauliuli* are synonymous with *ateatea/auliuli* as they all mean white-white/dark-dark spaciousness. It follows that, in these same-meaning words, *teatea* (white-white) and *uliuli* (black-black) seem to offset each other. Thus, one interpretation of *a* = future prefix and *va* = space-time suggests that they might equal each other in meaning. In the time words like *vave* (hurry, quick!), *vaveao* (early morning), *vavau* (distant past), *fa’avavau* (forever and ever, eternal), *leva* (be a long time), *fa’alevaleleva* (be delayed), *fa’aleleva* (idle, tarry), *manava* (stop...for a rest) and such, *va-vaa* lurks about, hangs around—space and time seem to be all over each other in Samoan words, in the Samoana consciousness that is unveiled through language.

Spiral time centered on the biblical sabbath embraces biblical studies as a significant aspect of Samoan culture, especially in present times. i am using an interpretation of the Holy Bible that is particular to time consciousness. Time cycles that center on the sabbath include six to seven cycles based on the number seven. The first is the weekly sabbath, wherein every seventh day, the sabbath-keeper commemorates The Creator. Thus, the sabbath-keeper goes into the future, only to return to the past, but always in the present. Hence, a combination of cyclical and linearity to form spiral time. The second cycle consists of the seven annual sabbaths. Then, the third cycle entails the sabbath land rest which occurs every seven years; the fourth cycle is the seven year period when slaves are free from indenture. In other words, seven years is the maximum amount of time one serves to repay a debt. The fifth cycle is based on the forty-nine year interval or seven times seven, after which the Jubilee is celebrated. In the year of the Jubilee, land is returned to the original owners. The sixth and seventh cycles vary in interpretation according to persuasion—mainly the different persuasions between Judaism and Christianity. Again, the inclusion of biblical studies in this Samoa time consciousness work is in view of the prominence of Christianity in Samoan society. The Holy Bible is one of the main (of the few) sources of the Samoan language. i selected a time oriented view of the Holy Bible. In this manner, Samoa time consciousness is tied with language...although, most of present-day Samoa adheres to Sunday-sabbathkeeping.

According to Kame‘eleihiwa and Hau‘ofa, Polynesians have their own time orientations with the past in front and the future behind. Of course, this differs from the “Western” notion where the past is the bygone and the future is a time one anticipates. On this account, we see that time perception or perspective is understood differently from “Western” notions of time. The imposition of one time reality unto another time reality, especially if they conflict in understanding, is a form of colonization. As a side note, when one is imprisoned in “Western” society, the prisoner is confined to a particular space, wherein, he or she is doing “time.” It is precisely fascinating to note that *wa* =

time, space in Hawaiian (and Maaori too)! The Hawaiian-Maori *wa* bears a striking similarity to Samoana's *va-vaa*.

We move into Samoana's *taeao*, a "multi-purpose time indicator." *Taeao* = *tae* + *ao*; *tae* = gather, collect; *ao* = cloud, head, title of importance throughout Samoa. *Taeao* are the significant, momentous past times. *Taeao* is tomorrow. *Taeao* is morning. *Taeao* merges the past and future into the present. *Taeao* is the Samoan orator's moment in time. Through the *taeao*, past greatness binds Samoans together in our cherished history. We honor each other by never neglecting to include at least the national *taeao* in the *lauga* (ceremonial speech). An orator delivering a ceremonial speech almost always indicates the glorious past (and/or future), yet, will insist that the greatest moment, the one that exceeds all is now! For instance, a customary statement in a *lauga* alluding to this would be, *taeao lau taeao, ae o le taeao e silisili atu, o le taeao lenei* (past greatness upon past greatness, but the time greatness that exceeds all, is this moment in time)! *Taeao* as tomorrow is a new gathering of the clouds; to gather and collect one's head—a fresh start; a chance, the hope of gathering-collecting an important title...

The Pacific time and the Other division is more of a courtesy section. They are notable time thoughts that have been uttered throughout different times, from various spaces throughout our planet. For the purpose of this time work, i meant for the International time views to play a minor role, as a declaration that Samoana can define her own terms. Indeed, a "valid" time discussion on Samoana could have been conducted through the voices of Aristotle, Siddharta, Heidegger and so forth.

Yet, i wanted to demonstrate that an in-depth and meaningful discussion about a complicated topic (albeit fascinating!), such as time, could be done, with style. In our times of "gotta-be," a scholar should be highly skilled at cross-breeding artistic and academic approaches—marry them, the way space and time are intertwined in the Samoana psyche. If one only does either academic or artistic "interpretations," the audience becomes severely limited. After awhile, the same people circulate and

re-circulate the same stubborn-views, over and over, on and on...*tala tuai* = old, stale news.

We close with a funeral *lauga* that pays tribute to Sa'ilimalo, whose family and friends have gathered to pay their last respects. *Sa'ilimalo*, ironically, means "ultimate victory in the occasion of overcoming the grave-end or attaining immortality."

Nevertheless, Sa'ilimalo is dead. The final-finish is the "3's the Manuia-charm" ditty...

Lauga Si'i o le Maliu

Ua fai mai le aiga, “Susu mai ia ma tala mai a’ao o so’o paolo ma so’u
fa’amalumaluga”...

Tali: Fa’atulou atu i le maota namu’oli

Tulou i paia o lagi o aiga e lua

le paia le maota o Falepule,

le mamalu o Malaepule ma Malaeti’a

le paia le maota o Lelalago

ma le mamalu o Gagamoe

Tulouna i le lagi, ma le lagi, ma le lagi tulou

Tulou le Sa’o, le Afioga ia Alo

ma lou nofoa vaevae loloa

Tulouna le susu mai le matua o Mamea

Tulouna le gasetoto le masina

ua pa’u le la

Tulouna le gasolosolo ao

Afio mai lau afioga Sa-Asuega

Susu mai Tago ma Lealaisalanoa ma le Fuimaono

Susu mai Faiumu ma Su’esu’emanogi ma Tua i Vaotu

Maliu mai lau tofa le Vaiutusala

Fa’apea le lauti na laulelei

Talu ai o sou tou alo na matou mafuta

mai aso o moto se’i o’o le matutua, Se’i tulou

na matou a’o’oga fa’atasi i le aoga o Kamehameha

a lana afioga o “Ke Ali’i Pau’ahi” i Kapalama, O’ahu

so’o atu ma le Univesite o Hawai’i i Manoa

na matou auauna-fa'atasi i le
Ekalesia Aso Fitu i Palama
O le outou tina matua o Sailimalo
e le gata la matou uo pele
ae, o ia fo'i le uso ma tuafafine pele ia Iesu
O le ala lea na matou paopaoele ma tolotole mai

Amuia Sailimalo, ua pulapula a la goto
Peita'i, o le aso lenei, o le finagalo o le Atua
Olo ua vala'au le Atua
ma le e fa'apelepeleina
e tatou...

Ua pei tatou se auva'a ua lelea
Ua solo le falute
Ua tagi le fatu ma le ele'ele
E ui i lea, e leai se tasi e fa'ameo
O le la'au e tu, ae oia
E leai se tagata e tu fa'amauga
E pule lava le Atua ma Lona Pule fa'asoifua
Amuia le masina, e alu ma sau
Ao Sa'ili, Sa'ili--ee ua leai,
o Sa'ili, Sa'ili--pelee ua alu
Ua a'amia e le Atua
Leai se failoto i Le Atua ma Lona Pule
Ua magalo le sami
Ua magalo le lau'ele'ele
Ua magalo luga

Ua magalo lalo
 Ua magalo la-tai
 Ua magalo la-uta
 Ua magalo le nonofo i le lalolagi
 ma le ua maliu atu i le va-nimonimo
 Ua magalo le lagi o Sa'ilimalo
 Ia vi'ia Le Atua
 O lea ua leo itiiti le paia

 Fa'amalie atu pea le tau tou silafiga
 sa matou taumafaiga
 Tau ia o se mea e iloga
 e pei o le upu a le tamaloa Falefata
 E pa'upa'u ia, ae o'o i Lepea
 Ia silafia ia:
 O le ie ia e faimealofa ai le i lo matou uso
 E momoli atu ie nei e 3...
 Liugalua so'u leo, o le sene fa'atauva'a lenei e \$7000.00
 E fesoasoani le peau fa'amavae
 Matou tatalo ia vave ufitia le loifofoga maligi
 Ma fa'amaise le Atua o fa'amafanafanaga
 I le aiga fa'avauvau
 Ia lagi mama paia o Aiga, paolo ma gafa, uo ma e masani.

 Fa'afetai...Soifua

3's the Manuia-charm

Row row row your va'a
in the ocean of time
merrily merrily merrily merrily
make the most of life
kia ora

second verse same as the first
a little louder
a little bit worse
kia ora

Paddle, paddle, paddle your va'a
in the ocean of life
fia ola ia ola fia ola ia ola
know that we will
die.

KIA ORA!!!

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